Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE
FOR SUBSCRIBERS ONLY
AUGUST 1985
WHERE THE GIRLS ARE:
AUSTRALIA'S TOP PICK-UP SPOTS
GREAT BARS OF THE WORLD:
THE ULTIMATE PUB CRAWL
SHOCK TREATMENT:
ELECTRIC SHOCK THERAPY'S TRAGIC TOLL
COMMENTATORS' CHOICE:
MEMORABLE MOMENTS IN AUSTRALIAN SPORT
IAN BAKER-FINCH
INTERVIEW
WIN
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SUPER BIKE AND
A TRIP TO JAPAN

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Australian
PENTHOUSE
The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 6 No 8/August 1985

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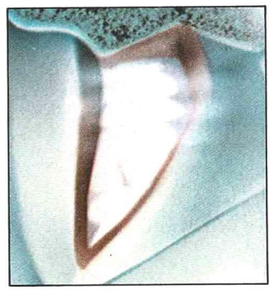
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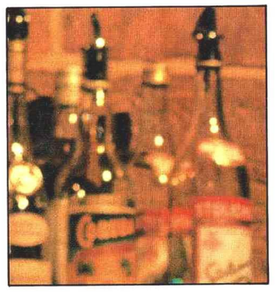
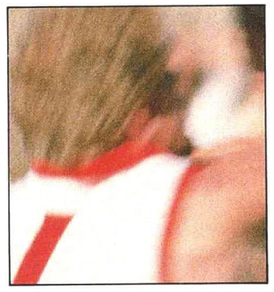

Great Bars Of The World

Where The Girls Are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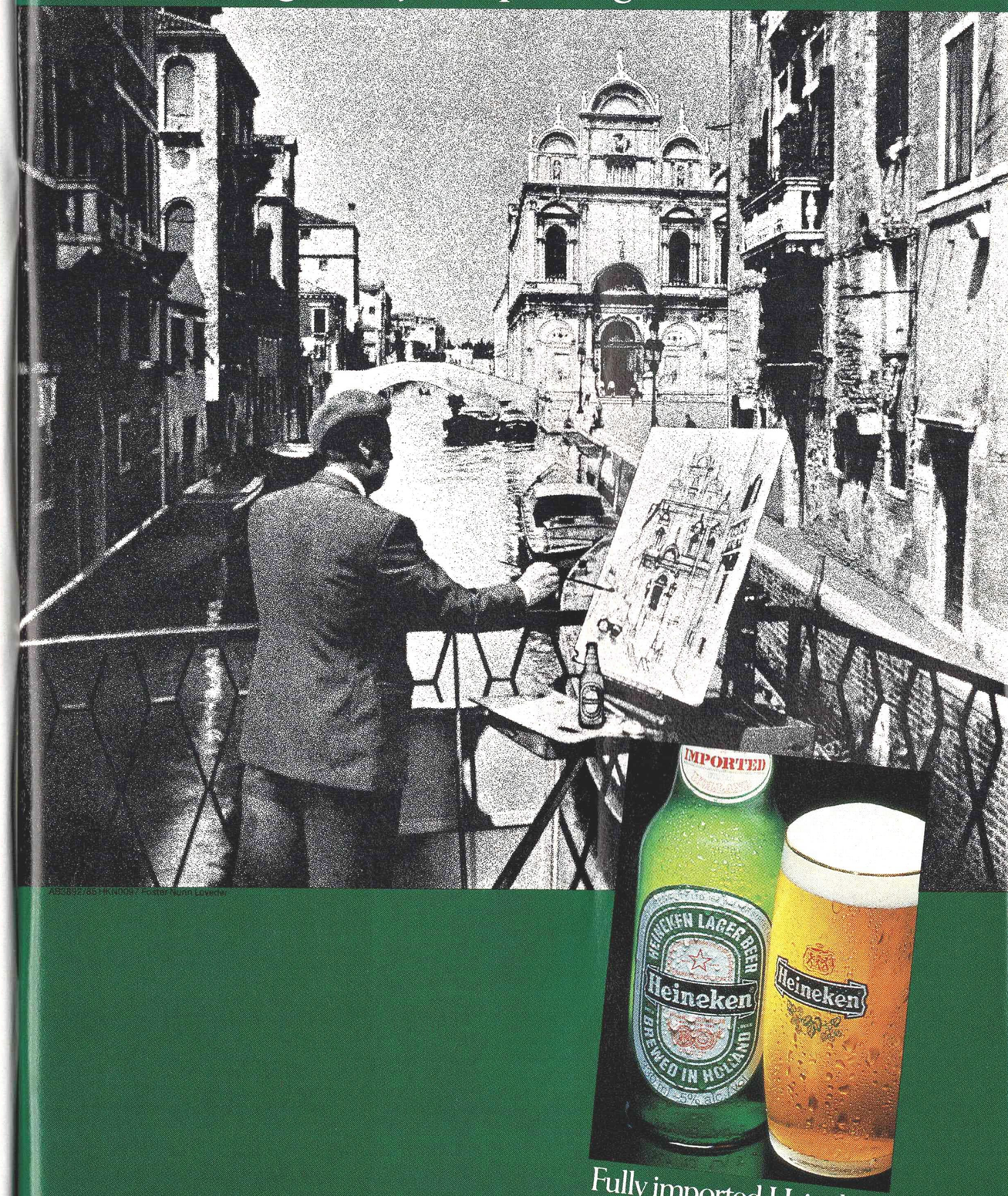

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PENTHOUSE
THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

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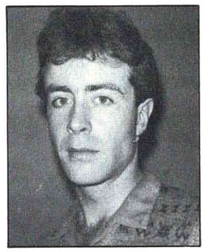
AUGUST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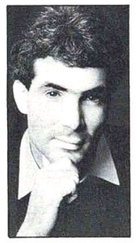
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ADRIAN TAME

HOUSECALL

WHERE THE GIRLS ARE
Forget about overpriced introduction agencies, out of date "How To Pick Up Girls" manuals and suspect aphrodisiacs. If you want to find the surefire way to get laid then turn to **C.J. Mackay's** outrageously funny story Where The Girls Are. Mackay's hilarious disclosures, accompanied by **Mark Tremlett's** artwork, begin on page 60.

SHOCK TREATMENT
Electroconvulsive therapy, or "shock treatment", is still in common use in Australia, despite evidence which indicates its toll on the health and sanity of psychiatric patients. **Adrian Tame** investigates this questionable form of treatment in this month's lead story Shock Treatment, starting on page 34. **Nigel Buchanan's** powerful illustration accompanies Tame's shocking revelations.

GREAT BARS OF THE WORLD
Paul Mansfield will admit he doesn't mind a drink. But he does mind where he drinks it. As a connoisseur of bars as well as beverages, Mansfield takes you on a global pub crawl in search of the world's top drinking spots. Turn to page 52 and join Paul on his journey around the world in 80 daze. **David Levin** shot the accompanying photograph.

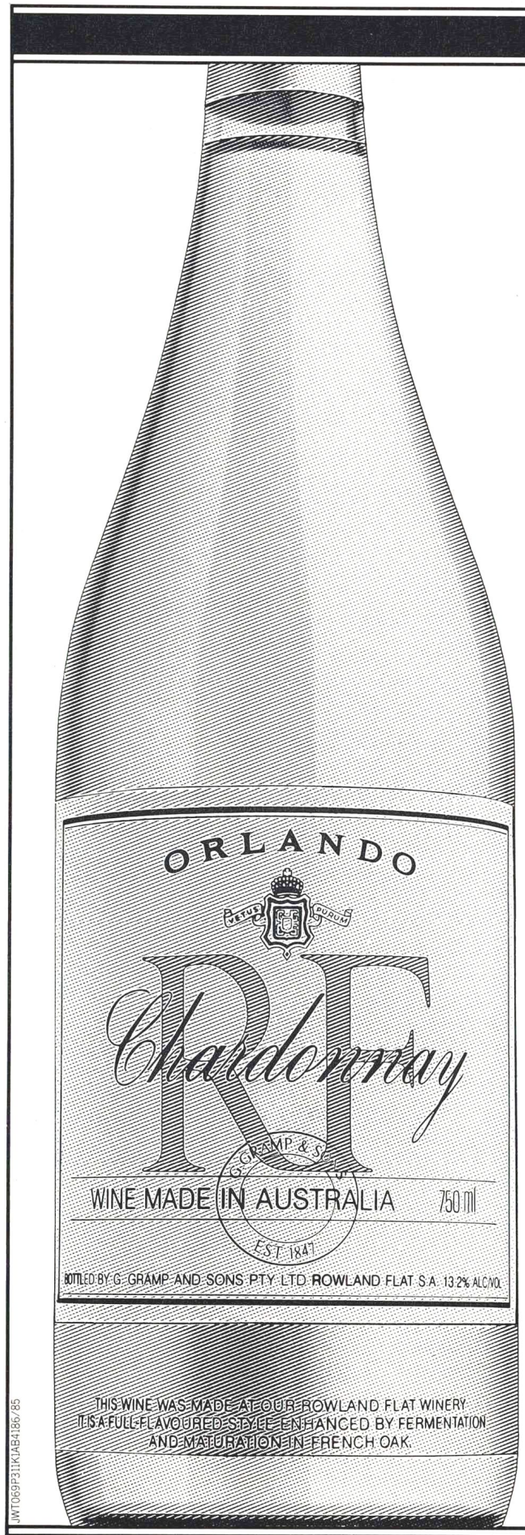
IAN BAKER-FINCH
Sports journalist **Mark Fogarty** points out that golfer Ian Baker-Finch remains largely unknown — as distinct from unrecognised. Fogarty's interview with the young Australian golfer, who rocketed into prominence on the sporting pages when he led the field in last year's British Open, redresses that situation in this month's interview. Their comprehensive and colorful conversation, which provides some fascinating insights into the pressures facing the young Queensland pro, starts on page 114.

TIGHT FIT
Roger Raftery's fictional private dick Duane Dooley is a self-confessed moral and financial bankrupt. So when a staggeringly attractive client offers Dooley his pound of flesh for services rendered, the garrulous gumshoe naturally bites off more than he can chew. **Hugh Waller's** illustration complements this rollicking tale beginning on page 92.

COMMENTATORS' CHOICE
Here's a hot one for sport buffs, nostalgia freaks and anyone who enjoys a good read. **Greg Hunter** asked Australia's top sports commentators to describe the most memorable sporting moment they had witnessed during their careers. Commentators' Choice, with **Tony Nolan's** dramatic introductory photo, is on page 78.

ELECTRIC DREAMS
Penthouse's August service feature offers a comprehensive guide to the bewildering world of video. **David Frith** offers his experience and advice on the myriad options available to the purchaser of video equipment in 1985. That starts on page 130.

THE MUMMY
Yugoslavian photographer **Varga-Somogyi Tibor** offers a remarkable perspective on the nude in his pictorial feature The Mummy. This segment from the acclaimed European photographer's Appearance/Disappearance series represents a successful blend of humor and eroticism. Turn to page 86.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Robin Day

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★ The Dr. Henry John Lindeman Memorial Trophy*
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* The 1985 Dr. Henry John Lindeman Memorial Perpetual Prize for the best Chablis or White Burgundy in older vintage and aged vintage open classes.
† The 1985 Champion Chablis/White Burgundy Prize for the best Chablis/White Burgundy exhibited in the open classes.
• The 1985 Arthur Kelman Memorial Medal for the champion Chablis.

Orlando RF Chardonnay

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Child sex

Paedophiles, stand up and be counted. Then be shot! I was totally disgusted by the attitude of these people as described in your article The Child Sex Conspiracy in May *Australian Penthouse*. Let us pray for our children's sake that every decent person in Australia reads it. I was sickened to read that these animals actually believe in what they are saying. Do they really think that children enjoy this sort of repulsive behavior, or are they just trying to cover up their own filthy guilt?

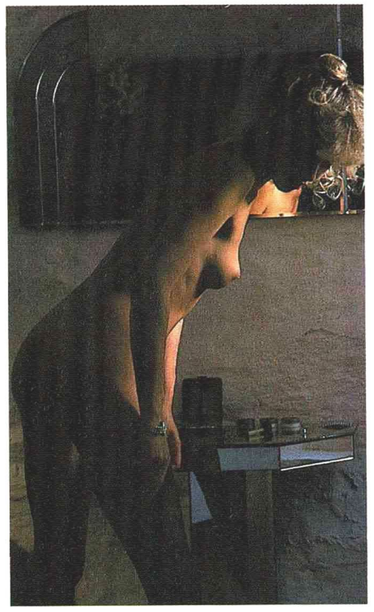
So what do we do? The law can only jail these animals for so long. Before you know it they will be back on the streets, once again looking for innocent children. Jail is not enough for these perverted morons. They don't need mental rehabilitation, they need castration. — *Joanne Timmins, St Mary's, NSW*

I just had to write and thank Adrian Tame for his enlightening article on paedophilia. I have never been a member of any organisation, but would dearly love to join one dedicated to the eradication of these animals. How can they look into those young eyes and not see the trust there? The disgust I feel for you paedophiles is overwhelming. You have no argument, only sick pleas. We must stop this now and make this a safe country for the youth of Australia. — *Mrs Gail Wilson, Broadbeach, Qld*

Something must be said to draw a distinction between sex with children and sex with adolescents. I have no desire for children, but a very strong one for adolescents, and I believe that the majority of men share this fantasy. Most resist it simply because of the legal hassles, and pursue the arbitrary, socially acceptable age group of 16-plus. To suggest that a girl suddenly becomes less sexually attractive one day under this limit is ridiculous.

I suggest that the strict under-16 taboo is what is causing this immense interest in under-age sex. Many men, like myself, had strongly suppressed sex lives as youngsters. This has left a permanent question mark and a strong urge to recapture the lost experience of adolescent experimentation. Perhaps the most obvious evidence of what I'm saying is the extraordinary interest in the soft adolescent porn of David Hamilton's photography and films.

I do not support child sex, and the arguments presented in the article in favor of it were crazy. However, as a growing adolescent, I could think of nothing better than the idea of an older woman seducing me. It didn't happen to me but I hope it happens to my son. — *Name and address withheld*



Julie Lambert . . . doctor's orders

Bigger is better

I was flicking through your May edition when I came across some real shock value. I'm not a regular customer but I purchased that issue as soon as I saw the pictorial on page 42. In my opinion, Danuta Wycoff's pictorial was the best thing I've ever seen in print.

Danuta, don't worry about other girls' jests about your bountiful bust. Those things are said in spite. The others are just jealous. — *Mr P.K. Du Toit, Sydney, NSW*

Way to go

About a year ago my doctor told me that I have to watch my blood pressure, advice I've subsequently heeded. He said I was a prime candidate for heart disease. But I'd just like to say to you *Penthouse* folks that the divine dis-ease provoked by Julie Lambert in your May edition has *got* to be the way to go. I watched my blood pressure sky-rocket.

Please tell that vision of perfection from me that if she ever desires the odd seizure or two on one of those "perfect days" then I'm her man. And how about you give my ticker a few more murmurs by showing us more of this pacemaker. "Just a country girl" my foot! — *E.L., Adelaide, SA*

Plain English

Robert English's short story in April *Penthouse* was great. I dug its bent plot and read it straight through. Other magazines must think that all readers have English degrees. They seem to love the sound of their own obscure voice or else treat you like a complete illiterate, but you guys give me something I know I can read and enjoy all the way through without being cheated by a wimpy anti-climax. Encore, Robert English. — *T.S., Canberra, ACT*

A feel for Forum

I read with mixed emotions the Sex column entitled "Name And Address Withheld" in your May issue. I had wondered who was responsible for your Forum pages and whether or not the letters were true. C.J. Mackay's confession about having edited them for the past few years and his reminiscences about the changing trends in fantasyland made for very amusing reading, but I have to admit I didn't believe a word of it.

I know that you guys write the Forum letters. I can think of no other explanation for your repeated failure to publish my letters. Has C.J. Mackay gone blind? If so, should I forward future Forum letters typed in double-spaced Braille? — *Name and address withheld*

C.J. Mackay is a she with 20/20 vision. She is familiar with your work, and suggests that Braille wouldn't harm the standard of your contributions. — Ed

TRIVIAL SEX

The publishers of ***Australian Penthouse*** *wish to make it clear that* ***"Trivial Sex"*** *in the June edition of the magazine was in no way related to* ***"Trivial Pursuit"*** *or approved or endorsed by the makers or Australian licensees of* ***"Trivial Pursuit"*** *and the publishers wish to apologise if readers were misled into believing the game was so approved or endorsed.*

FK. FAB-OPS

A Room with a View.

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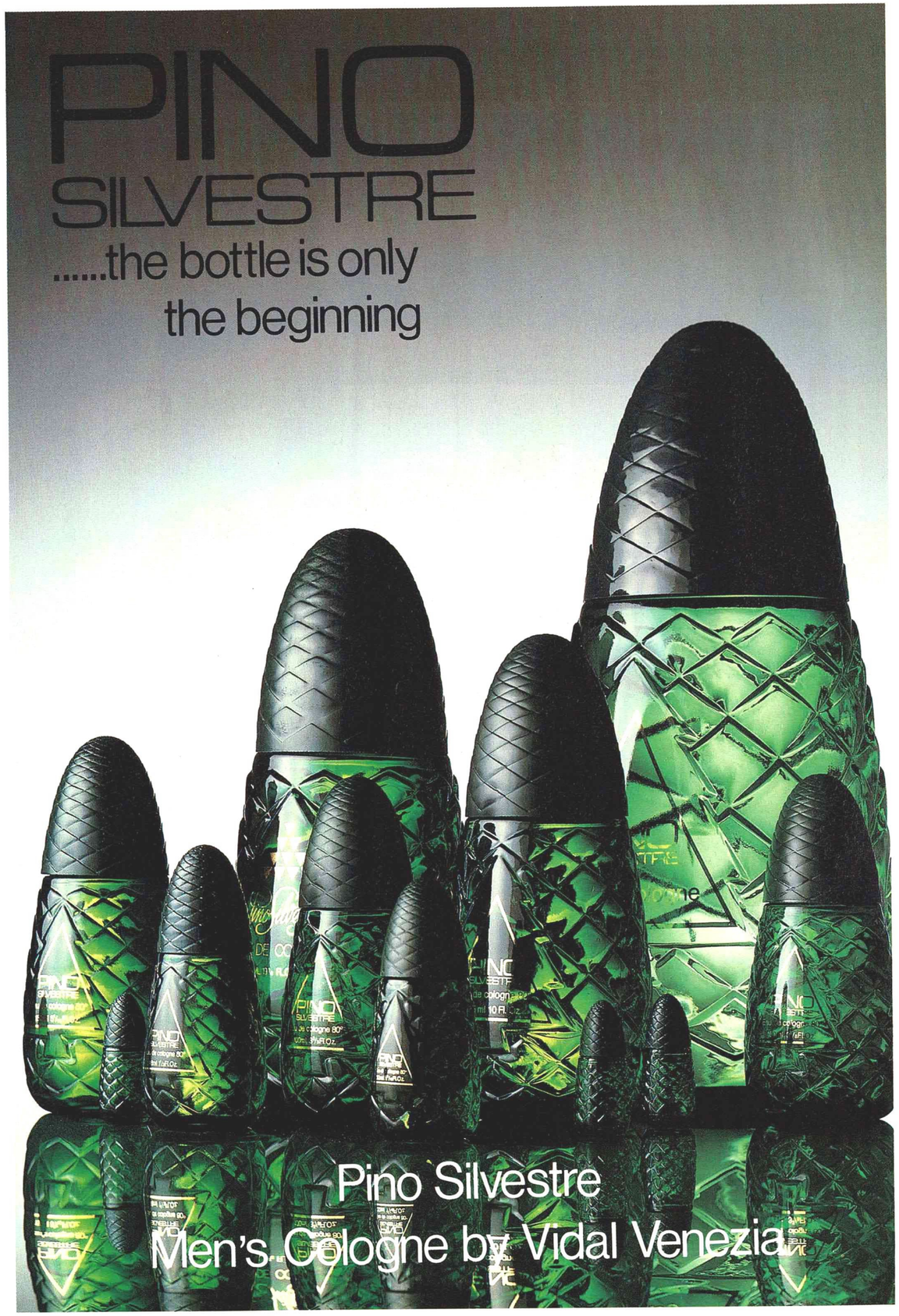

PENTHOUSE FORUM

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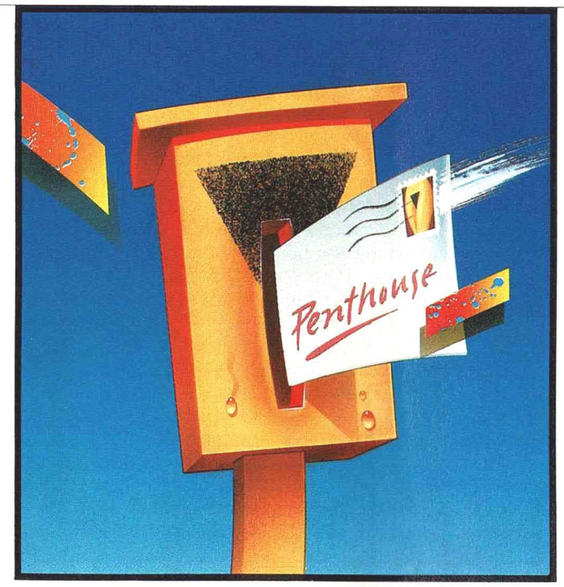
Memory lane



Unlike some of your readers who seem to have over-fertile imaginations, I would like to tell you a story of real sexual surprise and delight. I was 23 at the time, a school teacher and the coach of the school's under-12 football team. It had been one of those Saturdays: the team had lost and I had twisted my knee refereeing.

I was sitting outside a small brick dressing shed with a tin roof out in the middle of a deserted suburban oval, waiting with the last member of the team, Tim, for his mother to come and pick him up. It was getting late. Ominous rain clouds were overhead and the daylight was beginning to fade. I was sweaty, tired and waiting to take a shower and lock up.

Eventually Mrs Tim turned up. She was all apologies about being so late. I pretended it didn't matter. "Think nothing of it." She took off with young Tim as quickly as she had arrived. Although Tim had been in the team for more than a year, I hadn't noticed his mother before. As she walked away across the field with Tim, in the direction of her car parked some distance away, I could not help but note that she had long beautiful legs and a great body. She was an attractive brunette with light brown eyes, dressed in a mini-short tennis skirt, thin white blouse, and tennis shoes and socks. She was at least ten years older than I was.

Spots of rain began to fall and I turned into the dingey, sweat-smelling dressing shed and began to strip down for a shower. When I was down to my underpants, I sat down on the bench and took off my boots and socks. Suddenly a voice said, "Oh, Tim said you've twisted your leg. I had this in the car and thought it might help." I looked up to see Mrs Tim holding out a tube of liniment cream. In my surprise I lifted my foot up on to the bench (mainly in a feeble attempt to cover my state of undress) and said, "Thanks, but it's just my knee. It'll be okay soon."

She stood up there babbling about how good the product was and how it should be applied to best effect. In particular, she said, it had to be applied up and down the leg and not just on the injured spot. Then she began to translate these directions into actions and asked me to lean back on the bench and stretch out the leg so she could apply the cream for me. I told her not to bother but she insisted that it was the least she could do seeing she had delayed me. In any case, she said she had once done a year's nursing but had dropped out.

As I leant back on the bench, even in that dull light, I could not avoid looking up under her skirt where the outline of the sweetest little slit you could ever imagine was protruding from her cotton-tail briefs. She kept babbling on about the most inane subjects but my mind was on something else. Perhaps I was just imagining it, but soon her hand seemed to be creeping further up my inner-thigh and was becoming more sexual than soothing.

You guessed it: I started to rise in my shorts and felt embarrassed as my cock strained against my underpants.

Just then there was a loud clap of thunder. She suddenly dropped the tube of liniment and took off, calling out, "Hell, there's the rain. I'll never make it to the car." It began to come down in buckets.

I felt a little shattered, but at least relieved of my growing embarrassment. I stood up, turned on the shower and was just about to remove my daks and step in when Mrs T suddenly reappeared like a drowned rat. The noise of the heavy rain on the roof was so loud I could hardly hear her saying, "It's too heavy. I'll have to wait until it eases off." She flopped down on to the bench and tried to brush off some of the rain but she was soaked. Her blouse was so wet it clinged all over and was now see-through. I grabbed my towel and took it to where she was sitting. As I held it out to her she reached for it, but continued to extend her arm so that I suddenly became aware she was gently holding the towel and my still bulging prick.

There was no mistake now. She began massaging again, but in all the right places this time. Soon she had my outstretched cock in her mouth, sucking, caressing, licking, and with her hands gently rubbing my balls. But every time I tried to touch her breasts or knees she would knock them away. Hands off!

There I was, standing starkers in front of this randy lady, receiving the most unbelievable treatment. My hands were leaning on the wall behind where she was sitting, while I yearned to rip off her clothes and fuck gloriously. But still hands off. Nothing doing.

The rain just hammered down on the tin roof and I was suddenly goose-pimples all over from the icy-rain sensation. Yet my balls and prick were on fire. Suddenly I realised they were being covered with the liniment from her hands. Hell, what a climax I reached! It was like Mt Vesuvius going off.

As I began to shoot all over her she pulled me to her and began biting me all over the stomach. Then, just as an extra loud thunder-clap shook the whole shed (which, I might add, I mistook for my climax) she jumped up and despite my efforts to hold her back and to kiss her, took off into the storm.

I stood naked in the doorway watching her disappear into the heavy rain and gloom. I had a shower and stayed there for a long time after dark, hoping she might return. She never did. I lingered on after every game for the rest of the season, and even kept Tim in the team long after it became apparent to everyone that he should have been in a lower grade. She rarely appeared and was never late in collecting

FORUM

Tim. Whenever we did sight each other she pretended not to know me.

I am now in my late forties and have had lots of sex since then, but I can tell you that there has never been anything quite as good. Sex can be fun but it is the unexpected, rare and special occasions that one remembers. — *Name and address withheld*

Pee for two

One night after work, a few of us girls went to a bar for a drink. After two or three beers, I left to go home. Well, on the way, I got caught in a terrible traffic jam. There I was, in the middle of the freeway with cars all around me moving along about two miles per hour. The effects of the drinks started to show and I realised that I was going to have to pee. I started to squirm to help ease the urge, but to no avail. It didn't take too long until I could feel the warm wetness seeping out. Once I started to pee I thought I would never stop. One consolation I had, though,was that the other motorists around me didn't know what was happening.

When I got home and told my husband what had happened, he was very understanding and offered to clean my car.

A few nights later, when we were out in the backyard having a few beers, he mentioned what had happened. I thought he was going to tease me about it, but he surprised me when he told me that it made him feel horny seeing me with wet pants. As we talked about it I told him that oddly enough I had to pee. He said that was great because he wanted to see me in wet pants again. Well, it must have been the beer, because I said, "sure" and jumped up in front of him and gave him a good view of my pee soaking my crotch and pant legs. When I finished, he dropped his shorts and we had a fantastic fuck right there in our backyard.

Since that night, we've done it often. Sometimes my husband tries it, too. We've also wet our pants in crowds. But no matter the locale, it always leads to a fantastic fuck. — *Name and address withheld*

Red hot for pink panties

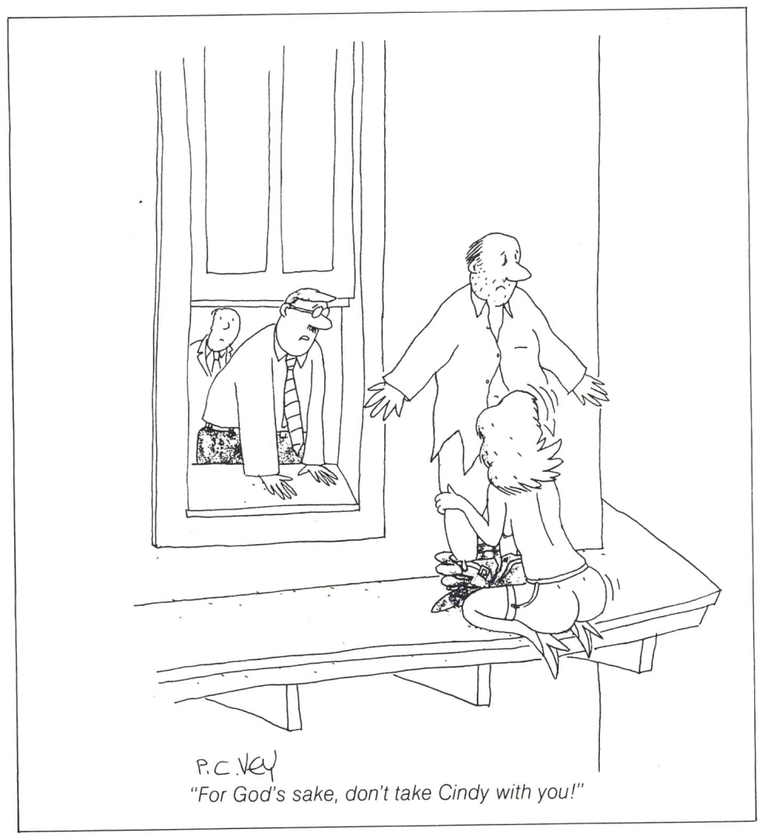
One afternoon I stopped at a fast-food joint on my way home from work. While I was there, a group of girls from a nearby nursing school sat at a booth across the aisle from me.

One of the girls facing me was an attractive blonde dressed in a white skirt and blouse. Even in her uniform, it was obvious that she possessed a good body. This young lady had her legs crossed in such a way that I could see her panties. Whenever the girls would laugh, her legs would spread, giving me a wider view. By this time I was definitely staring at her crotch. I looked up and she was looking directly at me, smiling.

Instead of covering up, this girl lifted one leg and placed her foot on the bench, giving me a totally clear view of her entire crotch area. Her pink panties were stretched light against her pussy, and the dark triangle of her pubic hair was visible through the sheer material. She began opening and closing her legs, and as she did so, the crotch of her panties slipped into the crack of her cunt. A spot of moisture appeared and grew larger with each movement.

Without giving her companions any hint of what was going on, she dropped her hand to her lap and began rubbing her pussy through her panties. Her fingers wandered up and down her crack, as I stared in amazement at the boldness of this beauty. By now my dick was throbbing hard against my tight pants. Next she pulled aside the crotch of her panties, exposing her pussy to my eyes and her fingers. She let her fingers curl through her thick brown pubic hair as she spread the lips of her cunt and started massaging her little love button. Suddenly, she withdrew her hand. She stood up and walked past me toward the ladies'.

While she was in the bathroom, her companions gathered their belongings and prepared to leave. When the blonde came out of the rest-room she paused long enough to place a small paper bag on my table and then hurried out the door to catch her friends. When I opened the bag I was stunned when the first thing I saw was a pair of pink panties. I quickly left the restaurant and drove home. I removed the still-damp panties and a slip of paper which had a name and phone number on it. I spent the next half hour smelling and tasting the crotch of those panties as I masturbated, fantasising about the next time we would meet. — *Name and address withheld*



"For God's sake, don't take Cindy with you!"

Fast and furious

Our trip was finally planned: two glorious days at a resort. I could hardly wait. There seemed to be an unusual gleam in his eye as we boarded the plane. He explained to me that we were staying at a luxury hotel because it was closer to all the activities. As far as I was concerned we could stay in our room forever.

Our room was beautiful, with a big round bed and a mirror on the ceiling. He filled the large round tub with bubbles and laid out a complete outfit for me. While I was soaking, he told me he had to do a little shopping. As I was drying off and checking out the clothes, I realised he had something kinky in mind for tonight. On the bed lay a little black leather miniskirt, black hose with seams up the back, and a red lace garter belt. I noticed there was no bra, just a little red T-shirt.

He finally returned. He wouldn't tell me where he planned to take me. "It's a surprise, baby," he said.

A cab was waiting for us outside. The driver let us off a few blocks from the hotel, in front of this little hole-in-the-wall bar. It was the kind of place I'd never enter by myself. The anticipation of what was about to come was making my pussy very moist. I think my man knew what I was feeling.

In the middle of the dance floor there was a big ring with high-backed booths surrounding it. The room was crowded: men with long beards and dirty T-shirts stretched over their oversized beer bellies and several young girls with hard bodies that couldn't be a day over 20, if that. Everyone was drinking beer. My man guided me over to a booth up front with his hand on my arse, and then went to the bar to get our drinks.

When he returned he handed me some crazy red drink and said, "Sorry baby, no champagne in this dive." The drink was really strong. I felt pretty frisky after just a few swallows. I have to admit that the atmosphere was both sleazy and sexy.

Suddenly the lights went dim and a spotlight lit the entire ring. I noticed there was mud all over the floor just as these two beautiful bodies entered the ring. It was a female mud-wrestling joint.

I looked over at my guy and he tightened his fingers around the bare part of my thigh. One of the girls was blonde with a great body. She was pretty muscular and had little tits. The other was a brunette with tits twice the size of mine. She was meaty, but pretty nonetheless. By this time the ref had already laid out the rules. The bell rang and they were all over each other, rolling in the mud. Surprisingly, this was a real turn-on for me.

I was amazed at how stimulating it can be watching two women rolling around in mud. I felt my guy's dick under the table and it was definitely paying attention. Then he whispered to me that the only thing that would make this better was if it were me up there. I started to visualise myself in their situation. Before I knew what I was doing, I excused myself and walked over to the bartender and asked if I could join in.

He took one look at me and said, "Sure lady. We can get you in the next round, but you'll have to change into one of the string bikinis we have out the back."

I went back and changed and waited for my cue. I was feeling pretty nervous as I looked at my near-naked body in the mirror. I closed my eyes and imagined how turned on my man was, and I rubbed my nipples with my fingers. The bell rang. Their fight had ended and I was up next. I went out and climbed into the ring. I must have looked pretty good because the crowd went crazy.

The blonde with the great bod had proven to be the stronger of the two, so she and I went to our respective corners. As the bell rang she came at me, grabbing me and throwing me into the mud. As I tried to get up she kicked my goop-covered arse so hard, I fell back into the mud. From where I lay, I could hear my guy yelling, "That's right! My baby likes it rough."

When I finally regained my senses, I got a hold of my little blonde friend and threw her facedown in the mud. This was great. It was a feeling of power I had never experienced. We struggled for a long time. Finally, she grabbed my top and ripped it off. It was really too small anyway, and my tits jumped out big and white because they were not yet covered with mud like the rest of me. The crowd went crazy. Guys were hitting my man on the back saying, "Your lady has got some *great* tits." Suddenly I was able to pin her. I think she was overwhelmed by my tits too. My man stepped into the ring, gave me a big kiss, and got mud all over his face.

I went back to the showers to get cleaned up. I couldn't wait to get all the mud out of my hair. I just closed my eyes as the warm water ran through my hair and down my entire body. All of a sudden I felt a hand on my pussy and soap being spread all over my swollen breasts. I opened my eyes and noticed that blondie had decided to help me get cleaned up. The brunette with big tits was working on mine as she explained that since I decided to be a lady mud-wrestler they'd have to break me in. I loved the attention I was getting. I thought of my guy but quickly my mind returned to the blonde's fingers mov-

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ing over my tits, up my arse, up and down my thighs, and in and out of my pussy. Both their hands moved quickly over my slippery skin. I couldn't contain myself. I reached one of the most powerful orgasms I'd ever had. They probably heard my screams in the bar.

When we got to our beautiful hotel room, my stud insisted that I continue wearing the garter and hose because he liked how nasty they made me look. He then fastened my feet to the bed posts with silk neckties as if this were the routine for us, and took off his clothes. His dick was hard. He poured himself a drink and sat on the edge of the bed. "Okay," he said, "tell me one more time what it was like."

As I recalled the event aloud, I fondled my breasts and rotated my hips back and forth. I raised my arse off the bed so he could get a look at the juices starting to drip out. I told him how gently the girls touched my body, arousing me with the soap and their quick hand movements.

He listened to every word. Every now and again he'd spank my arse and I'd raise up my pussy to give him an eyeful. He called me his little whore and stroked my arse lightly. Then he lay on top of me and gave me the hardest, most passionate kiss. He shoved his hard throbbing dick into my welcoming pussy with a vengeance. His thrusts were deep yet fast.

I think the night was more pleasure than we could handle because in less than ten minutes of fast and furious fucking, we climaxed together and fell asleep. We awoke hours later in the same position, with him on top of me and me still tied up. The next night at our pleasurable retreat was just as exciting, but that letter is forthcoming. — *Name and address withheld.*

Moving performance

I attend a large university and the most memorable part of my tertiary career, so far, took place the first semester of last year. *What* took place wasn't as outrageous as *where* it took place.

One night, a group of my room-mates and I decided to cruise some wenches at the local pub. After having a couple of beers and playing a few rounds of "elbow titty" (this place was really packed), I noticed an average wench staring at me very tactlessly. After deciding that this was the one I was going to boff, I walked over to her and put on my clean-cut innocent boy act. She was very receptive. After a few more beers and a lot of bullshit, she started to notice the protrusion in my shorts. By this time, many of my friends had already left or were leaving. It was now or never.

After a few "pleases" and "I really think you're greats", we left together. The only problem was that I had no place to go. My room-mates were already home, and I wasn't in the mood to share. We began looking for concealed locations as we walked along the footpath. While walking past the playing fields, I noticed something — something I would have never noticed under normal circumstances. There in the tennis court was the platform the umpire sits on. We walked over to the base of the platform, and I could tell she was hot with anticipation. It took a little coaxing, but I finally got her to the top. Once there, the height overpowered her apprehension.

After practically ripping each other's clothes off, I began munching on my mixed doubles partner. She thrashed around like a fish out of water. I thought the platform was going to fall over! I spread her firm, tanned legs to reveal a neatly groomed, very wet pussy. As I planted my root deep inside her crevice, her moans grew into screams. This concerned me deeply — the police station was just down the street. Nevertheless, I screwed her hard until I built up enough pressure to make any alligator proud, and blew my load into her.

The next day, when I saw the usual tennis dudes playing competition, I had a glint in my eye as I watched the very straight-looking umpire on the very spot where I had performed the night before. — *Name and address withheld*

A nice touch

Sometimes the most enjoyable part of a sexual encounter is the excitement of anticipation. If you have enough time to plan the event, it can be made into hours or even days of pure pleasure and self-indulgence.

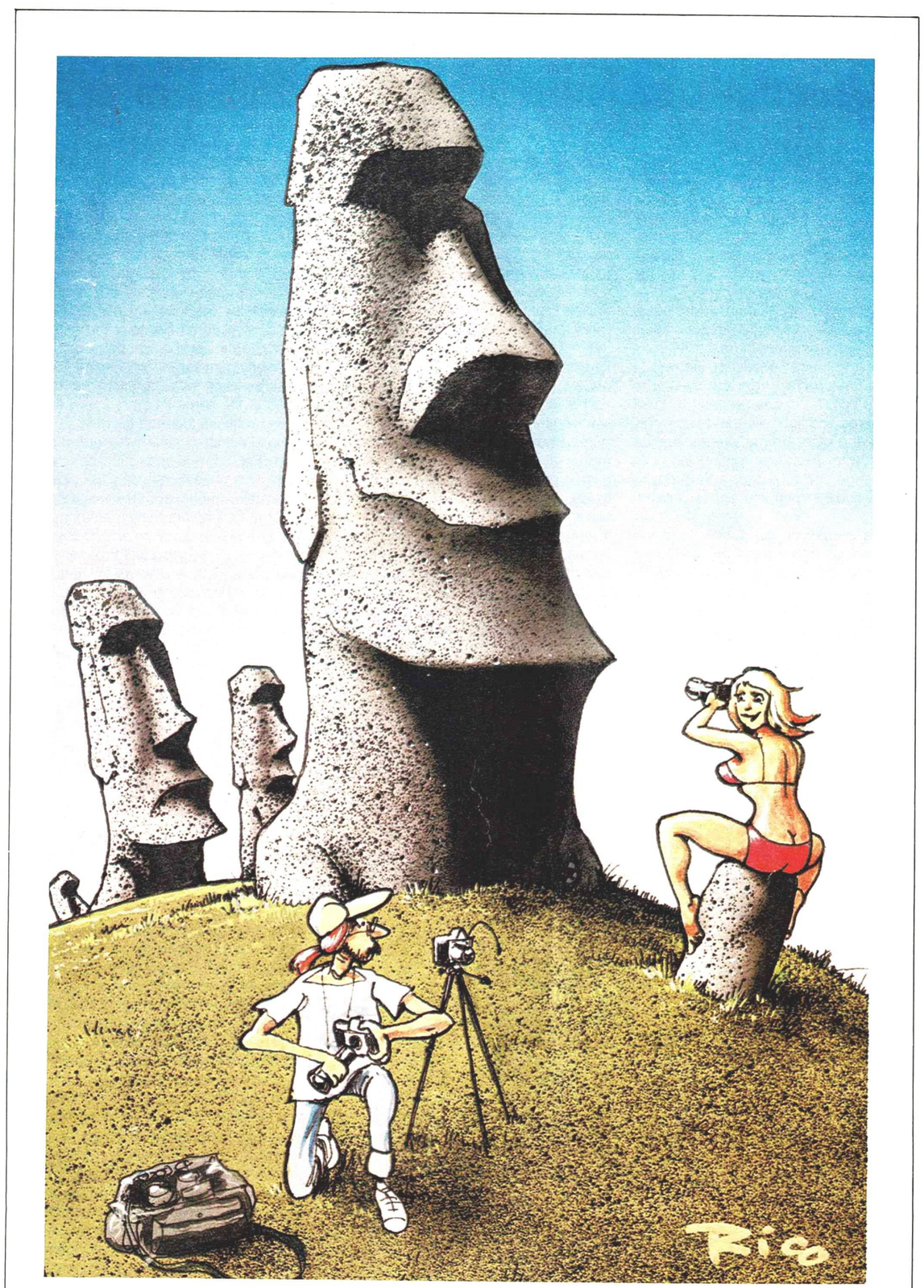
Before my lover arrives I fill my bathtub with hot water and mounds of jasmine-scented bubbles. I wash my hair until it's squeaky clean and rinse it twice, once for shine and once for softness. I then wrap it tightly in a terry turban. I love the turban. There's something slightly exotic about a turban.

After removing every bit of makeup and steaming my face, I wash it with a fine sandy complexion scrub. I work every muscle of my face with my fingertips, beginning around the eyes and nose. I circle the cheekbones and smooth the temples, rubbing up to the brow and down the nose to the lips. Lightly I scrub my throat and shoulders, down my arms and elbows and across my breasts to make the skin soft, fresh, and delicately pink. The rough sand stimulates the circulation, and as I softly circle each breast, there's a kind of pleasure and pain in the nipples. They become erect. The swell of each begins to glow with continued friction.

By this time the tub is full and I slowly sink into the white foam. Splashing most of the sand off, I save some to soften my feet and toes. Then I lay back to relax in the fragrant softness.

My lover likes smooth-skinned ladies so I lather my legs heavily and shave them close. There is something sensual about

"My day at the office? Nothing special, usual routine, hired a new secretary. Why do you ask?



"Gee, Howard! This one actually seems to be smiling!"

the feel of a razor beginning at the ankle and going higher and higher, leaving only a silky smooth strip behind. I scrub my back with a brush and, as always, wish there were someone else there to do it. All those little brush fingers leave my back feeling alive.

I let the water out and turn on the shower. Standing under the hot stream of needles intensifies the desire that swells as I wash the folds of my pussy and feel the slick suds run down between my legs. I try to imagine what my skin must feel like to him as he squeezes my breasts or strokes my long back. As I rinse the last of the bubbles off my toes, I reach for a towel to smooth the droplets from my eyes. The makeup colors I choose accent my dark green eyes and light skin, and I use only lip-liner and gloss on my already flushed lips. I blow my hair away from my face with just enough curl to shake, add dangling earrings and light perfume, and slip into my teddy.

As he knocks on the door, I wrap the pink satin kimono around my waist and step into tiny slippers. I sigh slightly as I answer the door and step into his arms. His first kiss is breathless and fervent, and my heart skips a beat as I regain my balance. I know it's going to be a special evening. I can tell from his already bulging pants that we'll skip the conversation tonight and move right past the preliminaries. That's all right with me because I'm already warm and wet and oh so willing.

As I pour the ice-cold cider, he moves behind me and pulls the light satin away from my shoulders. Softly he kisses the nape of my neck and shoulders. I can feel the heat of his loins at the back of my thighs. With gentle insistence, he pushes me to the bedroom where I turn to unbutton his shirt. His waiting arms remove the kimono and hold me close as I continue to unbutton and remove his clothes with slow teasing fingers. As one hand explores the contents of his shorts, the other one deftly fondles his nipples. By now he is fully erect and unable to hide his desirable length.

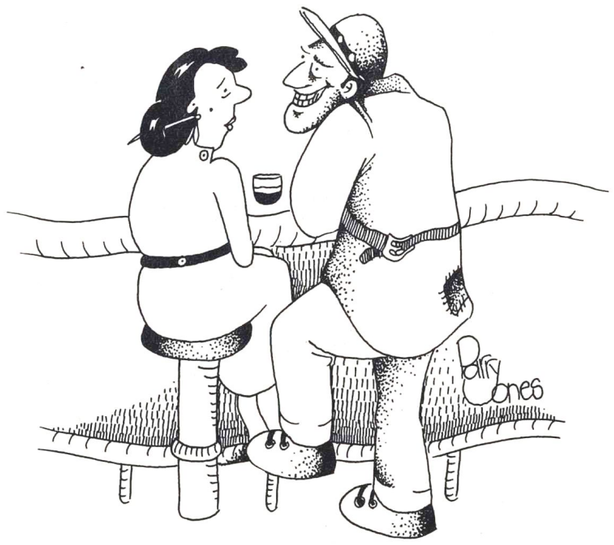
On my knees now, I remove his shorts, and taking his balls in one hand and gently licking the head, I hear myself make low purring noises. After a moment, he pulls me to my feet and touches the swell of each breast where they rise from the lacy teddy. He unbuttons the tiny buttons one at a time, and it drops to the floor. Anxious to reach the wetness of my dark mound, he reaches from behind as I bend over to turn down the bed. The touch of his hand on my wet skin sends waves of pleasure throughout my body.

Unexpectedly, he pins me half on, half off the bed with warm soft kisses down my back and one probing finger in my dark cave. As I ride the tide of mounting tension, he turns me over to put my pink pussy on the edge of the bed and my now quivering legs over his broad shoulders. One lick down the length of my ripe, watering slit and a flick of his expert tongue on my clit send me into what can only be described as euphoria. Wave after wave of warmth rushes over me as every muscle tightens and releases, again and again, in an explosion of intense pleasure. There is no time and there is no space, only feeling. This is what most women dream of.

As I regain my strength, he holds me close and I feel his heartbeat quicken against my own. Taking his balls in my hand, I feel the coolness of the skin compared to the throbbing heat of his shaft. Positioning myself in front of him, I rub his cock between my full breasts and lick the head at the same time.

As I continue to fondle his balls, I rub the base of his shaft with my other hand and suck the ridge with slightly parted lips. Gently he pushes my head to hold more of him in my mouth and I know that the time is soon. Feeling his excitement brings me close to a second climax, and I can feel my own muscles taking control of me again. I breathe deeply and shake my head from side to side, and feel the firmness of his balls against my lips and the delicate skin of the head of his hard cock against the back of my throat. As I move my tongue to the underside of his shaft, curling it around the sides, I feel his quiver and know that soon he will come. I slip my finger between and behind his balls and press lightly at the mouth of his small tight hole. With a shudder and a moan he fills my mouth with sweet cream.

Breathing softly with him, I watch the rise and fall of his glistening chest as his hand drops playfully to my moist mound. It promises to be a long night of love. — *Name and address withheld*



"They call me Horse, and it's not on account of my husky voice."

Hard training

I am a regular reader of your magazine but I sometimes find it hard to relate to the letters in the *Forum* section. Until recently that is. While returning from the north coast, I was travelling on the overnight train when I bumped into an old school chum.

It seems Carol was heading for Sydney too and since we hadn't seen each other for years we found two empty seats and struck up a conversation. She sure had changed from the pimply-faced second-former I remembered. She was wearing tight jeans and a flannelette shirt that outlined her rather large tits. (I didn't remember those from school.) We chatted until the carriage lights went out and I suggested that since it was getting cold we should share my travel rug. We both got comfortable and I was just drifting off to sleep when I felt a warm sensation on my crotch.

Carol was caressing my cock through my jeans and it only took a few seconds for my unsuspecting dick to go on red alert. She leaned across and whispered, "My hands are cold. I hope you don't mind." I assured her it was okay and she proceeded to unzip my jeans slowly until my aching cock sprang free. She giggled: "I know just the thing to warm them up." With that she dived under the blanket and, with her head resting on my legs, gave me the best blowjob I can remember or imagine. All the time I was anxious that the guard might catch us but fortunately he didn't come past. Carol managed to work my jeans all the way down and was sliding her mouth up and down my throbbing shaft.

When I was about to come she said, "Not yet. We've got all night." I reached across and kissed her hard on the lips and let my hand slide down to her right breast. Her nipple was stiff and unbending even through her shirt, and I realised she was braless.

Still kissing her, I unbuttoned her shirt and pulled each tit free. Moaning quietly, Carol grabbed my head and buried it in her ample cleavage as we slid further back into the seat. I licked and sucked each boob so hard I was sure I must have bruised them. Meanwhile, Carol had hold of my cock again and had managed to lower her jeans and knickers (by now soaking wet) and leaning back as far as she could in the seat, guided my stiff rod slowly into her waiting pussy. "Now fill my cunt with your hot come," she whispered.

Three or four satisfying strokes later I did as she asked and we collapsed together on the seat. "You're not finished yet," Carol smiled. "Now eat me out."

The thought of swallowing my own come had never appealed to me but after such a fantastic fuck, made even more exciting because it was in public, there was no stopping me. Her cunt was drenched and sticky, tasting salty but sweet. In the morning we swapped phone numbers and with a farewell kiss, we parted. — *Name and address withheld*

Games people play

Ever since I started reading your magazine I have found myself dreaming about getting picked up by an older woman, but I never thought that it would happen.

It happened! I am in my last year in high school and the other day, having abandoned homework for a week, I decided to wag a day off school to catch up. My parents don't leave for work until just after nine so I went down to the corner shop to play the pinball machines to pass the time away, as it was only 8.15.

After playing a couple of games, a beautiful looking lady walked into the shop and walked over to the fridges close by me. I simply couldn't take my eyes off her, and as a result I lost the ball without so much as a flip. The machine trumpeted my mistake and she looked towards me and smiled, before taking a bottle of drink from the fridge and going over to the counter. She paid for it and then came over to watch me.

Now I'm no slouch on the pinnies and when the game had finished she said I was pretty good and asked why I wasn't at school. I told her I was just killing time until my parents went to work, so she asked if I would like to go up to her place and wait. I must admit I was briefly stuck for an answer but then she said she had a video game set up in her lounge and she challenged me, so I said okay.

While she was setting up the machine I noticed a few *Penthouses* around the loungeroom, so I picked one up and started to look through it, occasionally glancing up at her lovely arse, tightly clad in jeans. She turned around to say she was ready, noticed me reading the magazine, and said, "It looks like you're nearly ready, but not ready enough."

She sat beside me and together we looked at the centrefold. I noticed her musky smell. She looked to be in her late twenties. Between her and the magazine, I started to get a raging hard-on. She noticed and smiled. "It looks like you're ready now," she said, and unzipped my pants, releasing my swollen pecker. She bent down and started licking all over my prick and then started to give me a wild blow job. After a couple of minutes of pure heaven, I tensed and blew in her mouth. She eagerly slurped my come down. While she lapped at me, I gently rose and looked around for the bedroom and sighted it. I stood her up and said it was my turn. She is just a bit shorter than me, about five-six, and has such a lovely body — which I discovered to my delight as I stripped her and laid her on the bed.

I went to work on her mouth, neck and shoulders, and then went slowly down to her tits. Even her beautiful tits could only distract me for a few minutes before I headed for her love hole. That fragrance is hard to describe, but it added a real nice touch to the lovemaking. I licked down past her mound, and then up the inside of her legs to meet her lips. As I slowly licked my way around the outside and inside, she started to breathe and huff heavily. She stroked and ruffled my hair with one hand while caressing her tits with the other. As I flicked her clitoris with my tongue, I slipped two fingers into her, which she gripped and ground. A few minutes of this and her panting became moans. I couldn't handle it any longer, so I got on top of her and slipped my prick in and started pumping madly. After but a few moments we ended in a tremendous orgasm, and collapsed against each other.

I did my homework that day, but nothing that my teachers could see. The rest of the day was spent in her place as we indulged in many different things that have given me new ways to enjoy sex. I really enjoyed her sweet company and pleasures and hope to meet her again one morning. *Name and address withheld*

"If he smote them hip and thigh, isn't that like hitting below the belt?"

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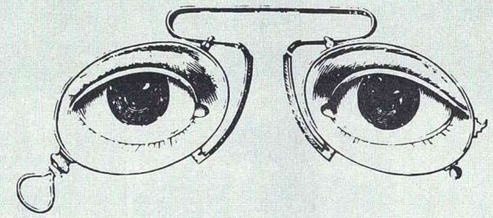


VIEW FROM THE TOP

A MAN'S BEST FRIEND

BY FRANK ROBSON

For a couple of years we've had a Border collie, one of those black and white sheep dogs instantly recognisable as The Dog in Murray Ball's popular *Footrot Flats* cartoon strip. At the moment he is standing beside my chair, trying to make me look into his eyes. If I do, the dog will *force* me to take him to the park. He'll stare at me with such hypnotic intensity that my resolve not to go to the park until later will crumble. So I'm not going to look at him.

Normally, Border collies use their hypnotic powers to intimidate sheep. Our dog regards the family as his sheep, and manipulates its members with varying degrees of success. Yet, intelligent as he is, I doubt whether Badger — as the kids named him — grasped the significance of an item we just heard on the radio news. It said scores of angry men and women are meeting in Brisbane to plan a battle campaign against dogs.

They are posties, milkos, garbos and all the others whose jobs put them at risk of a mauling by ill-tempered suburban canines. Hosted by Australia Post, the dog "summit" is apparently a deadly serious affair. At it a postman — one of 72 bitten in the last year — held the audience spellbound with an account of how a frenzied German shepherd tore the front wheel from the frame of his bike.

And even as the beleaguered delivery folk swap horror stories (one imagines each indignant speaker with a jagged hole in the seat of his pants), the Queensland Parliament debates a Bill empowering dog catchers to impound not only dogs, but also their owners . . . if suspected of giving a false name when collecting an impounded pet.

I have yet to discover whether incarcerated dog owners, left unclaimed, will be painlessly put to sleep. With a certain type of owner, that might not be such a bad thing. For it's the way dogs are treated, naturally, that determines whether they become outlaws in the eyes of posties and garbos.

In Eighteenth-Century England, when a lot of issues seemed more clear-cut, dogs were publicly *hanged* for their misdemeanors, implying that man's best friend possessed an awareness of lawful behavior but wilfully chose not to exercise it. An entertaining notion, now well and truly outdated. Yet the bottom line hasn't changed; we still punish dogs for the oafishness and neglect of their owners. Throughout the suburban sprawl of our cities thousands of peculiar-looking hairy creatures — all descended from the noble wolf — are so pissed off at being held prisoner in tiny backyards and so starved for affection and activity more fulfilling than stalking back and forth across their own turds that they naturally can't wait to bite someone.

Don't get the idea I'm an animal liberationist: if it came to a choice between being bitten by a dog or an hysterical animal libber, I would take my chances with the dog. So why is this column championing the cause of neglected mutts? Damned if I know. Perhaps the Border collie is *making* me do it (he's still staring), being himself the victim of unprovoked attacks by savage mongrels in local parks.

I get the distinct impression he wants me to say that too many people keep dogs without actually liking them. They don't like them enough to fence their properties, but are always surprised when their animals are skittled by a bus. They don't like them enough to provide regular exercise, but are always outraged when the dogs dig meteor craters in the lawn. They don't like them sufficiently to develop any sort of rapport, and thus miss out on the real benefits of having a dog.

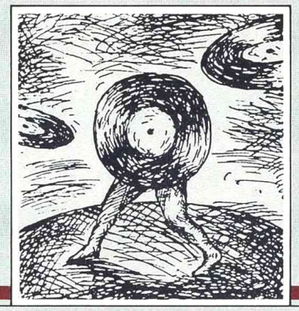
There is no polite way of saying it; these people are as thick as two short planks. For to win a dog's friendship and loyalty is a singular pleasure; it provides a link between our consciousness of ourselves as human animals and the existence of nature's intelligence — that force so rarely evident in "civilised" peoples but openly on display in the eyes of a contented pooch. Such an animal can register humor, excitement, disdain, anticipation, sympathy, resentment and joy as clearly as any mime, but with a lot less effort. Yet legions of otherwise reasonable citizens regard dogs as mere chattels and status symbols.

Cats, generally considered less appealing than dogs, fare even worse as pets. I remember a puzzling ritual from my childhood, when my mother amassed a collection of pampered felines at every isolated house we rented.

Before we moved on, which happened frequently, my father dug out his service-issue .303 and despatched all the cats — to stop them turning feral. This always upset Mum, but no sooner had we settled again than she began collecting cats. Maybe she figured they would prefer a short sweet life to a long hard one.

I wanted to continue this theme, but the *Footrot* dog has reappeared beside my chair, his eyes registering feverish impatience. (The welfare of cats is not one of his main concerns.) If anyone wants us, we'll be at the park.

Illustration by Graham Rendoth



SOUNDS

NO CYNICISM REQUIRED

Phil Collins in concert is a truly accomplished animal — with a sense of humor. He's no Liberace but lays down some simple, effective keyboards, is predictably impressive at his first instrument, the drums, and sings strongly throughout. Collins' attempts to "rock out" are fired by constant cohorts the Phenix Horns (from Earth, Wind And Fire), while his cornier moments are saved by the strength of his delivery. In the wake of his successful Australian concert tour he has left us with a memento in the form of his third solo album *No Jacket Required* (WEA). The formula is consistent with earlier efforts — chimey ballads mixed with some uptempo soul feels and big beat pop with attention-grabbing brass punctuations. The main difference this time is that Collins is not so terminally depressed about women walking out on him. Apart from the famous Horns this one-man band is aided by Genesis colleague, guitarist Daryl Stuernier, veteran forest-head and bassist Lee Sklar, David Franks on keyboards and a horde of famous friends on background vocals.

Equally impressive is Collins' production work for other people, including most recently (and famously) Philip Bailey. He was also at the helm for most of **Eric Clapton's** latest, *Behind The Sun* (Warners). Clapton wears his blues on his neck (guitar that is) and no number of outsiders like Collins have any effect on the style that he established with Derek And The Dominoes and on *461 Ocean Boulevarde*. That distinctive "Phil Collins sound" only starts to emerge on the ballads "Never Make You Cry" and "Behind The Sun."

Survivors, in fact active perpetrators, of the dire Seventies disco boom, the **Commodores** are back on the *Nightshift* (Motown). Who could forget (no matter how hard they tried) their gilt-edged ballad of '79, "Three Times A Lady"? The good news about this album is that the bad news doesn't go much further than the appallingly uninspired cover. This keyboard-based quintet prove to be inheritors of a Motown sensibility but have updated it with electro-dance sounds, and some beautifully spare arrangements.

Ever since **Mental As Anything** came out as a mature recording outfit with *Cats And Dogs* those who loved them for their infectious dance beats and wry humor could breathe a sigh of relief that they had recorded something that would ensure their longevity all through the long weekend and well into the next week. *Fundamental* (Regular) elicits the sigh but not the relief. They've brushed their hair and scrubbed down their songs to the barest pop essentials and humor is restricted to a beach rework of sex and drugs and rock and roll — "Sex and Mull and Surf and Fun." The rhythm section tightly plods, allowing few variations on a theme, and Reg Mombasa clocks in with characteristic tremolo guitar chords. There are good moments (mainly Greedy Smith's "You're So Strong" and "Live It Up") but not enough to put the album into the Sistine Chapel league.

Local lads plundering the American musical heritage of the last decade are **Full Marks**, who deserve their name if only for their approach to gruelling live work without product support. *Room To Move* (CBS) meets American outfits like Styx and Journey on their own turf — being well played and richly produced. Now all the band needs is the stadiums and the people to fill them.

Tom Petty And The Heartbreakers resurface after a two-year break, sporting their broadest *Southern Accents* (MCA) to date. "I got my own way of talking... the young 'uns call it country, the Yankees call it dumb." It's jangly guitar rock with a drawl. Famous acid casualty Dave Stewart of the Eurythmics guests as a writer and performer on three tracks and further bearded authenticity is provided by Garth Hudson and Richard Manuel from The Band of yesteryear.

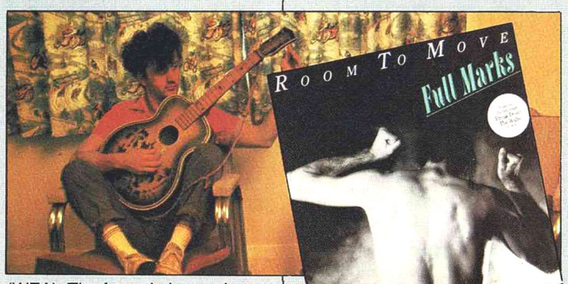
In an unfortunate packaging ploy that tells you less about the contained product than the average soap wrapper,*Coconut Rough* (Mushroom), from the New Zealand band of the same name, launches the group on a largely unsuspecting Australian public. Included is last year's largely unheralded single "Sierra Leone." The band sports singer Andrew Snoid (ex-NZ Pop Mechanix and the Swingers), while Split Enz expatriate Phil Judd has contributed a song and the cover art. A funky, young Enz sans quirk.

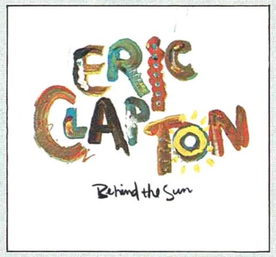
The late **Guy McDonough** lives on in an album recorded during lulls in Australian Crawl's output. *My Place* (Wheatley) was completed by brother Bill and friends. It sounds at times like Guy had only put down guide vocals before his death. Still, he does make the lyrics to "Things Don't Seem" audible, unlike James Reyne.

Three parts black, one part white, **The Warumpi Band** from near Alice Springs arrive in albumland with *Big Name, No Blankets* (Powderworks). Singing in English and their tribal tongue they achieve their own spirited hybrid of country and boogie.

Santana goes *Beyond Appearances* (CBS) with pop rock interspersed with bubbling, bongo-tinged feels and a song "How Long" that wasn't produced by Phil Collins but sounds like it. **Joan Armatrading** has assembled another great band for a not so great collection of *Secret Secrets* (A&M).

Jim Diamond (ex PhD) is a small Scotsman with a large ability to sound Italian on *Double Crossed* (Festival). — *Jeremy Cook*





From top: Plaza's Fundamental fingerwork and the latest from Full Marks, Phil Collins and Eric Clapton

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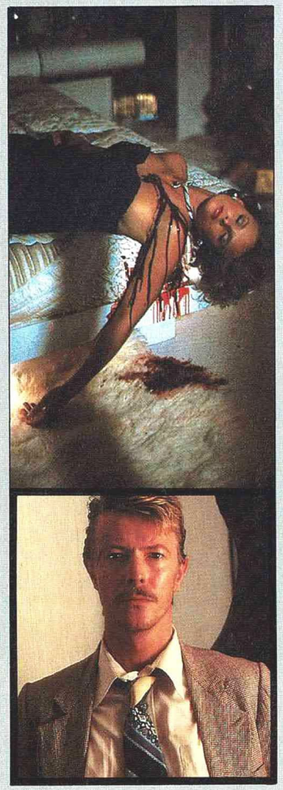
FILM

THOROUGHLY MODERN FAIRYTALES

Once upon a time fairytales were about beautiful princesses and handsome princes, evil kings and queens, treasure, lots of adventure in which the bad guys die violent deaths, and good guys ending up rich or powerful and thus happy ever after. Well, royalty is pretty thin on the ground these days, but



modern Hollywood-style fairytales aren't all that different from the ones grandma used to read you when you were warmly tucked up under the flannelette and chenille.

Take **Into The Night** and **Desperately Seeking Susan**, two films currently showing around the country, as examples. They're both about the theft of ancient treasures which happen to come into the hands of beautiful young women — who are helped by handsome young men to evade the clutches of powerful evil people who think nothing of killing anyone or anything that gets in their way. Both films blend violence with humor — gore with guffaws — in a manner that is becoming increasingly prevalent in American films. And both have happy endings as the beautiful young people live happily ever after with not a skerrick of trauma over all the gruesome deaths they've witnessed. And despite all that, both serve as fast-paced, distracting entertainment set in worlds of modern make-believe.

Left: Into The Night. Above: Madonna in Desperately Seeking Susan

Director John Landis spins his yarn of intrigue, *Into The Night*, against settings of staggering Los Angeles opulence. His princess is Michelle Pfieffer; his knight in shining armor is Jeff Goldblum. She's a fast-lane floosie whose looks have been a passport to a life on the arms and in the beds of very rich men. He's just your average quiet-living aerospace engineer whose wife is cheating on him, and if that's not enough, he's got recurrent insomnia. Their paths cross when he's out for a midnight drive and sees her being done over by a seamy bunch of Iranians who are after some Middle Eastern gemstones she has smuggled into the country for one of her shady boyfriends. He deftly rescues her from their clutches and they set off on a Wild Mouse ride that involves lotsa money, lotsa dames, lotsa car chases and lotsa blood.

The casting is of great interest, as if Landis asked a bunch of interesting buddies to his party and the buddies fell over themselves to grab a piece of the boy wonder's action. David Bowie, The Thin White Duke, is perhaps the closest Landis comes to royalty in his cast, but folks like acclaimed director Paul Mazursky, legendary svengali of gorgeous starlets Roger Vadim, country music legend Carl Perkins and Landis himself make for quite a rich combo. Add to that the talents of Dan Aykroyd, Irene Papas, Vera Miles and Richard Farnsworth and you've got a picture that's of cinematic historical note if little else. As it is, bolstered by some red hot B.B. King numbers, it's a slick, occasionally smart-arse, very American thriller-comedy that's imbued with a slightly crazy, nightmarish quality. It delivers the goods.

Desperately Seeking Susan has two beautiful princesses who unwittingly become involved in a big time jewellery theft. They also get involved in those tried and true and tried again storyline twists: mistaken identity and amnesia ("Hey, Gilligan thinks he's the Professor!" "Leadbottom thinks he's McHale!"). Delicate Rosanna Arquette is Roberta, the bored wife of a New York jacuzzi salesman, who longs to break free and live a life of romance and adventure. Madonna, the Material Girl of music and video land, is Susan — a sleazy, no-morals, New Wave opportunist who flits from bed to cheap dive to bed, rolling her boyfriends for readies and cigarettes along the way.

This is a comic and complicated adventure, loaded with nice aspects of farce, danger as Roberta is pursued by The Killer, romance when she becomes involved with her handsome prince who shows Z-Grade monster flicks in a fleapit cinema, and some nice fashions and sets into the bargain. You already know that the good guys win in the end. They also get a lot of money and Roberta learns that to live happily ever after she must truly express herself in New Wave clothes.

The slightly seamy but oh-so-attractive Madonna proves she can act, even though the role of Susan may not be too different to the role she has played so far in her short but successful music career.

Desperately Seeking Susan is directed by Susan Seidelman from a screenplay by Leora Barish. Despite its wildly unbelievable and often cliched premises of plot, it's a lot of fun.

For those who prefer fairytales like grandma used to read try **The Company Of Wolves**, a film that purports to take the viewer "deep into the realm of imagination . . ."

For my money, this fantasy flick does no such thing. It's more a confused story of Little Red Riding Hood, larded with special effects (handsome man turns into wolf, wolf gets killed and turns back into handsome man) and a reasonable quota of blood and scary bits. It *is* beautifully filmed and boasts a good cast which includes Angela Lansbury, yet it is fragmented and uncertain of its target audience. It's not a film for kids, nor one for adults, and it makes you wonder why they bothered in the first place. For that kind of money they could have set the action in 1985, sewn some tacky diamantes on Red's hood, added a funky score and cleaned up with the teens.— *C.J. Mackay*

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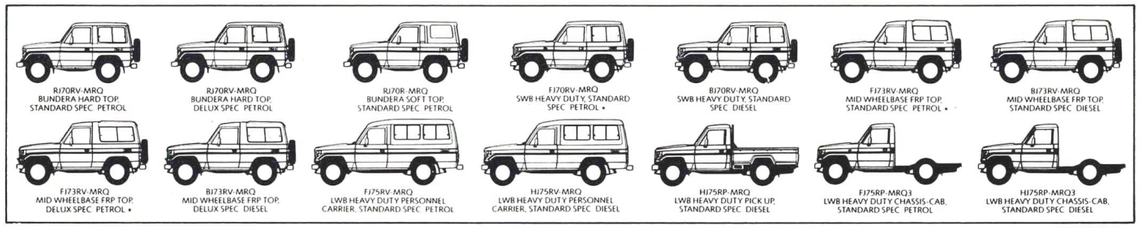
TOYOTA

Oh what a feeling!


BJ70RV-MRQ BUNDERA HARD TOP STANDARD SPEC PETROL
BJ70RV-MRQ BUNDERA HARD TOP DELUX SPEC PETROL
BJ70R-MRQ BUNDERA SOFT TOP STANDARD SPEC PETROL
FJ70RV-MRQ SWB HEAVY DUTY STANDARD SPEC PETROL *
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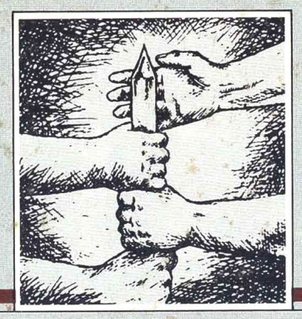

WINNING

CASTING A NETWORK

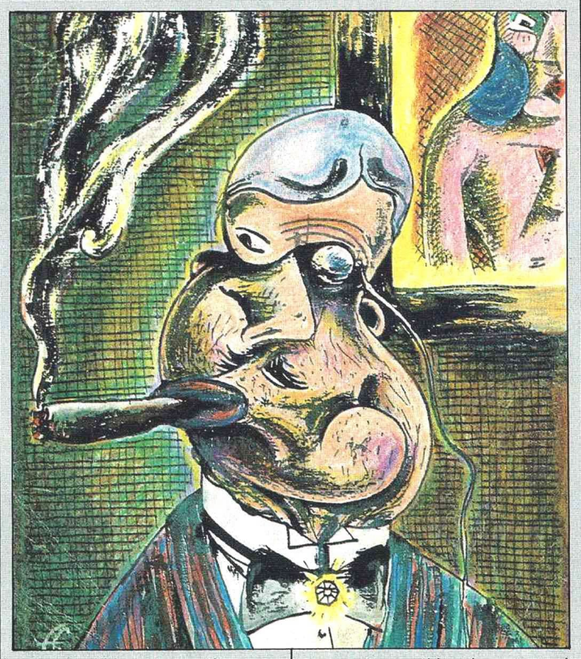

Illustration by Fane Flaws

"Networking" is the new buzzword among the under 30s — so much so that I recently heard a senior corporate officer ask to have it explained to him. Interestingly enough, nobody present could define it, though everyone agreed it was important to institute it between departments. "If other companies have networking," the senior officer said crisply, "I want us to."

Well, the truth is that networking isn't new, or a Yuppie invention. For those over 30 (hands up, please!), it simply boils down to doing favors for your friends — or, if you like, to the adage: "It's not who you are, it's who you know."

The key to networking is mutual support, *not* friendship as such. Some of the people you network with may be friends or become friends, some not. It doesn't matter. Members of a network are there to further their own careers by helping each other.

This form of the "buddy system" is as old as mankind. Primitive people formed networks because they knew that sooner or later their own survival would depend on the willingness of others to help. The same is true in most rural societies, including our own farming communities, today. If your neighbors don't come to help out when there's a problem, say a flood or a fire, you're in trouble, and they won't come for you if you don't come for them.

If this seems like a revolutionary idea to young people today, it's because we've become an urban nation in which our neighbors are mostly strangers, many of them hostile. In a society where everybody lives behind locked doors and minds his own business, the idea of a social contract seems unfamiliar.

For those entering the corporate world, the importance of networking cannot be overestimated. However, like everything else, there are certain rules that have to be followed. First of all, you have to bear in mind that a successful network *within* a corporation cannot be based on people who are in the same department as you, or who do the same kind of job. A network works best when it crosses departmental lines and when it avoids, to the greatest possible extent, rivalry for the same promotion. Your direct competitors make poor networkers, since you're all pursuing the same goal. You can't expect a fellow networker to help *you* get the job he or she also wants. Human nature doesn't extend that far.

The value of a network within a corporation is to link people of roughly the same age and status who do different jobs in different departments. Your road to the top will be much smoother if you've made friends with someone in the financial department, someone in purchasing, or someone in the legal department, because when you want something done or need a piece of information, you have only to pick up the telephone to get it. Needless to say, when called upon, you have to respond in kind.

Put at its most basic, there should be somebody who "owes you one" at every important point in the company. Naturally, you have to deliver. If you get promoted on the fast track, you'll have to make every effort to see that *they* get promoted, too. Besides, it's in your interest. You're developing what amounts to a management team, spread throughout the company, whose members rise to positions of power at the same rate that you do (or, ideally, one or two steps behind).

Outside your own company, of course, networking should be concentrated on people who do the same thing as you do. Lawyers network with lawyers, advertising account executives with other account executives, and so on. The object is to find out what's happening in your profession and industry, to hear of job opportunities, and to have friends spread out in other places in case you ever want to (or have to) leave.

Thus, there are at least two different kinds of networks — one internal, the other external — and each grows out of different needs and is formed for different purposes. Basic networking rules, however, apply to both:

1. *Never lie to your fellow workers.* A network is only as good as the reliability of its members.

2. *Before adding anybody to your network, consider the cost.* Everybody in a network has to provide something in the way of an asset, and everybody will have the right to make certain demands of you, too. Some people may not have enough to offer — or will want too much in return. Get to know them first.

3. *Beware of company spies.* Whatever you expect a network to do, its existence is likely to be regarded as subversive by higher management, so take care not to include people who will report everything to higher authority. In networks, loyalty matters!

4. *Don't confuse networking with friendship.* Networkers should be interested in getting ahead, not in having a good time.

5. *One purpose of a network is to learn* — therefore cast your net broadly, and be prepared to listen.

6. *Stick together* — so don't hold anything back that the others will find useful.

7. *Finally, a network is a living organism, so there will be changes in its membership.* This means it can't be rigid. It also means that any effect it has on your career, or on the other members' careers, will be gradual.

Be patient. The real payoff of a network is when you've all risen to the top — at which point your network will control the company! — *Michael Korda*

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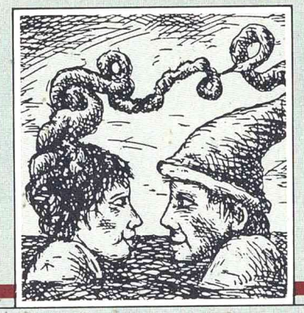


SEX

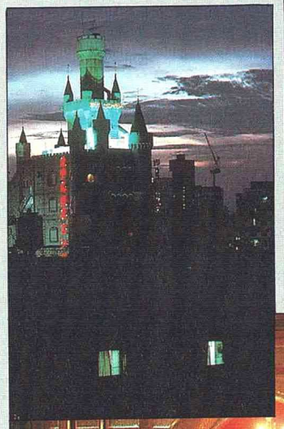
LOVE, JAPANESE STYLE

When it comes to building stately pleasure domes, Kublai Khan would rank in Japan no higher than a gifted amateur. The Japanese pleasure dome is called a "love hotel" — an institution that appeared after the war to serve a society with ordinary sexual needs and no place to satisfy them. Young people lived with their families, or in bachelor dormitories provided — and carefully supervised — by their employers. They didn't have automobiles to do their sexual exploring in. Married couples were not much better off; even today, it's commonplace to find families of five living in tiny two-room apartments.

Love hotels rented rooms by the hour, and before long they were all over the country. As they proliferated, they began to compete in architectural splendor. Love hotels were built to look like ocean liners, castles in Bavaria, Moorish palaces, Indian temples; the rooms were fitted out as gymnasiums, Roman baths, Turkish harems — a decor for every fantasy.

There are architectural design firms in Japan that specialise in love hotels and their hi-tech appointments: push-button wall and ceiling panels that convert to full-length mirrors, beds that revolve and undulate, closed-circuit television systems, strobe lights and soft music. At the Meguro Emperor, Tokyo's largest and finest love hotel, you can roll off the bed into a plexiglass water chute that curves, descends and deposits you in a sunken bath. There's room enough in the bathtub itself — rococo gone mad — for the Budapest String Quartet. The room cost about $170,000 to furnish, and the Emperor expects to earn its investment back in something like four years.

Love hotels, in short, are big business. Rates vary, but on the average a two-hour *kyukei* ("rest period") on Saturday or Sunday costs between $20 and $60. Most places have a special rate on weekdays; you can rent the room from 10 am to 5pm — or from 10pm through the night — for about $25. (This, incidentally, is the best bargain in Japan, even for travellers with no particular lecherous intent; you pay a good deal more at a conventional hotel for a lot less space.) Don't expect to find a vacancy, however, if you start looking late on Saturday. For example, the "Swap Room" for two couples or more at the Queen Elizabeth Hotel, on the Tokyo-Nagoya Expressway, is solidly booked a week in advance. In general, love hotels expect to turn their rooms over twice on weekdays and four times on weekends; when an overnight couple checks out at 3am, their room will usually be rented again within the hour.



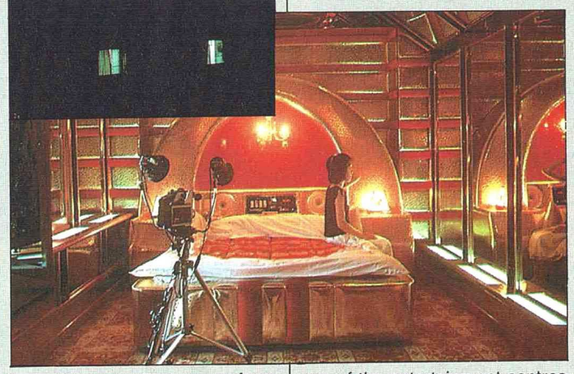


Figure it out: at the prices, a modest love hotel (say, ten rooms) plays host to 180 couples in the course of a single week, and takes in receipts in excess of $5000. In Osaka alone there are about 345 love hotels and unofficial estimates put the number nationwide at around 10,000. That's a lot of hanky-panky, and it's only one facet of Japan's enormous sex industry. Step into a phone booth in one of the entertainment centres of any large city, for example, and you are likely to find it plastered with advertisements for "room service"; check into a love hotel alone, call one of these agencies, and a comely young thing will arrive in minutes. The cost is about $150 (plus cab fare) for an hour and a half.

Love hotels. . . happiest kingdoms of them all

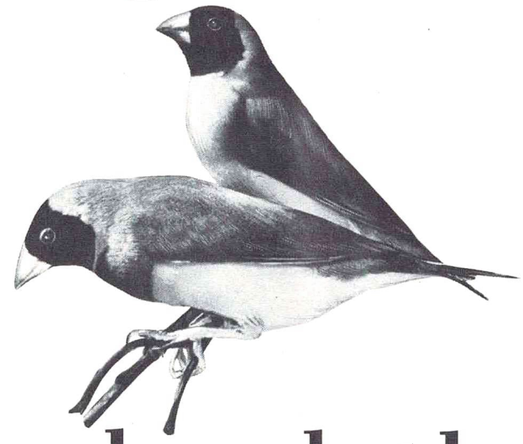
Who goes to love hotels? "Mostly young singles," says the owner of one. "Then we get a lot of married people — but they're not usually married to each other. After 11pm a good part of the traffic is bar and cabaret hostesses with their favorite customers. But in this business, you see all kinds. One morning I found two kids in sweatshirts waiting on the front step; the maids didn't even have the rooms ready yet. They were out jogging, and got the urge for a quick one. And once there was a guy who checked in alone, brought a dildo and a few other gadgets from the coin dispenser, and left after two hours; your guess is as good as mine as to what he was doing in there. Like I said, we get all kinds."

There are more specialised enterprises in the Japanese sex industry that cater to every conceivable interest, but they come and go; the love hotel endures. Beyond the games and gizmos and exotic splendor, the one thing it offers that everyone wants is privacy — or at least the illusion of privacy.

The front door to a love hotel is screened from the street by a wall, the opening being arranged so that you are out of sight with one quick step. Love hotels on the highway, and many of those in town, have undergound parking garages, with an inside door to the lobby. The "front desk" is no more than a small counter window, with an opaque curtain; a disembodied hand proffers your key, and collects your money when you leave. In fact, however, the hotels always have some means (usually a one-way mirror) for the clerk to observe arriving guests and record license plate numbers. It's not often that a crime of passion will have to be reported to the police; but this discrete surveillance most often discomforts only those who try to leave with an unpaid bill.

Woe to the lovers, however, who use the closed-circuit television system to play back their own acrobatics, and forget to wipe the tape: connoisseurs prefer these honest, simple slices of life to the self-conscious artistry of commercial porn. The story still circulates of the politician who was invited out to watch some blue movies and found himself making a screen debut with another man's wife. A definite setback for his career: politicians are expected, after all, to screw their constituencies, but even the Japanese tend to resent it when the screwing gets too personal. — *Jared Lubarsky*

This is a gouldian finch.



Take a long, last look,

The gouldian finch is declining alarmingly. Where once it was widespread it is now absent. Where once it was abundant its numbers now are few. Even the small flocks remaining are considered vulnerable.

The reasons are, as yet, unknown.

Saving the gouldian finch is one of the 88 projects World Wildlife Fund Australia has adopted. It is one of 18 still awaiting funding. Won't you help?

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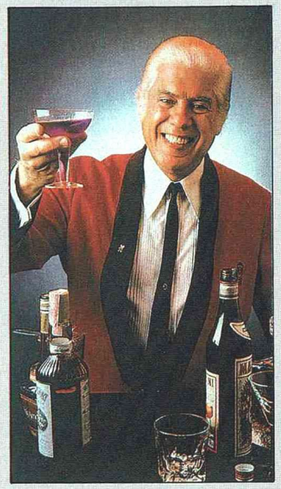
LIQUOR

COCKTAILS FOR TWO

James Bond may impress as the sophisticated man of the world, but when it comes to cocktails he only gets a 007 out of 10 from Eddie Tirado, Australia's foremost cocktail wizard. For as James prepares his traditional dry martini, usually to locate the missile target from some luscious Russian spy, Eddie detects a vital flaw in the otherwise watertight Bond persona. A purist would have savored the delicacy of the martini, stirred — not shaken. Bond's mission is jeopardised.

Crucial missions often bring us to the bar; the rite of booze is standard diplomatic procedure on all levels. Guys like Eddie can help. As his Puerto Rican-Manhattan accent accurately suggests, he is a classic barman of the Hollywood genre. His trademark silver hair and craftsmanlike pride in his trade — "booze is fun" — has borne him a high profile in Australia, where bartendering prerequisites seem often limited to beer-pulling endurance and a steady hand to change channel on the TV.

Eddie stresses the subtle blend of showmanship and social worker that characterises the best barmen, guided by the professional ethic of "doing it properly." James could have done better with just a few of Eddie's tips, accumulated from his years of mixing and managing of exclusive cocktail bars around the country. Eddie: confidante of the stars, cocktail mixer to Prime Ministers, judge — as Australian Bartenders' Guild president for nine years — in 26 countries, and author of the current textbook of *Cocktails And Mixed Drinks* (Lansdowne).



His suggestion for the home barman to lower a woman's defences might have been a Falling Star. Eddie takes a champagne glass, runs it under hot water, dries it thoroughly and pours in one fluid oz (30 mls) of Galliano. He brings a match to it and lights it; a slow, low blue flame shimmers — the lights are dimmed. In a mixing glass he combines a few ice cubes, a splash of fresh cream, one fluid oz each of Kahlua and bourbon and a half dash of orange juice, before stirring briefly clockwise with a mixer, which he then taps loudly on the rim of the glass like a conductor, orchestrating attention. Then, as a boxer takes his guard, he shakes it three times ("Don't rock it"). He takes another clean champers glass and pours the firewater back and forth while the gang ogles the dancing rainbow effect of the flame, before straining the creamy liquid into the centre of the flaming torch, extinguishing it. His measurements are precise to the drop, all used and are of different weight. Each ingredient is poured into a liqueur glass over the back of a spoon so that it touches the edge of the inside of the glass. The pouring must be done to prevent them mixing together. In this order: apricot liqueur, creme de cacao, creme de violette, Prunelle, fresh cream, thick cream, *or,* maraschino liqueur, Parfait Amour, yellow chartreuse, Benedictine, cognac, fresh cream. Properly executed, an Angel's Kiss can serve as a handy tour of a few of the more exotic bottles in a bar.

Closer to earth may be a Dream For Lovers, a treat for a twosome with these measurements: one fluid oz each of Galliano, orange juice and cream, half of Cointreau, and an egg, shaken and strained with ice and served in a champagne glass.

All in all, it doesn't take too much imagination to realise that any woman is more likely to warm to a Hot Flash after a Bosom's Caress, ending up with a Top Of The Sheets session, than to a beer in a jam jar.

(Hot Flash: mix 2 fluid oz of Australian whiskey, half oz of Campari, touch of bianco vermouth with ice and serve with lemon peel in cocktail glass. Bosom's Caress: shake ⅔ brandy, ⅓ orange curacao, egg yolk, and teaspoon of grenadine. Serve in cocktail glass. Top of The Sheets: shake one fluid oz of Cointreau, Bacardi rum, and brandy with dashes of lemon juice and egg white with ice. Strain and garnish with cherries.) — *Graeme Sims*

The Silver Fox Eddie Tirado; sound adviser on liquid assets, cocktail mixer to the stars

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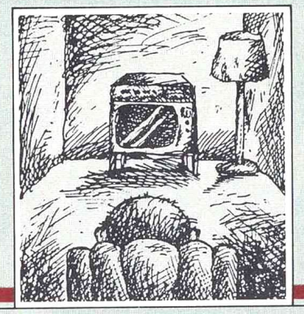
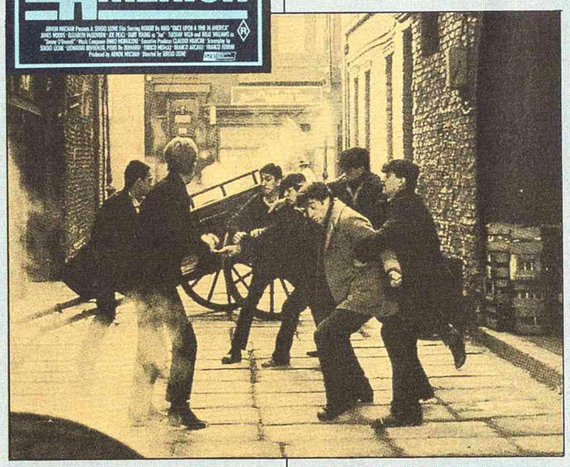


VIDEO

ONCE UPON A TIME IN GANGLAND...

Gangsters: they're as American as apple pie. While Australia and England share a common thread of underworld mythology with our American cousins, our mob are mere *crooks* compared to that senior class known as *gangsters*. The irony is that these underworld tribes arose not out of roots planted firmly in American traditions, but brought their particular codes of



larceny with honor with them when they migrated from Europe.

The saga of the Mafia and the Corleone family, as realised in that piece of classic pulp *The Godfather* by Mario Puzo, became the basis for two films: **The Godfather** and **The Godfather II** (CIC Video). Both now stand as classics of American cinema. By keeping the focus firmly on the family (Marlon Brando as the Godfather himself, James Caan as Sonny, Al Pacino as Michael, Robert De Niro as the young Brando) and the environs of its power and influence, director Francis Ford Coppola achieved the near impossible — manifesting humanity out of evil. Coppola's achievement became, in some ways, his albatross — an act he has since been unable to top, although he came close with *Apocalypse Now*. With *Apocalypse,* Coppola turned to Joseph Conrad for his source material and so denied himself the touch of the "common man" that was apparent when he collaborated with Mario Puzo. The evil to be found at the head of the river in Vietnam seemed to pale somewhat in comparison to the evil of big city crime and corruption.

Scenes from Once Upon A Time In America

Following a number of misjudged endeavors, it seems only natural that Coppola should be attracted to **The Cotton Club** (due out on video soon). With a script written initially by Puzo, the story is of New York gangsters and Harlem's infamous Cotton Club (where black entertainers worked to wealthy white audiences). Lacking the force of the original Puzo novel, *The Cotton Club* becomes somewhat befuddled as Coppola tries to turn over familiar turf in a blend of *genres*, the gangster flick and the musical. The bad guys are as interesting as the Mafiosa — but they lack the sense of community and vision, the grasp on their role in the "American dream", that is apparent with the major characters in *The Godfather* series. There is in fact too much of an element of good in some of the characters. In short, a noble failure.

Providing further color to the epic of American gangsterism comes **Once Upon A Time In America** (Roadshow Video). It arrives via the hand of yet another European, Italian Sergio Leone (Coppola is also of Italian descent). Running at the length of two features — and cut down from Leone's original of around six hours — *America* is an ode to gangsterism in the same way that Leone's earlier features like *A Fistful Of Dollars* and *Once Upon A Time In The West* were tributes to that particular 19th Century mythology. Playing with time the way that fate plays with his characters, Leone weaves a tale of some complexity, taking a group of Jewish ghetto kids — Noodles, Max, Frankie, Cockeye — from New York in the Twenties, through Prohibition and right up until the early Seventies, when only Noodles and Max are still alive. It is a story of friendship and love — and how the basis of a relationship between two men, Noodles (played by Robert De Niro) and Max (James Woods) becomes the seed for eventual betrayal.

Leone, with *Once Upon A Time In America*, has come close to rivalling Coppola's achievement with the two *Godfather* films, but we're possibly still to see the absolute masterpiece in gangdom. Coppola has already recut his two features, placing the story in sequence and adding material cut from the films when they were first released. The "new film", a nine-hour epic, has run in America as *The Godfather Saga*. Now, if Coppola and Leone could be brought together and cut the two *Godfather* films, *The Cotton Club* and *Once Upon A Time In America* (including all the footage both had to leave out of the latter two), we might have a rambling, brilliant and frightening epic of America that would run for something like 24 hours! Inside this film would be the threads of the Italian and Jewish gangster chronicles, the seeds of the cancer at the root of American society, and the start of some understanding of the evil.—*Denis Whitburn*

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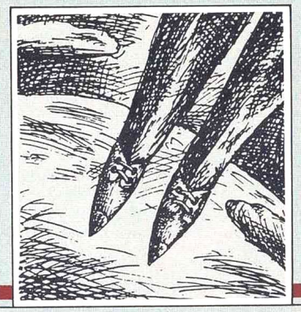


TRAVEL

DON'T KNOCK ADELAIDE

The oscillating Aussie dollar is going to sit more or less where it is for the next year or so, say the financial experts in the back bar of Sydney's Evening Star Hotel — which is only one good reason to spend your holiday dollar in Australia. There are few things more galling than slapping down ten of our dollars on a counter and getting back seven of someone else's; by staying home, you get full value.

This means that our favorite local resorts are going to be inundated with tens of thousands of others who would normally have been stretched out on other people's beaches. Which, by a peculiar chain of logic I won't attempt to unravel, brings me to Adelaide.

"Holiday" means Queensland to far too many people. They head for the tinsel and the islands, where Fourex costs $2 a can, and never think of the rest of Australia, particularly Adelaide. The few who do think of the South Australian capital are usually confronted with the ancient nonsense about a city of churches and some smart cracks about Don Dunstan and claret-swilling trendies. As is usual with this sort of knee-jerk knocking, it's less than one percent of the truth. The churches are still there, but many are now restaurants or dedicated to a more modern cult: housing advertising agencies.

Admittedly, Adelaide doesn't move as fast as Sydney or Melbourne, but as Australia's only well-planned city — and you can leave Canberra with its circuses, both in and out of Parliament, off that list — there's no need to move fast; traffic flows smoothly along wide streets and it's actually a city that's a pleasure to walk around.

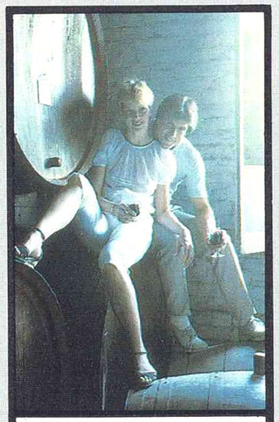
Perhaps the best way to compare it is to watch the way the people themselves move around. Sydneysiders cut through the crowds with a hustler's scuttle that wouldn't be out of place in Times Square; Melbournites get around with a fast but slightly aimless shamble; Brisbane is a city of stunned somnambulists; and Adelaide is a city of strollers, where you're most unlikely to get pushed off the pavement.

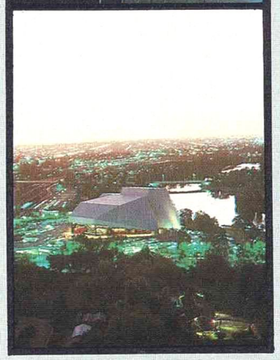
It's not all that staid, either — like any big city, Adelaide has its naughty bits. Hindley Street lacks the pushy commercialism with which Kings Cross imbues every product, and it manages to be slightly risque without the forlorn sleaziness of St Kilda. There are pavement cafes that are actually pleasant to sit in and good cheap restaurants and pubs which haven't been impoverished by pokie-packed clubs.

Mind you, several veterans in one Adelaide pub raised their eyebrows when I admitted to a solo midnight stroll down the strip. People take a lot of pride in Adelaide, and I got the impression they didn't want anyone to think they were behind in anything — whores and muggers included.

Don't miss something with a name made up of two of the most boring words in the language: the Constitutional Museum. I always shared Henry Ford's opinion about history, but there's no bunk here; the museum has a superb audio-visual presentation that actually makes this dry subject enthralling.

The city already has its festival, held every two years, which now has world status as a major arts event. This November it's making a bid to get on to other maps by hosting an international Grand Prix motor race through its streets. If you haven't booked your room by now, you're too late — the city is chock-a-block. You'd better book now for next year.





Adelaide. . . a lot more to offer than a bunch of churches

The best hotel in town is the Hilton, and there's no need to feel pain in your hip-pocket nerve at the idea. It has a variety of packages which cut the cost to a level to suit all but the most modest budget, and it's by far the most pleasant of all the Australian Hiltons. The Hilton is in the centre of the city; even if you aren't staying there, you should operate on the principle that every holiday should include at least one splurge and visit its top restaurant, The Grange; the top price on the wine list is $2850 but I did notice a couple of hundred cheaper bottles.

Outside the Hilton, and cutting through the parkland which surrounds the city centre, is the terminus of the Glenelg tram service. Glenelg, a 20-minute tram ride away, is one of those places where it's almost always Saturday night — Adelaide's Bondi, if you like, but better to look at. It has an excellent beach and a raffish strip of restaurants, pubs and ice-cream parlors.

Adelaide is the ideal base for exploring most of the rest of South Australia. The wineries of the Barossa and Clare Valleys aren't far away, the Adelaide Hills are very pleasant, rather like the Dandenongs or the Blue Mountains, and you can take the oddly named car ferry *Philanderer III* across to Kangaroo Island and spend a day or two wandering around its beaches, swamps and salt-flats. It's an incredible haven for all sorts of wildlife.

You'll be able to do all this for a good deal less than you might have expected. South Australia is a tourist-conscious state, but somehow their hands don't bite quite as deeply into your pockets as they do in certain other places.

— Fred Baker

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BY ADRIAN TAME

SHOCK TREATMENT

Despite its toll on the health and sanity of its victims, electroconvulsive therapy is still a popular form of psychiatric treatment

The first time Patricia McGrath realised the extent of her husband's depression was one day in 1979 when she returned home to their Queensland farm after a trip into town. As she pulled into the property Patricia noticed her husband, Graham, running aimlessly around a paddock bordering the farmhouse. Suddenly he stopped, crouched on the ground and punched the soil beneath him. By now Patricia had reached one of the outbuildings. She froze and watched silently as Graham's fist came down again and again into the dirt. When he noticed she was watching Graham stopped, approached her, and said: "I don't know what made me do that."

Two years later Patricia was once again a silent, agonised witness as her husband's body wordlessly revealed the pain in his mind. This time it was in the Baillie Henderson Hospital in Toowoomba, southern Queensland, not far from their farm. (In Queensland they still refer to places like Baillie Henderson as mental institutions.) Graham was in a large, high-ceilinged room. As Patricia walked in, a nurse, sit-

ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN

SHOCK

ting on the bed opposite him, got up and left. Patricia noticed immediately there was something wrong, almost grotesque, about her husband's position in the bed. He was kneeling with his head forced face down into the pillow. His legs were drawn up tightly under his stomach and his back was arched and tense. He looked almost like an animal trying to burrow into the bed linen to hide or escape from something behind him.

A few days later Graham McGrath was dead. The physically strong, stockily built 40-year-old farmer had been transformed during three weeks in hospital into a thin, haunted spectre. Patricia's last memories of him focus on his shuffling walk, the visible throbbing at the base of his throat and the film of sweat she seemed to be constantly wiping from his face. That was in April, 1981. More than four years later Patricia is still not satisfied with the official explanations of Graham's death. Initially the authorities did not see fit to provide her with one. In apparent contravention of Queensland state laws, including the Coroners' Act 1958-77, they decided against holding an inquest into Graham's death.

Patricia's frustrated search for answers led her to organisations like the Citizens' Committee on Human Rights, the Queensland Council for Civil Liberties and the Mental Health Association. The combined clamoring of these groups finally succeeded in getting Graham's death before a coroner in October, 1983. No verdict was handed down until September last year, and even then Patricia was left with most of her fears and doubts intact. Today she is still seeking to discover who or what killed her husband.

For many of those who have become involved in Patricia McGrath's case the struggle centres not so much on the death of one man, but on the existence of a form of treatment used for the past 50 years in institutions for the emotionally disturbed all over the world. It is known as electroconvulsive therapy, or more commonly as shock treatment, and it is administered to hundreds of thousands of people every year in both state and private hospitals in virtually every country where psychiatric medicine is practised.

Shock treatment was invented in 1938 by a psychiatrist named Ugo Cerletti, living and practising in Mussolini's Italy. Ugo, so the legend goes, was a soft-hearted character who couldn't bear the squealing when hogs were lined up for slaughter at the local abattoir. To his delight the shock stunned them to the extent where they faced the prospect of being stabbed and bled to death with no audible protest.

Psychiatrists around the world have reason to thank those porcine pioneers for a financial blessing which has showered them with the good things in life at the pressing of a button ever since. Shock treatment, for the psychiatrist, is quick, clean and painless. And it pays wonderfully well — around $30 for five minutes, work in Australia, and up to $100 for the same in America.

The rest of us probably adopt a less positive approach to such largesse. The man in the street is likely to react to the raising of the subject with a comment along the lines of: "Shock treatment? They don't do that any more, do they? I thought it'd been outlawed." For those unfortunate enough to have had first hand contact with electroconvulsive therapy (ECT) the response is almost certain to be more emotionally charged.

The general consensus among former patients is that shock treatment belongs more properly in the armory of a Gestapo interrogator than in the inventory of a medical practitioner. One of its more illustrious victims, Ernest Hemingway, perhaps put it best. Two months after his second bout of ECT, in July 1961, Hemingway committed suicide. Before he died, he had this to say: "What these shock doctors don't know is about writers. What is the sense of ruining my head and erasing my memory, which is my capital, and putting me out of business? It was a brilliant cure, but we lost the patient."

Another less succinct but equally chilling description was provided by an American patient named Janet Gotkin in 1975. "I open my mouth and the scream surrounds me. My body a lurch and a scream of pain. A firecracker, pain and lights, burning, searing, my bones and my flesh. I am on fire. Shorter than a second. The fragments of a bomb sear my body. Blue-white lights, fiercer than God, going through me . . ."

So what exactly is shock treatment? To begin with it's never referred to as shock treatment by those who profit from it. The word "shock" carries too many threatening connotations. It is more likely to be called ECT, for convenience, or electrotherapy to still further blur any negative response. In simplest terms, ECT is the passing of electricity through the brain to cause a generalised convulsion or seizure. Such seizures are known collectively by the French as *le grand mal*, and are similar to the type of fit suffered by an epileptic. While such convulsions are happening brain cells are being destroyed, often resulting in partial memory loss. Nobody, even psychiatrists, is quite sure why it is a good idea to destroy people's brain cells, but the most common explanation seems to have something to do with "getting to the root of the problem."

Anybody who is depressed or psychotic has, conveniently enough, some mental block or scar often associated with an unpleasant childhood experience, and it is the job of the psychiatrist to identify this block so the patient can come to terms with it and conquer his depression. How much easier than groping around in the dark recesses of the mind it must be to simply press a button and blast everything skywards in an emotional mushroom cloud. When the bits and pieces eventually float back down to earth, the chances are the mental block will have disappeared somewhere en route, never to cause any trouble again. It is clearly no more than a trifling annoyance that many of the good memories of childhood, the facets of a human being's past that build his character and personality, have been blasted into oblivion at the same time.

The way electricity is passed through the brain is also deceptively simple. Electrodes are attached to the temples and between 70 and 150 volts of electricity sear into the mind at a current of 500 to 1000 milliamperes — sufficient to light a 100-watt bulb — for approximately two seconds. All these measurements are approximate because electricity is not like medicine or drugs and cannot be apportioned with the same accuracy — just another interesting variable for those practising ECT.

That's not to say drugs are never used in conjunction with shock therapy. In the early days patients were simply strapped to a table, the electrodes clamped on and the button pressed. The pitfall of this method was its potential for an inconvenient mess. Patients tended to lurch and convulse under the straps, and were sometimes even tiresome enough to arch their backs so violently they broke their spines. This clearly wasn't good for the image of ECT, so sleep-inducing barbiturates or muscle-paralysing drugs were introduced. The theory is that the body won't damage itself while relaxed or comatose. Silencing the body's alarm signals in this manner seems closely akin to the preliminary precautions engaged in by a safe-breaker before he gets down to the serious business of plunder.

The ultimate form of this combined drug and shock therapy is when ECT is applied daily over a three-week period to a patient who remains in a drug-induced coma throughout the entire 21 days. There is no evidence to support the claim that medical science is now working on a drug which will keep noisy or troublesome patients in a permanent coma so all manner of other interesting experiments can be conducted on them. Either way, there is strong medical opinion which indicates the use of drugs in connection with shock treatment causes all kinds of risks.

American neurologist Dr John Friedberg has written: "These 'improvements' [drugs] are like the flowers planted at Buchenwald Nazi concentration camp. The muscle paralyser can cause prolonged failure to breathe and cardiac shock. The paralysis may also intensify the horror of the patient's experience. While anaesthetics make for a smoother trip into unconsciousness, they also increase the chance of death by choking."

"Since neither the brain nor electricity has changed since the Thirties, the result is still the same — brain damage"

Another American, psychiatrist Dr Lee Coleman, believes drugs have contributed nothing. "Since neither the brain nor electricity has changed since the Thirties the result is still the same — brain damage."

An alternative view holds that the drugs are for the benefit of attending staff rather than patients. The sight of a human body arching and bucking in searing agony is not a pleasant one. "With drugs the staff can go home at nights and not have nightmares. We are not so lucky," one patient observed.

One of the more frightening aspects of the use of shock treatment is the wide variety of illnesses and symptoms which justify its use in the view of those who practise it. One celebrated American case involved a young New Yorker called Leonard Frank. His problem was that he grew an unusually bushy beard and developed a taste for vegetarian food. Another American patient, Jonika Upton, made the mistake of walking around with books by Proust tucked under her arm. She also occasionally affected an aristocratic English accent. More on both of them later.

Robert Peck, an American psychiatrist who has long championed the use of ECT, wrote a book called *The Miracle Of Shock Treatment*. In this work he claims ECT has cured backache, colitis, ulcers and asthma. Perhaps more significantly, Dr Peck sees a wider use for his pet cure-all — it could be used to keep "dissidents . . . in a constant state of apathy by repeated shock treatments."

Graham McGrath wasn't a dissident, and he wasn't suffering from backache, ulcers or asthma. He was depressed, and depression is one of the most common "illnesses" treated by ECT. After the incident in 1979 when his wife Patricia returned to their farm at Cecil Plains, near Toowoomba, Graham's depression became accentuated. Like most farmers he worried a great deal about the weather, the availability of contractors, and whether or not he would get his crops in on time.

Graham's initial treatment was limited to drugs, and Patricia remembers he took as many as three different types at the same time. He remained a physically healthy man, quite capable of performing the heavy manual work required of anyone connected with a farm. But his emotional condition continued to deteriorate, and his life was punctuated with periods in hospital. It was during one of these stays that the subject of shock treatment was first raised. A doctor treating Graham mentioned to Patricia that ECT could be of assistance, but also told her Graham had refused to sign a consent form.

In 1981 Graham moved into Baillie Henderson Hospital, and the day after his admission Patricia telephoned and was told he was in intensive care. Somewhat ominously she was asked if she had any children. Hospital officials advised Patricia against visiting her husband during the first three days he was at Baillie Henderson because of his condition. She visited him on the third day, and from then on for the next three weeks she visited him virtually every other day, noticing he was becoming progressively paler and thinner. She remembers being continually asked about her husband's drinking habits, even after she assured staff he was a moderate social drinker.

On the Friday before Graham died the subject of shock treatment was first mentioned by a Baillie Henderson doctor. Patricia was told nothing about how the shock would be administered, just that it would help her husband. The following Wednesday she again visited the hospital, immediately after Graham had received ECT. A trainee psychiatrist allegedly told Patricia he had initially placed the machine on a setting of five before administering the first shock. Patricia remembers him telling her Graham's body had not convulsed, so he increased the setting to six, but there was still no convulsion. The setting was again increased, this time to seven, and

THE CASE AGAINST ECT

The use of shock therapy has recently come under some scrutiny within the NSW Parliament, with Mr Pat Rogan, the Labor MP for East Hills, championing the case against ECT. Rogan has been especially critical of the activities at the Chelmsford Private Hospital at Pennant Hills, on the northern fringe of Sydney.

In Parliament on March 20 this year Rogan had this to say about Chelmsford Hospital. (His statement is taken *verbatim* from the NSW Parliamentary *Hansard*.)

"I am calling on the Minister for Health to initiate a full and open public inquiry into all aspects of the treatment which regrettably led, in too many cases, to the death, brain damage or permanent physical injury of former patients of this hospital [Chelmsford]. Such an inquiry is necessary because I believe this is the only way in which the full, horrific story of Chelmsford will finally emerge. Sufficient evidence now exists to label the practices previously conducted at this hospital equal to anything in a horror story — more fitting to fiction than real life.

"Chelmsford, as it was previously known, conducted deep sleep therapy — treatment, if one could label it as such — which was discredited world-wide, being described in psychiatric textbooks as being fraught with danger, and having death rates as high as five percent even when conducted with continuous highly skilled nursing and medical care. Very few of the necessary precautions and checks were in fact carried out, and as a result some 12 known deaths occurred, the first in 1967. How many others survived this hellhole, but are now permanently brain damaged or physically impaired, is anyone's guess, but must surely be significant in number.

"The Australian Medical Association, the Australian and New Zealand College of Psychiatrists, the NSW Health Department and the Medical Board were all made aware of what was happening at Chelmsford, but nobody lifted a finger or raised their voice to halt the appalling mistreatment of patients. If society is to learn in any way from this tragedy, it must be by discovering what went wrong, and to ensure it cannot happen again — because regrettably another Chelmsford might very well be operating or being contemplated in NSW or indeed anywhere in Australia right now.

"What happened at Chelmsford was that patients were admitted and given the same routine deep sleep treatment regardless of their mental or physical condition and medical history. They were put in a state of deep sleep by doses of barbiturates of a level considered to be dangerous and indeed lethal, and given electric shock treatment, often without consent. Relatives were not given access either to visit the patients, nor to any information about their medical condition. Some patients were often transferred due to their deteriorating condition to Hornsby Hospital with maimed bodies and brains. Some died at Chelmsford, and some died at Hornsby after they were transferred. In many cases the true cause of death was not correctly certified . . ."

again there was no convulsion. The doctor then said Graham would be receiving further shock treatment two days later.

Later on that Wednesday Patricia was allowed to visit her husband, and found him face down kneeling in his bed. She eventually managed to turn him on his side, although his muscles appeared rigid. She also noticed his pulse racing in the base of his throat, and that he was sweating profusely. When she left the hospital Patricia told her husband she would visit him two days later. "He didn't indicate that he understood what I was telling him," she remembers. "He appeared to me to be impassive. It seemed as though I may as well have been talking to the wall." The next morning, Thursday, at five o'clock, Patricia received a phone call from the hospital. Patricia does not remember the caller's name, only what she said.

"She told me to sit down as she had some bad news for me," recalls Patricia. "Then she said: 'Your husband has just died.' I said: 'How could that happen?' and she replied: 'These things sometimes happen, dear; it's for the best.'"

After the agonies of identifying her husband's body and picking up his belongings, Patricia received another phone call from the hospital the following day, telling her a post mortem had been held, but had shown "nothing." Three weeks later, at her request, she was granted a meeting with doctors at the hospital, and was told Graham had died from cardiac arrest. Patricia knew her husband had suffered no heart trouble before being admitted to the hospital, and was puzzled by this explanation. Later she was to discover Graham's death certificate attributed his dying to cardiac arrest, irregular heartbeat and acute psychosis.

A lengthy period of uncertainty followed, during which time Patricia became determined she would get some straight answers. She contacted organisations like the Queensland Council for Civil Liberties, the Mental Health Association and the Citizens' Committee on Human Rights. With the help of CCHR, Patricia stepped up her search for answers.

By early 1982 a firm of solicitors acting on her behalf had received a letter from J.M. Ridley, medical superintendent at the hospital, admitting there was no previous history of heart disease. The letter also revealed Graham had been checked at half-hourly intervals from midnight until five in the morning, when he was found dead. Nursing staff had not wished to disturb him during the night so had not shone torches in his face, "but simply ascertained that he appeared comfortable and asleep."

Later that year Patricia and the CCHR called on the Queensland Attorney General's Department to have an inquest held into Graham's death. In October, 1983, their request was finally granted.

Health Minister Angelo Bertoni and Justice Minister Neville Harper both seemed determined to provide Patricia with the answers she had been seeking. She had told them: "He went into hospital a physically fit man. All he had was depression. Three weeks later he was dead. I couldn't believe it." A month later, in November 1983, the inquest was opened. Evidence was given that Graham had received his first shock treatment three days before his death, and that the second session had necessitated an increase in voltage when the patient failed to convulse. After hearing of the various drugs Graham was receiving, the inquest, inexplicably, was adjourned and went into limbo for ten months.

After further pressure the wheels of justice slowly began turning once again, and the inquest resumed in late August, 1984. Three days later it was all over. Doctors and nurses from the hospital claimed privilege, and were not cross-examined. Jan Eastgate, president of CCHR, immediately took up cudgels on Patricia's behalf. She wrote to Justice Minister Harper on September 10 claiming: "The inquest was so close to being a whitewash that it warrants further investigation."

> "Then she said: 'Your husband has just died . . . These things sometimes happen, dear; it's for the best.' "

The minister wrote back stating that medical records were placed before the court, and made available to Patricia and her solicitors. Coroner John Hogan's ruling that nobody should be charged over the death was not disputed, and Mr Harper made it clear he did not intend investigating the matter further. To add insult to injury Miss Eastgate's references to ECT were referred to Queensland Health Minister Brian Austin, who mailed her three articles from medical journals "providing a balanced comment on ECT." Mr Austin felt: "It is important for organisations such as yours to be adequately informed."

Patricia McGrath and Jan Eastgate have not let the matter lie there.

For Jan Eastgate there was a special barb to Health Minister Austin's words. She felt, with some justification, she was "adequately informed" about shock treatment. The reasons why she has campaigned long and hard against the use of ECT, and become one of its more formidable opponents in Australia, are locked in the nightmare of her own experiences in a private psychiatric hospital in Melbourne.

"It was about ten years ago, and I wasn't much more than a teenager," Jan, 31, remembers. "My boyfriend was giving me a hard time, I was dieting too much, and I was depressed. More importantly I had a thyroid problem, but they didn't do any tests, so nobody knew about that.

"I saw this psychiatrist at the hospital, and on my very first visit he told me I would need psychoanalysis twice a week for the next five years. I couldn't believe it. How could anybody work out what I needed for the next five years on the strength of one meeting? I guess the fact it was going to cost $120 a week for all of those five years might have had something to do with it."

Eventually Jan was taken into the hospital and had her first experience of ECT. She was given shock treatment ten times over an eight-month period, but can remember only the first time — all the other nine have been blocked out, a common experience. "I was told the night before I was going to have it," she recalls. "I wasn't given any dinner, and I suppose I was a bit apprehensive. At eight the next morning the psychiatrist and the nurse came in and I was very tearful, and told them I didn't want the treatment.

"They said: 'Don't worry about it, you will be all right. The doctor is here to help you.' I was given an anaesthetic, and when I woke up my hands were straight down by my side. That was the first thing I noticed. Then I realised I couldn't move my fingers. My head felt as if someone had placed a bomb inside it and then exploded it. When I realised I couldn't move, I thought I was probably dead. I didn't recognise anything about my surroundings, and I wondered if it was heaven or hell.

"I was afraid that if I was dead I would never see my family again. I was just quietly sobbing Liz Taylor glycerine tears. My parents came to my bed and stood there and for two minutes I didn't recognise them — I had no idea who they were. Then my boyfriend came back into my mind. He was the thing I was supposed to be forgetting, and he was the first thing that came back. I can remember having some milky coffee — whenever I get that smell now I get a pain in my head.

"When I started to think properly again I can remember being stunned at myself. 'What have I done to my mind? I should have been stronger. I should have refused the treatment.' I was taken home soon afterwards and that was the next shock. I didn't recognise things. There were gaps. I remember this model clown that my sister-in-law had. I made some remark and asked her where she got it. She said: 'You should know, you made it.' I found I couldn't read

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books any more. I kept forgetting what had gone before."

Jan went back into the same hospital for more ECT, and although her memories of the next few months are fragmented and vague, some of them will stay with her forever: "After the tenth time my body reacted violently. I felt as if I was out of my body. I can remember the sister saying: 'Don't worry,' and smiling. I knew I had to get out, so I escaped in my pyjamas; I was going back to my parents when they caught up with me in the street outside the hospital grounds. It was the same doctor. I can remember he was leaning, sort of lounging, on the bonnet of his Mercedes. It was a blue one. He said: 'You've got to come back. I've got the power to have you committed to a public hospital, and if that happens you'll never get out.' I went back. I was too frightened not to."

Jan got through her ordeal through a combination of survival instinct and good luck. But it left her with an almost evangelical determination to save as many others as she could from the same torture.

There has always been plenty of need for a little evangelical zeal to be brought to bear on the prolific and almost haphazard use of shock treatment in Australia. Figures detailing how many patients receive ECT here each year are notoriously hard to come by. The latest figures available from government sources go back to 1979, when 19,400 health benefit claims were made. However, those who have made a study of the subject believe this is but the tip of the iceberg. They cite the example of a psychiatrist working in a private clinic in suburban Melbourne. A not-so-close scrutiny of the man's working patterns over the past few years indicate he has made enough money from ECT alone to purchase the entire rolling green acreage of the hobby farm which has become his pride and joy.

It has been estimated that roughly five percent of all patients in state psychiatric hospitals receive shock treatment regularly. Another widely held belief is that private hospitals use ECT 20 times more regularly than their state-run counterparts. But since neither the Health Commission nor private hospitals compile figures, these statistics are no more than an educated guess.

In 1977 a clinical psychologist, David Richards, conducted a survey on ECT use in Australia. He found little was known or agreed upon about its use, or for that matter, what illnesses it was supposed to cure. Mr Richards' major conclusion was that much more research and monitoring of ECT was necessary in Australia. One major misgiving, experienced both here and overseas by people who have conducted surveys like Mr Richards', centres on the question of patient consent. There is no uniform code set down to cover this vital area, and requirements vary from state to state. It may seem a glaringly obvious civil liberty that an individual has the right to decide whether or not his brain should be zapped with 150 volts of electricity, but those who make our laws apparently do not see it that way. The confusion is perhaps best illustrated by Victoria, where a new Mental Health Bill is being drafted.

While still in its proposed form the Bill had this to say about ECT: "Both ECT and psycho-surgery have valid therapeutic application in appropriate cases, but the Bill takes account of the fact that these are potentially controversial treatments and raise emotional issues within the community. With this in mind the Bill will regulate both the use of ECT and other prescribed treatments, and the performance of psycho-surgery. The use of ECT will be limited by the Bill to psychiatric services and premises licensed for the purpose by the Health Commission. ECT may only be administered with the informed consent of the patient, and clear criteria as to what constitutes informed consent are set out in the Bill. However, ECT may be given to an involuntary patient or a security patient incapable of giving informed consent in certain circumstances with the consent of the authorised psychiatric (sic) but details must be reported within seven days to the Mental Health Review Tribunal." In other words any patient sufficiently disturbed to be admitted to an institution involuntarily forfeits not only his freedom but the right to decide what happens to his mind.

> "I am on fire.
> The fragments of a
> bomb sear my body.
> Blue-white lights,
> fiercer than God,
> going through me."

Australia has no monopoly on bizarre and frightening cases involving shock treatment — witness Leonard Frank and Jonika Upton. Frank was young, Jewish and bright in the America of the early Sixties. His career in real estate was less than stimulating, and he moved from New York to California in search of something more than the breakneck race for success and security instilled in him by his parents.

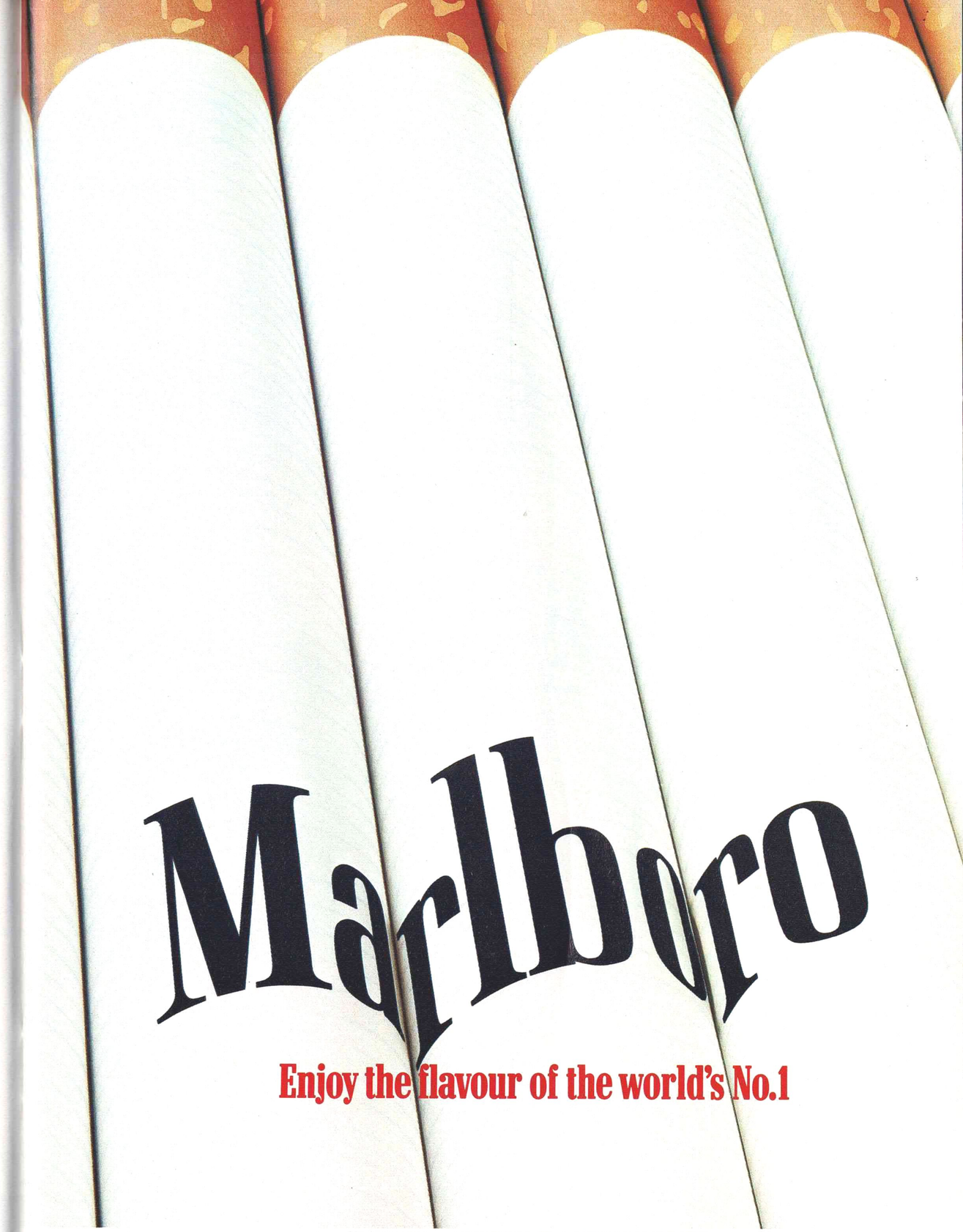
Frank liked what he saw on the other side of America, and grew a beard and turned vegetarian to celebrate his growing awareness that there is life after the rat race. Then his parents came for a visit. So disturbed were Mr and Mrs Frank by all that facial hair and the absence of meat from their son's plate that they suggested he see a psychiatrist. Frank demurred, and so they saw one for him.

Within days Frank was admitted to the first of a series of psychiatric institutions, receiving the first of 35 bouts of shock treatment. Much of the information contained in Frank's medical records deals with his beard and the obsession of his parents and their medical advisors to shave it off. By the time they succeeded Frank's brain was so addled he didn't care. After his discharge he spent the next six years hiding out and trying to piece together whoever he had been before his mind was dismantled. Today Frank has his beard back, bushier than ever, and is the editor of a highly respected volume called *The History Of Shock Treatment*. He has become one of America's most effective anti-ECT crusaders.

Jonika Upton's case follows similar lines. She was committed to a New Mexico psychiatric hospital by her father when she was still 17. Jonika's parents were worried because, soon after she started college in San Francisco, she sometimes affected an English accent and "walked about with Proust under her arm." Three years and 40 shock treatments later, Jonika was to be found regularly running about the hospital naked, incoherent, masturbating openly, frequently incontinent and often in need of physical restraint. The day her parents picked her up on her discharge Jonika didn't recognise either of them. But, according to her medical records, Jonika's mother and father felt: "Her appearance was good; her hairdo was beautiful."

Perhaps the ultimate vision of how psychiatrists can use shock treatment to create their own brain-damaged version of Dante's *Inferno* comes from the pages of an American medical journal of the late Sixties dealing with patients at Wichita Falls State Hospital in Texas. Here ECT was administered five days a week, several times a day, to the same patients until . . . "they reach a stage of stupor and profound confusion." Many were reduced to incontinence. And while this was going on others on the ward were "led in group singing by a member of the recreational therapy department to the accompaniment of accordion music, a procedure which not only produces a cheerful atmosphere in the ward, but is also a morale booster for those undergoing electrotherapy."

When researching this story I felt it might be a good idea to witness first-hand what happens when ECT is administered to a patient. That decision was reversed after talking to a member of CCHR who felt the same need during his research. "Have you ever witnessed an execution?" he asked. "Well, that's what shock therapy is like, only it's not the body they're murdering — it's the mind."



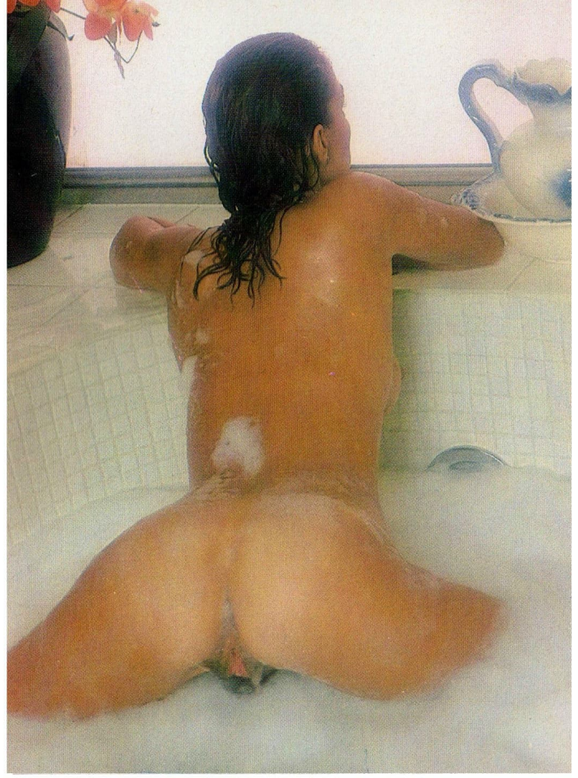
DAYDREAMING

Gorgeous Phyliss Partin looks just the type to have caused much nocturnal tossing and turning among her male admirers. But unfortunately it's Phyliss who suffers the sleepless nights and she hasn't yet put her finger on the cause of her insomnia. "If a man asked me to sleep with him I'd jump at the chance," says Phyliss. "If we really did sleep, that is. . .

PHOTOGRAPHY BY EARL MILLER

"It's the only problem I have in bed," she confesses. "Sleep is always the last thing on my mind.

"I've seen doctors, but all they seem to do is give you sleeping pills, which just seem to knock you about too much. Then I started to try every remedy I could think of: hot milk, warm brandy. Finally I decided to try energetic exercise just before bed time.



"I'm now a connoisseur of awful movies on late-night TV. I can put everyone to sleep but myself, raving about my new interest.

"You can imagine that I'm a real daydreamer to make up for what I miss at night. I have to do *something* to compensate." One thing's for sure: Phyliss's body-clock may be awry, but the presence of her mechanism excites alarm . . .

GREAT BARS OF THE WORLD

The best bars are the ones *where things happen*

BY PAUL MANSFIELD

The bar at Casablanca Airport was painted a faded green and the walls were wet with damp. The glass windows looked out on to the inside of the terminal itself, which was in a state of utter chaos. At the height of a freak summer storm — flashes of lightning, palms swaying against the dark grey sky — several hundred people were clamoring around in a shapeless mass: taxi drivers, hotel touts, pimps, soldiers and blackmarketeers all pushing and shoving each other to get as close as possible to the group of Western tourists waiting nervously for their luggage to appear on the carousel.

At a small corner table, a bottle of watery beer in front of me and a fan circling slowly overhead, I was trying to deal with the assortment of people who'd approached me in the last half hour. The first was a thickly made-up girl with bright red lips and

PHOTO BY DAVID LEVIN

GREAT BARS

a tight black skirt. She smiled sweetly and asked if she could join me. I smiled equally sweetly and said no. Next came a beggar, hand outstretched, shuffling through the tables carrying a small child. After that a policeman, small but somehow menacing, who sat down and began to question me. What is my nationality? What is the purpose of my visit? What is . . . ?

"Why don't we have a drink?" I enquired hastily, reaching into my wallet. I pushed a 50-dirham note at him — enough for at least 15 drinks — and he took it with a sly smile, then rose to his feet and disappeared.

Such are the perils of Moroccan airport bars. Yet it occurred to me, when I was temporarily alone, that I actually liked the place — I really did. It might have had something to do with the relief of being on the ground again after a nightmarish six-hour flight from Amsterdam. Things had not gone well on that plane for a variety of reasons, most of them connected with alcohol. I'd limped aboard with my head coming apart at the seams, the result of a night's research into the bars and nightclubs of Amsterdam's red light district. Things went from bad to worse, and by the end of the flight my antisocial behavior had offended most of the cabin crew and all of my neighbors. Finally I'd fallen asleep in a window seat with eyes hidden behind pitch-black sunglasses, snoring quietly. When we touched down in Morocco I was out of my seat and bounding down the aisle before we'd even stopped; no-one tried to restrain me, and no-one seemed in the least sorry to see me go.

But to get back to the point: the real reason for feeling comfortable in that shabby airport bar had, I think, nothing to do with the flight. It was the place itself. Whatever else might be said about it, no-one could deny that it was one of those rare bars in which something was always going on.

There are good bars, there are very good bars, and there are Great Bars. Everyone has their own definition of good and bad, but in my opinion the really Great Bars Of The World are *places where things happen*.

Actually I'd repeated this maxim to myself a few weeks earlier while standing at the bar at Mascot waiting for a flight to Tahiti. Not much going on *here*, that's for sure, and in fact most airport bars are only great in the sense that they happen to be in airports — great places to get away from, in other words.

Leaving Sydney on the morning flight, you cross the International Date Line after five hours and your plane touches down at Papeete at around 11.30 on the night before you left.

Quinns, once the most famous bar in the South Pacific, is no longer there: it was destroyed by fire a few years back and is now a chic new shopping centre. Downtown Papeete is fast turning into a rats' nest of high-rise hotels and overpriced junk shops, and most people head as soon as possible in the direction of one of the nearby islands. At a small booking office on the quayside I bought a ferry ticket to the island of Moorea from an exquisitely beautiful Tahitian girl who couldn't have been older than 18. "The boat leaves at four o'clock," she said, smiling. "So now you have the rest of the day to find yourself an interesting girl to pass the time with."

Well, why not? This is French Polynesia, after all, and one of the things the French are best in the world at is flirting. "You're the most interesting one I've met so far," I said truthfully, and we strolled across the street for a drink.

I didn't make the boat that afternoon, but I did discover a Great Bar. The Royale Hotel in Papeete has a weekly dance in its dilapidated ballroom — all cane chairs, potted plants and ceiling fans — and I wound up there later, sitting at a small table at the edge of the dance floor watching the action. Courtship is still an old-fashioned process in Tahiti: men on one side of the room, women on the other, and no-one gets out on the dance floor unless they've been asked. An unhinged Filipino combo was belting out a medley of South Pacific favorites — "Le Jambo", "Hula-Hula Honey", "Tahiti Nui" — and the whole place was shaking. Serious-looking Tahitian boys in flowered shirts glided across the floor, dancing hip-to-hip with their partners without actually touching. The girls were all pretty, dressed in their Saturday night best, and when they weren't dancing they returned to their tables and sat quietly with friends, waiting to be asked again. A few drunken Samoans propped up the bar, but most of the guests sat like myself at the tables, ordering huge margaritas and daiquiris from a gang of outrageously glamorous transvestites.

It took me quite a while to grasp this fully. Eventually my new friend explained the situation. In Tahitian society, she said, women are prized more highly than men on account of their domestic skills. So any family that has more than its share of male children — say, three boys in a row — will bring the next one up as a girl regardless of its sex. The waiters that night were all *Re-Res* from other islands who'd drifted into Papeete to find work. Most of them ended up working the transsexual bars, table-waiting if they were lucky and whoring if they weren't.

Later that night there was a transsexual striptease show with all the dire complications that involves. I watched it from the back of the room with a French guy I'd met at the bar. He was looking for a woman, he told me, and was pissed off because he couldn't tell who was and who wasn't. Later I saw him huddled in conversation with the barman, pointing out various apparently female shapes in the room and trying to get things straight in advance. Shortly after that he left the hotel with a beautiful girl on his arm, heading for the shadowy palm trees at the water's edge. When I bumped into him the next morning he was a broken man. "*Merde!* Shit! Oh my *God!*" he kept saying. "I am disgraced!" Needless to say, he'd been misinformed about the "girl" but had only found out, he moaned, "at the moment of truth . . ."

"Nelson dear, are you sure you can't tell me what kind of work you're doing for the government?"

He should have known better. In places as remote as Tahiti, things are never exactly what they appear to be. In fact, you can make out a case for the view that things are never what they appear to be *anywhere* — especially if you spend all your time drinking in dubious bars. But that's another question . . .

In any case, the problem with Los Angeles — the next stop on this inebriational travelogue — is that it's a city where the most appalling, unlikely and bizarre stories are nearly always true. Things are *exactly* what they appear to be in LA, and dealing with this foul plastic nightmare can sap a man's strength in no time at all.

What's more, Los Angeles is not even a drinker's city. In a town based entirely on the movie industry the pace of life is fixed to such things as early-morning calls and pre-dawn location schedules; no-one can afford to stay up too late in LA. This can make things difficult for a serious drinker on the loose in Hollywood, but there are exceptions, and the Hard Rock Cafe in West Hollywood is one.

Standing outside the Hard Rock you strain your neck to take in the full size of the building — which has no windows and is painted the color of rancid milk — and notice what appears to be the rear half of a crashed Chevrolet sticking out of the wall 15 metres above your head. It *is* in fact a crashed Chevrolet, or at least a replica of one — and it's an indication of what to expect when you go inside.

The place resembles a huge open-plan mental hospital, with waiters as ward orderlies and bar staff as doctors, dispensing crucial advice through their high-powered microphones: "Soroko party, your table is ready."

Pause, then exactly two minutes later: "SOROKO PARTY, YOUR TABLE IS READY!"

One minute more, no reply, and that's it. Too late, you missed it, you peckerheads. No room for latecomers in Tinseltown . . .

People don't talk here, they shout. Sitting at a small table at the circular bar with a lawyer friend (everyone who isn't in the movies in LA is a lawyer), gazing anxiously up at the three-metre long plastic replica of a Pan-Am 747 suspended precariously over our heads, I could hear the conversation at the next four tables.

"We originally wanted, ah, Steven, ah, *Spiel*-berg, but Dino tells me he's likely to run over down there in Mexico so, ah, I guess we'll have to think again . . ."

"The problem as I perceive it with that picture was one of output quality, not exposure ratio . . ."

"Let's talk contracts. I'll have my girl call your girl and we'll . . ."

Hustle hustle hustle . . . the business of LA is business, as someone might have said. I noticed something curious on my trip to the men's room at the Hard Rock. It was about 9.30 and though the bar itself was full, the rest room was empty — with the exception of the cubicles, which were all occupied and from which strange sniffing noises emanated. I mentioned this to my friend when I got back to the table. "Sure," she said. "Why not? The perfect way to relax after dinner."

Didn't people run the risk of signing away their lives while locked in a drug stupor? The lady smiled at my innocence. "Try to look at it this way: 20 years ago they would have had a couple of large Manhattans before dinner and been woozy right through the meal. Now they do business first, then have a couple of lines of coke afterwards. Makes sense, right?"

> The place resembles a huge open-plan mental hospital, with waiters as ward orderlies and the bar staff as doctors

Yeah, of course: this is LA after all. Damn right. It all makes perfect sense and it's all as phony as hell. Take it or leave it . . . Looking around at all those young, unlined and eager faces ("BEATTY PARTY YOUR TABLE IS READY!" "GERE PARTY YOUR TABLE IS . . ."), all hyping each other up, getting ready to take on the big screen, pull off the big one, kick ass and do it *now*, I felt vaguely uneasy, and I remembered what an actor friend of mine, a New Yorker, had said about Los Angeles. I'd asked him why he didn't move to the West Coast to be closer to the industry, and he replied: "You gotta be fuckin' kidding! That's one place I'll never live, *ever*. It's too dangerous. Here in New York maybe someone'll come up to you on the street, bang you on the head and take all your money, but if you don't try to fight you're okay. They just want the money and that's all.

"But in Los Angeles," he went on, "it's much worse. You make it big in Los Angeles, man, and those bastards want to take you to a fuckin' party and *sacrifice* you . . ."

Now, many months later, I was convinced he was right . . . so on the way home from the Hard Rock I stopped at the airline office and confirmed my reservation on a flight to Canada. By the criterion I've established, however, the Hard Rock is clearly a Great Bar. Maybe my definition needs a touch of refinement somewhere.

Wasted and wounded,
It ain't what the moon did,
I got what I paid for now . . .

Tom Waits is croaking and groaning out of the jukebox as the room fills up with smoke and the snow piles up against the plate glass windows. A slow, mournful song about a sailor trapped in some dead-end bar somewhere, feeling sorry not just for himself but for the whole damned hopeless world. Beautiful. *I'm an innocent victim of a blinded alley . . .*

And what better place to hear it than here in Benny's Delicatessen in Toronto on a snow-bound winter's night? The bar is full of single men — dockers, sailors and truckers — sitting on stools drinking and staring straight ahead. Every once in a while one of them will open up a conversation that stops and starts of its own accord. "You from Australia, yeah? Nice place, uh? You miss it? You got someone back there?"

Well, *of course* I've got someone back there; why d'you think I put on this bloody heartbreaking song?

It's a battered old suitcase to a hotel someplace,
And a wound that will never heal . . .

Benny's isn't really a deli at all: it's a drinking bar, a cafe and a restaurant rolled into one. You can start at the bar with a few beers with the guys, move into the back room where the tables all have checked cloths and the food is good, simple and hot, then move back to the bar again or maybe go and sit in the window with a whisky, watching the traffic crawling down Yonge Street in the blizzard. The place is open 24 hours a day and there's always something going on.

A young guy in a checked logging jacket pushes his way through the swing doors and shakes the snow off his head and shoulders in violent jerks. "Goddamn!" he keeps saying to himself. "God-*damn*!" Then he tells the bar his story.

Three months he's been after this girl, right? Finally she agrees to a date. But just as he's driving over to meet her, some asshole — some goddamn *asshole* — pulls out of a sidestreet in a skid and crashes into him. So naturally he gets out of the car and starts having *words* with this guy, whereupon another guy in the other car gets out and starts having words with *him*. Next thing you know this second guy is taking a swing at him, so naturally he ducks to one side (he illustrates this for us, be-

GREAT BARS

cause by now the whole bar's following the story), and *gives the guy one*, right? Takes him out right there. And *then* suddenly some goddamn cop's grabbing him from behind and the next thing you know he's over at La Rue precinct and the bastards are charging him with wilful assault. Kept him there for two goddamn hours, goddamn car's a wreck, three hours late for his fuckin' date and the girl's long gone, GOD-DAMMIT!

The clientele nods sympathetically. "Hey George," a trucker booms out to the barman, "send this guy up something useful." Check-jacket settles down on to a stool with a bar-shot of Irish and a jug of beer, and the place quietens down.

But not for long, because Benny's is the kind of bar where sooner or later *everyone* tells you their story. And what stories you hear in those bars: sad, desperate, joyful, been-better-could-be-worse . . . the whole parade of human experience, if you've got that much time and you're a good enough listener.

Flying into London at 8.30 on a Monday morning and of course, everywhere is shut. No breakfast, no booze, no chance of any, and no use talking to the hired hands at the airport about it either. All you get is that leaden "I'm only doing my job" look in return, so why bother?

No, relax, and learn to do things the English way. Take the stopping train into London, watch the freezing rain falling in sheets over the outskirts of the city — one of the ugliest, most depressing landscapes in the world — and by midday you should be miserable enough to be in need of a couple of drinks.

London pubs are at their best outside peak times. In the morning they're full of old men nursing a single pint that'll hopefully see them right through lunch, and they're always glad of a diversion — in this case, you. They talk about the weather and say things like, "Oh well, we can't complain. I mean, we had it nice all of last week." They talk about cricket, the Queen, how London used to be, how it is now, the tourists, the weather again, then back to the Queen . . . anything, *anything* as long as the unholy trinity of sex, politics and religion are avoided at all costs.

In El Vino's wine bar, just off Fleet Street, the conversation is less inhibited. This is the London journalists' bar, and it's packed from the moment it opens with assorted writers, pundits, photographers and production staff talking shop and hustling each other for news and inside stories. The atmosphere is sharp enough to begin with, but by three o'clock, with everyone half drunk on expenses and cursing their jobs, their editors and the story they have to write back at the office that afternoon in time for the 8 o'clock printer's deadline, it's openly belligerent.

A group of journalists from the *London Sun* are squabbling among themselves at a rear table when they're joined by a colleague, a small, seedy-looking guy in a crumpled suit who writes a political column on the paper. Obviously three-quarters smashed, and obviously eyeing up a tall and very elegant blonde reporter who's sitting in a a corner chair, he decides to make his big move.

"Lissen, gorgeous," he begins, leaning over her with his hands on the table. "Lissen . . ."

She stares at him.

"Tell you what I'd like . . . I'd like to make *love* to you, that's what." He hunches forward, grinning expectantly.

Blondie eyes him coolly and replies in a casual voice: "Well, if you do and I find out about it, I shall be very cross indeed."

The hack flops back on to his chair like a shot crow and the conversation gets back on its original course.

> Orfanides is one of the oldest bars in Athens, a dark turn-of-the-century beer parlor with a teak bar with a brass rail

Day in, day out, El Vino's is like this: a hell-hole of squabbling, back-biting, double-dealing and general hysteria — grotesque in one way but interesting in another. And no-one takes themselves too seriously either, which is probably the place's saving grace. "Look at them," says a journalist friend as the last group prise themselves out of their chairs at 3 o'clock and stagger back towards their typewriters. "If they didn't have this place to moan and bitch in, they'd go mad, you know. Stark raving mad."

Indeed they would. And though it may not seem as if they're doing a very good job of looking sane even now, you have to remember, as my friend went on to observe, that this is only lunchtime. "You should see them when they've finished work," she said with a sigh.

I agreed it might be interesting, but I wasn't up to it. The sight of 50-odd British media wizards blind drunk and angry, falling over themselves like goats in rut and quarrelling right through the evening, staying awake just long enough to collect an early edition to try and read what they've just written while seeing double and probably vomiting at the same time was, I decided, too much to handle. El Vino's is a Great Bar, certainly, but one best taken in small doses. I decided to assign the next day to France.

Continental Europe has plenty of good bars, but the best known of them, unfortunately, all rely heavily on their reputations and pedigree to pull the crowds in. The only reason for going to the Ritz bar in Paris (which looks exactly like the Ritz in London and the Ritz anywhere else for that matter) is that Hemingway, Picasso and Scott Fitzgerald used to go there 50 years ago — and that's a pretty flimsy reason, if you ask me.

And why endure the endless twittering of the New European Rich at Harry's Bar in Venice ("We were sitting at home in London absolutely, *wildly* bored with everything, and then Jonathan had the *wonderful* idea of popping down here for a quiet afternoon drink"), unless it's of vital importance to you to be seen in the right place at the right time, *all the time?* The chic "name" bars of Europe are filled to the brim with those poor bastards who will never understand that being seen in public doesn't in itself make up for doing nothing — or very little — in private. They're the last refuge of the hangers-on, in other words, and they're best avoided — unless, like me, you happen to have a sadistic sense of humor. But even that can wear thin after prolonged exposure. The best way to escape this kind of scene, in Europe at least, is to head south to sunshine and to Greece.

Orfanides is one of the oldest bars in Athens, a dark, turn-of-the-century beer parlor with tiled floors and a teak bar with a brass rail. Knots of dark-suited individuals cluster behind latticed screens, sipping imported German beer and talking in the quiet, measured tones of men with serious business on their minds. Orfanides, a stone's throw from Parliament and the Government Press Office, is the political nerve centre of Athens, a meeting-place for politicians, journalists and anyone else with a vested interest in the country's affairs. Greeks live, eat and breathe politics 24 hours a day, and Orfanides is the place to go if you want to find out what's really happening behind the babble of newspapers and government announcements.

I spent an evening there on the night that Andreas Papandreou was sworn in as the country's first socialist Prime Minister — a symbolic event that marked the end of 15 years of right-wing rule — and the city was in chaos. A crowd of 100,000 thronged Constitution Square 200 metres away, chanting and shouting. Over at Parliament about 50 Greek reporters, all without passes, were fighting with the police on the door to try and get into the building. Another 50 accredited correspondents struggled in vain to find a way through the melee, and for one ugly moment it looked as if the cops, who don't seem to have learned anything in the last 20 years, were about to turn on the crowd with tear-gas . . .

Meanwhile, in Orfanides, a government official quietly passed out copies of the Prime Minister's inaugural speech to the regular customers, and the better-organised journalists had filed their stories and returned to the bar by the time Papandreou himself was rising to his feet in the debating chamber half a kilometre away. Sometimes it can be a great advantage to be in a bar where things not only happen, but seem to happen in advance, as it were.

In Kabul, the capital of Afghanistan, I once saw two Kurdish tribesmen start up an arm-wrestling contest that went on for three days and engaged the entire bar of the city's Super Behzad Hotel. The barman kept everyone primed with a continuous supply of coffee and grain alcohol, and by the third day the crowd of about 70 were all raving drunk and probably in worse shape than the contestants — who eventually decided to call it a draw. Much cheering and yelling, a pooling of all the stake money from the crowd, and a wild party began that continued on for nearly a week.

Golden days, for sure . . . and so it was appropriate that as I was dozing in my aisle seat 37,000 feet above the Afghani desert, the stewardess should arrive with a gin and tonic and a copy of the *International Herald Tribune*. My eye fixed on a short paragraph about another bomb explosion in Kabul. This one had gone off the previous evening and killed three Russian soldiers who, the report stated, had been drinking in a bar popular with foreign troops, the Super Behzad Hotel . . .

So much for golden memories. I decided not to try and break my journey in either Pakistan or India, and settled down for the long haul through to Singapore.

Despite the massive number of tourists who now flock to Singapore, and despite the horrible overcommercialisation of large parts of the city, the Raffles Hotel in Singapore is still one of my favorite bars, and it probably always will be.

The appeal of Raffles is not Singapore's present, but its past. The decor, the cocktails, the white-suited waiters and the customers haven't changed since the place opened over 100 years ago. I settled down in a cane chair and surveyed the early evening bustle while sipping, naturally, a Singapore Sling. I was sharing a table with a bright old English lady.

"I've come here to die," she announced cheerily when we got talking, and then glanced at my face. "Oh no, don't get me wrong — I expect I shall be around for goodness knows how many years yet. But I was brought up in Singapore as a girl, you see — I used to come to Raffles with my mother for afternoon tea, just out there on the terrace. After the war we moved back to England, and I told myself that I wouldn't be happy until I'd seen this place again. Well, two years ago my husband died, God bless his soul, and I said to myself, 'Martha, why settle for just a visit? Why don't you go and *live* there?' And so I did — my room's up on the third floor."

She was a nice old lady, and we talked until long after it got dark. She kept referring to England as "over there", and to Singapore — or rather, to Raffles — as "my home", which of course it was. As I got up to leave she shook hands with me and wished me good luck. "Don't stay away too long," she said. "Everyone needs a home to go to."

I smiled and said goodnight. But on the plane down to Jakarta the next day I thought about what she said. I'd planned to spend a few days checking out the waterfront bars in the city, then head on to Bali for a week's relaxation before flying home.

The bars in Kuta and Legian change names every few months, but I knew the one I remembered was still there: a wooden shack next to the ocean called The Blue Lagoon, with great cocktails, excellent music and a barman who stays whacked out of his head 24 hours a day on magic mushrooms — a good place to hang out for a week and soak up the sunshine after the freezing temperatures of Europe and Canada. Up to this point it had seemed more alluring than ever, a perfect end to a very long trip.

But then I found myself with two hours to kill between planes at Jakarta, and the doubts started to set in. I sloped off to the bar and sat looking at my thumbs for about 15 minutes, sipping from a bottle of warm Bintang beer. A familiar collection of people approached my table. First, a slim-hipped girl wearing a brightly-colored sarong; her face covered in make-up, she looked like a Javanese doll. Then a couple of beggars, one with no hands, clawing their way through the tables. Finally a police captain, sweating through his brown shirt and carrying a bamboo cane underneath his arm. He sat down and began to question me. What is my nationality? What is the purpose of my visit?

I was trying to think of a reply when suddenly it dawned on me: Casablanca, the airport bar, the Moroccan policeman, the same situation . . . and I saw the pattern.

"Forget it," I said across the table to the cop. "I'm leaving. But why don't you have a drink anyway?" I tossed him a 5000 rupiah note and was halfway to the door before he had time to pick it up.

At the ticket desk I changed my reservation to a direct flight to Australia, and then went and sat in the departure lounge to watch the incoming flights. It seemed like the first time in a month that I hadn't had a glass in my hand, and it was quite a good feeling. Enough is enough.

"Gee . . . I hate to wake him."

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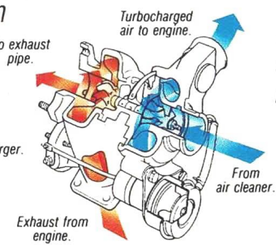

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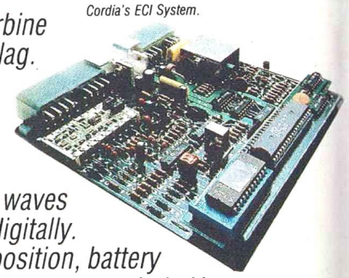

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Find out the sure-fire places
to pick up girls — before everyone else does

WHERE THE GIRLS ARE

HUMOR BY C.J. MACKAY

If the only time you've ever had sex with a woman she had a plastic stopper in her plastic lower back . . . if your best side looks no better than Charles Laughton's worst . . . if you're on an average wage . . . don't abandon hope. A windfall in the Lotto of lust could be just around the corner, thanks to a never-before-publicised tip — not on how to pick up women, but on where they hang out in copious numbers.

I'm talking about places where women

ILLUSTRATION BY MARK TREMLETT

GIRLS

often outnumber men by 30 or 40 to one; places where women, spurred on by sexual deprivation, are prepared to overlook a face that only a mother could love and a personality with all the scintillation of runny porridge in favor of what lies furled in the average pair of BVDs . . .

Such places do exist, but first there are a few myths that are best exploded to encourage a fuller appreciation of the sincere information that follows: information that details what can lie beyond the cons that have been perpetrated by men on men since the first rhino gave up his horn for the benefit of someone else's.

It may not come as a blinding revelation that there is a big, fat Spanish fly in the ointment when it comes to those *How To Pick Up Girls* manuals. Simply put, they don't work. Take it from a woman: regurgitated lines from the collected works of some sleazy Italian-American shyster evoke in women a reaction akin to the feeling of standing barefoot on a slug. Yet advertisements for these manuals continue to appear in all barber shop literature, indicating that suckerdom springs eternal and *101 Surefire Opening Lines* and *Get Girls With Hypnotism* enjoy perennial bumper sales. Forget them.

The introduction agency business is without doubt the most heinous crime against the hopes of single men. As reported in an earlier issue of *Australian Penthouse*, this is no $9.95 swindle for a book or a pair of glasses that promise you'll be able to see through ladies' dresses. Here you're in for a substantial outlay in return for a couple of disappointing dates in a year — if you're lucky. Avoid with extreme prejudice.

In the arena of chemical cons you'll find pheromone sprays — alleged hormones in a can that are hyped like pesticide: "One spray and they're gone." These aerosol concoctions slot in on the stench register somewhere between wharfie's armpit and gorilla's jockstrap, and have as much effect on the female libido as a good sniff of either of the above.

By way of example, a friend of mine conducted a somewhat unscientific experiment with a hormone spray by squirting a little of the stuff on his Y-fronts before heading out on the town. He wasn't out the front door before he was knocked down by his dog, which proceeded to passionately snuffle and lick at his crotch. With hopes raised by such pheromonal frenzy excited in a desexed bitch, he lashed out and applied a few more squirts to his pulsepoints with a view to reducing Sydney's female population to a writhing mass at his feet. And that he did at the first bar he hit — with all the impact of a vindaloo fart in a lift. You had to hand it to him: he cleared the floor three times faster than John Travolta ever did. His dog still displays a passing interest, but by and large, my friend has seen the writing on the wall. Pheromone sprays have a lasting effect on nothing but the ozone layer.

Cocaine is currently being touted (that's *touted*) as the aphrodisiac *par excellence*. I'm informed that if you're "holding" you stand a fair chance with a lot of the women who prop up bars at expensive nightspots. I have a fair idea, however, that the leg-open-sesame power lies in the fact that cocaine, to quote comedian Chris Langham, is God's way of telling you you're earning too much money. A cache of coke hefty enough to fling around an upmarket pick-up joint is equivalent to a neon sign that flashes: "I'm one rich son of a gun." You don't have to be Einstein to realise that the smell of a roll of crisp bills will dampen frilly gussies quicker than you can say, "Jump in my Porsche."

So much for the "How Tos" and secret potions. Now for a catalogue of "Where To Pick Up Girls", a list as littered with misconceptions as the other categories are with rip-offs.

Scratch, for a start, the Great Keppels and Club Meds of this world. Admittedly, women do roam these resorts in saronged packs, hibiscuses peeking above ears, signalling availability. But so too do hordes of young men strut about like rut-hungry stags wherever there are palm trees and pussy. There are usually more men than women

at beachy holiday resorts, and you may reasonably assume that they're better tanned, better muscled and probably better hung than you. Your chances of getting wrecked are great — but rooted? If you don't look even a little bit like Grant Kenny you're facing odds of ten to one against.

Likewise, steer away from cruise ships, where macho legend has it that women sufffering overdoses of sea air will drag you backwards through their portholes as soon as look at you. You'll be competing with a burly crew and the ship's middle-of-the-road dance band for a scant handful of pretty young women, while being pursued around the shuffleboard deck by a mob of decrepit matrons with designs on your quoit.

It almost goes without saying that aerobics classes, the much-publicised new pick-up joints of the recent fitness boom, are a bit of a dead loss unless you've got quadriceps on your cardiovasculars. For a considerable outlay on designer sweatbands and fashion legwarmers you're likely to receive little more in return than a pair of strained Achilles tendons.

But now we're getting warmer, for it's in the area of fitness that you'll find those places trumpeted at the beginning of this story. It is in the quest of health and well-being that women begin to fall on men like vultures on rotten meat. These havens of horny women who outnumber men in frightening proportions are . . . HEALTH FARMS.

Don't stop reading just because visions of whale-like women have just struck up a grotesque Dumbo dance across your mind's eye. Try, if you can, to block out those imagined fleshy female Leopard tanks that are gaining on you, ready to grind your bones to meal. We'll deal with that later. There are a few things to get straight about health farms before you start forming any opinions.

To begin with, the women who go to health farms *aren't all fat*. It cannot be denied, though, that at any given time there'll be a gaggle of bigguns bobbing like tethered zeppelins around the grounds or stationed over *Women's Weekly* recipe pages in hulking huddles that suggest there are more fat women than thin ones present. However, they are in the minority. Without a word of a lie, you'll find at health farms women in a range of shapes, sizes, ages and colorings to suit any predilection.

Every day of the week more women arrive as others depart, guaranteeing an ever-changing pastiche. They come to bask in the sun, to lose weight, to get rid of tension through relaxation combined with exercise, massage, healthy diet and fresh air.

It should be pointed out that women do *not* flock to health farms for the express purpose of a holiday naughty with no strings attached. They tend to favor other places for such premeditated promiscuity (see: Club Med, Great Keppel, bars frequented by visiting US sailors, etc). But it comes to pass that after a few days of celibacy, fresh air, female company, exercise and regular bowel movements, the juices start flowing and any man who turns up starts looking good. After a week or more they're generally so hot to trot they give up taking saunas.

A thumbsketch of what health farms are and what they have to offer is in order. The less strict establishments, which you are advised to confine your attentions to, are simply nicely appointed country retreats th·t provide you with three balanced (us·ally vegetarian) meals a day, amenities like a swimming pool, sauna, and tennis court and activities like aerobics classes, bushwalking, horse-riding, archery, etc, if you wish to join in. Most restrict smoking to a limited area and many serve red and white wine with dinner for those who want it. In short, they're hardly the concentration

> She made the point that perhaps these places represented the only concentrated outposts of adult virginity outside nunneries in Australia

camp-style establishments a lot of people have pinned them as.

With the pedestrian stuff out of the way, let's get lurid. A ratio of 12 women for every man was recorded on a recent visit to a health farm on the NSW Southern Highlands — and that was during a quiet month. (This figure does not include the married men visiting the establishment with their wives. These men were of the wholesome older variety often seen marshalling teams for a brisk game of volleyball or leading the bushwalking troops in an energetic assault on some rock face.) There were just four young single men present at the time.

One of the four was a 27-year-old Sydney taxi driver. He had lived with his mother all his life and displayed the endearing habit of tucking his T-shirt into his white Y-fronts, which protruded several inches above his tracksuit pants. He was the sort of guy you could imagine dutifully spitting into a hankie so his mother could swab the custard corners from his eyes. In less than three days he was licking everything *but* his hankie.

Another guy was a bit of a card, a businessman in his mid-thirties with a bright personality and a considerable talent at Scrabble. He had almost everything going for him except for a nasty scar under his nose and a speech defect — legacies of the hare lip he sported as a child. Whenever he laughed or told jokes his audience of eight or ten women would have to lean forward to decipher his nasal tones and as a result were frequently showered with little flecks of snot. The only time women didn't flock around him was at meal times, when they politely avoided him due to his inability to keep his mouth closed while chewing. None of his congenital deformities proved a handicap, however, when darkness fell on each of the four nights of his stay.

The third guy was fairly handsome. He was a greenkeeper in his early twenties who'd won a week's stay at the place after coming back for the "Kiss and Tell" segment on *Perfect Match*. There was a run on mascara soon after he was spotted and subsequently women tripped over themselves to bat their eyelashes through conversations with him. After the fifth time he'd told the story of the weekend date in Coolangatta he'd won, it became apparent to all involved that in any objective test of wit and intelligence this guy would run neck and neck with a caravan site. From the outset, no-one observed any of the niceties of games of Boggle or Chinese Checkers for fear of confusing him. The standard approach made by women to the Third Man was the tried and true: "S'pose a root's out of the question?" The fourth time that line was put to him he did not ask: "What question?"

The fourth man was plainly fat. Not what is politely termed robust or solid — he was a rippling Russ Hinze of a carcase with eyes like shiny currants that glittered intermittently between folds of facial flesh. He sported an abdominal apron the size of a Massey Ferguson spare. And even he was getting his end wet with alarming regularity, a feat he couldn't help being amazed at since he hadn't clapped eyes on his end in 15 years, let alone dipped it in anything but bathwater. It was this fellow who after three weeks of stringent dieting at the place was overheard to confide to another man that staying at health farms can actually increase the length of the human penis. Well, he could see the point of it.

As one woman observed during a poolside conversation concerning the paucity of men at the resort: "Under normal circumstances I wouldn't have any of these guys on my knee as a wart." Eight women nodded mute agreement, then more suntan oil was applied to 20 exposed bosoms of wildly varying sizes before someone piped up with a shared and fervent wish: "Wouldn't it be nice if a football team turned up on the next train?"

It was the footie fan, an obese woman in her late twenties, who made the observation that perhaps fat farms represented

the only concentrated outposts of adult female virginity outside nunneries on mainland Australia. She had relinquished her own maidenhead at the age of 25 in what she suspected was an act of charity on the part of her partner. She said she'd been soliciting alms of a similar nature ever since and had not had any luck. Even women had regarded her as a non-person. At an "Abortion On Demand" rally every woman in Martin Plaza except her had been handed a pamphlet detailing abortion laws and rights. The feminists' reasoning could have only been that no-one in their right mind would even entertain the idea of screwing her.

Discussing the idea of a story on fat farms, she was eager to throw in a bit of propaganda concerning the benefits of sex with big girls. Her ideas may be worth noting if you've ever considered getting torrid with tonnage but you haven't had a sack of flour handy in which to roll the object of your desire to determine the wet spot.

It would seem that most men are put off by the idea of conquering mountains of flesh for fear of being unable to find an entrance amidst rolls that spill from above and below to conceal pudgy pudenda. This woman pointed out that a large lady in an advanced state of perspiring passion offers any number of moist crevices that will serve your foul purpose.

A chart of compatibility factors operates when it comes to sex with the obese set. The combination of a thin man and a fat woman facilitates hours of fuss-free fornication. The combination of a grossly fat man and a thin woman is a trifle more dicey; unless she's on top, a big belly makes sex a flop. The combination of two really fat people on the job, while it would be a great sight gag, is just impossible. They'd need a base of operations the size of a smallish football field, or in the case of water beds, an Olympic pool, before they could even begin to grapple with the tricky physics of making ends meet. It is partly because of this that such relationships seldom blossom beyond the dinner for two stage, and if they ever make an attempt to sleep together it is usually because for one of them there's the prospect of a free breakfast the following morning.

However, fat people are apparently proficient at oral sex, a fact that may not come as a big surprise. While their propensity for bringing their mouths into contact with other people's genitals (and doing it rather well) has been noted, controversy has raged for some time in psychological circles as to why this is so. Out of this two schools of thought have emerged, the first being obvious to anyone who has ever watched a fat person shovel a barrowload of food into his or her mouth and masticate madly. Ever since they cut their teeth gnawing the Dulux from the bars of their cots, really fat people just about always have something in their mouths. They will stuff anything that's not nailed down into that hole in the front of their head to satisfy their oral fixation. In the case of other people's genital organs, they have simply and hopefully mastered the art of neglecting to chew. Straightforward enough.

The second body of thinking delves a little deeper into the matter. It would hold that flabby fun-seekers go down well anywhere because they know that this is the least embarrassing way of satisfying their partner's urges. You can perform oral sex while fully dressed — no mess, no fuss, and no need to expose your body as the gross pop art representation of the squeezed-out contents of a toothpaste tube that it is. In other words, fat people are good at oral sex because they are ashamed of their bodies. They are always eager to give pleasure and reticent to demand anything in return because of their intense self-loathing. It is because of this, too, that fat people don't say no to anything in bed. Fatties know no sexual taboos; the mere fact that somebody has deigned to be intimate with them is enough. And, on a brighter note, if you're a tit man you're set. Yes, fat women have tits — really, really big ones...

> If you'd prefer to see grown women fighting over you as if you were the last roll in a bread strike, go when it's full

All of which strays somewhat from the subject at hand, but if you do find yourself at a health farm it could be worth remembering when a lumbering herd of cake fiends surrounds you, all hankering for a lick of your eclair.

Other things to consider if you're thinking of taking the plunge are:

• *Timing Your Visit For Optimum Results*. Before booking your weekend or week, check the number of guests likely to be hanging around looking you over during your stay. If you're looking for a quiet time, book in when the place is only about a quarter full of student nurses, the odd housewife out for a good time, actresses between engagements and out of work aerobics instructresses. If, on the other hand, you'd prefer to see grown women fighting over you as if you were the last roll in a bread strike, go when the place is close to full.

• *Knowing The Area*. When booking, you'll be given details of the proximity of national parks, directions to great bush-walking tracks, scenic bike-riding routes, etc. Listen patiently throughout the spiel, then (as subtly as you can) probe for the location of the nearest pub or hamburger shop if the idea of a week of vegetarian meals excites you as much as the launch of Clag in a new bottle. If you throw in a cheerful: "Well, now I know what to avoid on my jog," you should pull it off without creating too much suspicion.

• *Sleeping Arrangements*. Insist on a double bed. A lot of these health establishments are run on the mistaken assumption that people on a health kick like to suffer in ascetic, bare little bedrooms. Many will offer you but a simple single bed, an open wardrobe and a lightbulb to read your calorie counter by. Put in a bid for a view and insist on a double bed; there's no telling when the crowd scene in the spa might spill back to your lodgings.

• *Star Attraction*. Be prepared to be talked about. Robert Redford and Tom Selleck put up with it and so can you. You are a hot item and your technique between the covers will be the subject of gossip over herbal teas for the duration of your stay. Women on holiday en masse, no matter what age, have a tendency to revert to giggling schoolgirls, and there's no doubt they'll discuss your length at length and as openly as they might swap hints on choux pastry or numbers for gynaecologists with warm hands. Don't worry overly if your technique isn't polished enough, because your appendage will be.

There are a few other hints if you think you'd feel insecure in an environment that may be alien to the debauched lifestyle you've enjoyed so far. Take the time to learn what a kilojoule is and how many can be found in a random handful of fruits and vegetables. Casually drop your knowledge during dinner conversation and impress everyone as an empathetic kinda guy with his finger on the pulse of women's affairs. Then you could get out and be involved in whatever activities are organised. Tennis, archery, horse-riding, who cares — go out and do them and instill in whoever's paying attention that you're a lover of life who's likely to inject as much enthusiasm into a bedroom bout as he does into his ping pong game. And last but not least, the old board game routine. Scrabble, Trivial Pursuit, Monopoly, Cluedo, anything — just whip it out after lentil bake and apple pie and offer to take on all comers. Works every time: play games, lay dames.

But enough of my yacking. You want to know where the girls are? Health farms are the drum. As we speak there are hordes of women waiting with rumbling stomachs for a man to walk through the door of any of the country's health farms. Yours could be the only meat on the menu. ○

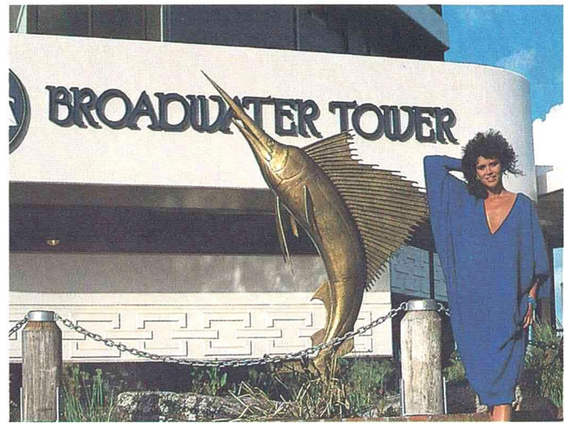
JILL

Shot on location at Queensland's Bayview Harbor; Hair and make-up by Deborah Carson of Ursula Hufnagl's,Sydney; Clothes by Agenda; Jewellery by Chameleon; Dress by Wendy Heather.

It doesn't matter which party's in according to charming Jill Thomas. That may sound like a formula for some hectic living, but when you discover that 26-year-old Jill is addressing her feelings for politicians — having studied them and worked for them — it's clear you're not talking to any old pair of stunning brown eyes. Such judgements of Jill's are patiently conceived and she says her disillusionment stems from her being "older and wiser" now — surely the reason why leaving the Public Service and posing for *Australian Penthouse* seemed like such a great idea.

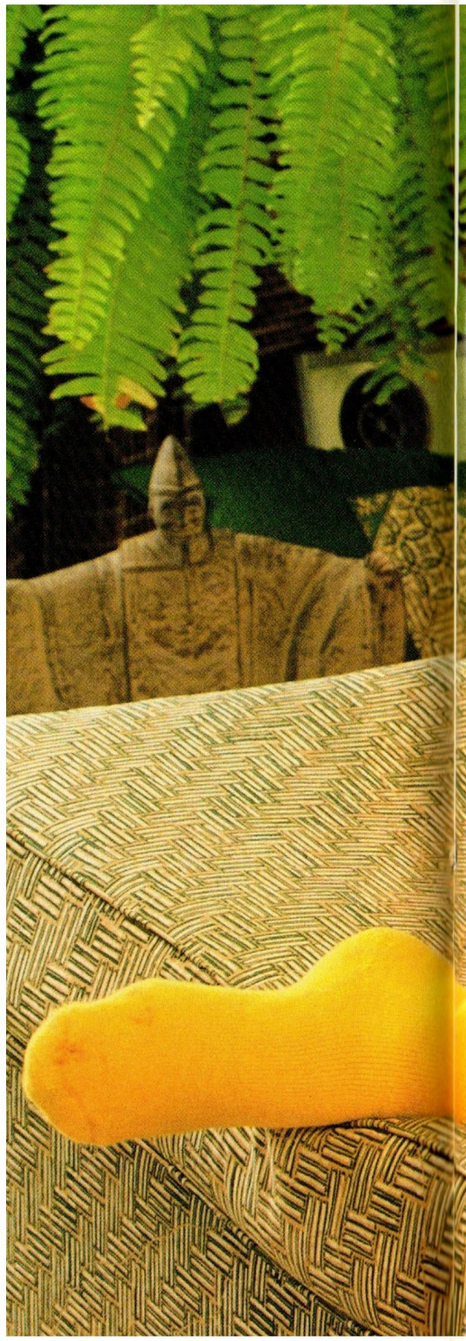
NEW HORIZONS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE ASHBURY



But no-one would dispute that politicians get the occasional bright idea, such as the assisted migrant passages that allowed Jill's parents to migrate here from England 17 years ago.

Settling in Victoria, Jill earned herself a degree in politics and Florentine and American history at Monash University, before going straight to work in the personnel branch of the Housing Ministry. Soon after she was promoted to work within the Victorian Public Service Board itself, specialising in organisational theory and structure.



Four years ago she travelled through Europe by herself "to see all the places I'd read about." Vienna, particularly, took her fancy. "The buildings were stunning — so majestic. One of my fondest memories is strolling through a park when an orchestra started to play Strauss. It was like stepping back in time."

These days, the world is Jill's oyster with her career change. No office to front up to each Monday morning and some modelling work to keep her going. "I really thought some people would be a bit shocked by my change of direction, such as my parents, but everyone is pleased for me. Even my dentist wants a signed copy."

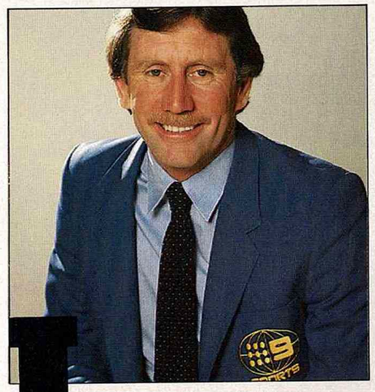
MISS JILL THOMAS/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

COMMENTATORS' CHOICE

BY GREG HUNTER

Penthouse rounded up the number one commentators in seven major Australian sports and asked them to answer one difficult question: what was the most memorable single incident you've ever described for a radio or TV audience? Their responses amount to a compendium of great and not-so-great moments in Australian sport, as seen through the eyes of the man behind the mike . . .

PHOTO BY TONY NOLAN



IAN CHAPPELL

CRICKET

10th Wicket Partnership, Final Innings, 4th Test, Australia vs England, 1982-83 Series, Melbourne Cricket Ground

"This was far and away the most dramatic game I've ever been involved in as a commentator. England had made 284, then Australia had replied with 287, and England batting second had made 294 — so Australia needed 292 in the final innings for victory. The ninth wicket fell at 218, so they wanted 74 when Jeff Thomson came to the crease.

"Now, Alan Border was the other batsman and he'd been struggling throughout the series. Thommo's batting had also fallen off a bit in the previous few years, and since each side had been dismissed in a single day it really looked like the game would be over on that fourth day. Throughout the whole partnership, right until the end, no commentator would ever have predicted that Australia could win the match. Sitting in the commentary box you thought, 'Well this is all over — the Poms are going to win.' And the series would then be 2-1 to Australia with one Test to go, which would mean England could square the series, which would mean they'd have retained the Ashes which they'd won back in England in 1981.

"At the same time I had an odd premonition that something amazing was going to happen here, because I'd had a feeling throughout that the match was going to follow the same pattern as the 3rd Test in 1974-75, when each team scored virtually the same number of runs in each innings. So even at 9/218 I remember feeling that it was going to be close. That helped me to stay calm as the drama built up.

"The big thing about the whole partnership was that the Poms didn't really try to get Border out at any stage. Bob Willis [England captain] was quite happy to let Border have the single to get Thommo on strike. A number of commentators made the point that Border wasn't in particularly good form and Willis should have been trying to get him out. Border simply said, 'Right, I'll take the singles and let Thommo face up' — probably thinking they weren't going to get the runs anyway but if they were, Thommo was going to have to bat for a long time so he might as well face the bowling right from the start.

"It's interesting to look at the characters involved. Thommo is a pretty easy-going, casual sort of bloke, but also pretty determined if the situation is right — and this was exactly the sort of situation that would have appealed to him. Thommo has since told me: 'I just thought to myself I was gonna show 'em, prove 'em wrong. But there was no pressure on me because everyone was expecting me to get out — and that helped me to relax a bit.' Border at the other end is a very determined character who had played particulary well with tailenders before. Probably the best batsman I've ever seen in that situation was Doug Walters, and Doug worked on much the same theory as Border: he'd take the single and let the tailender face up. Somehow it seems to give the bloke confidence — but I think you've got to pick the right character to do it with, and Thommo was the right character.

"Thommo also had one other advantage — he's a very fast runner. That became important in the partnership because Willis made another mistake in misjudging the size of the MCG. Because it's such a big ground, once you start putting guys on the fence there are huge gaps between them and if you hit the ball firmly into the gap there's always two runs, particularly with a runner like Thomson. So early in each over Border would do that, they'd get two, and at the end of the over he'd tickle one down and Thommo would make it through for the single. In fact on one occasion, when Willis had all the fieldsmen out instead of having an inner ring and an outer ring, Border dropped the ball just 15 metres from the bat and Thommo suddenly realised there were two in it — and they got through to get Border back on strike.

"Anyway, they were still there right on stumps, having scored 37 of the required 74, when Border hit the ball into the outfield. They came back for the second and Thommo just got in by the skin of his teeth after diving. It was the sort of decision that could have gone either way — and the slow motion replay showed it was the right decision.

"So on the fifth day they came out needing 37 runs for victory. The previous night we'd all been saying, 'Fancy having to come back tomorrow for two balls . . . there'll be no-one here . . . it's bloody ridiculous' and so on. And the amazing thing was that 18,000 people turned up on that final day. It was incredible.

"Of course, until that time we'd been saying more or less that Australia couldn't win. But the thing is that you sort of get a feeling about these things . . . I mean, Thommo was extremely relaxed that morning; he'd played a few balls directly off his stumps by backing away and cracking them through the off side, and couple of times the ball had got through him when he was doing this and just shaved the stumps . . . and you suddenly realised that there was a bit of panic in the England camp. It became very obvious on one occasion when we needed somewhere in the 20s to win. Thommo had forgotten that it was the last ball in the over; that was the one thing he had to remember but he'd gone off into dreamland. Border dropped the ball down off his bat, took off for the run, and Thommo wasn't backing up. He sort of hesitated and there was this tremendous opportunity to run him out. In their rush to get to the ball the two English fieldsmen, Lamb and Gould, collided — knocked each other over — and Thommo got home easily.

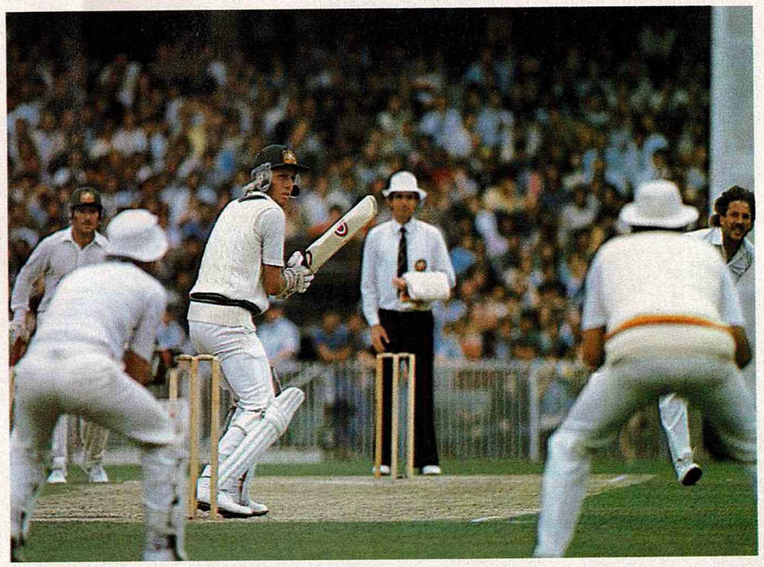
"When we wanted six to win, Border got a fine leg glance away. It looked like it was going for four but Alan Lamb made a tremendous save. That left them with four to get with two balls left in the over for Border to get a single. Now, if he gets on strike you'd reckon it's probably all over because then England would have to bring the field in, so one good shot from Border is through the field for four or certainly two; then he's only looking at a single for a tie, which means the Ashes are Australia's.

"Willis bowled the fifth ball of the over and then started to walk away, thinking his over was finished. Actually it was a terribly difficult situation for him — having to captain the side and be the main bowler — and at times he almost appeared to be in a trance, as he did on this occasion. You could be forgiven for thinking he had almost conceded defeat. He'd called up Botham to bowl at the other end and although the odds were in our favor, you kept thinking that Botham had done it twice before in tight finishes when they'd won the Ashes in 1981. I consider Botham to be a lucky cricketer — he seems to have that golden touch — and I'm sure that was Willis' last hope.

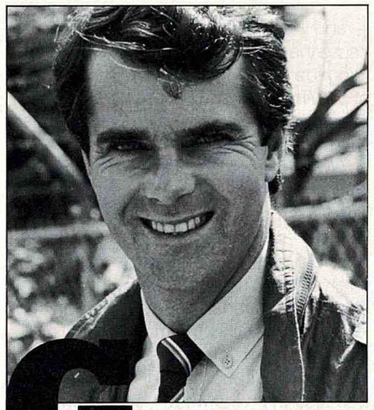
"Now, back to Border. Willis bowled him a very good ball with that last ball of the over; he tried to clip it off his toes and hit it straight to mid-wicket . . . no single. So then you had Botham bowling the next over to Thommo. They had two slips: Miller at first and Tavare at second. Thommo played a bit of a nothing shot — it looked like he was trying to guide the ball past the slips to just get a single — and he got an edge. The ball really flew — quite a simple catch — to Tavare. He should have swallowed it, but it just spilled straight out of his hands and went up in the air. I mean, that was the final twist — because it gave Miller time to move around from first slip and take the ball behind Tavare as it was falling. And that was it — we were beaten by three runs. Thommo was out for 21, and Border had made 62 not out. They had added 70 runs for the last wicket.

"That match was probably the only time we've had cut-aways to the commentators in the box — not the blokes on air, but just the others standing around. And there were plenty of shots in the dressing room; the fellows in there were walking around hanging on to their heads and so on, because this was our chance to finally close out the Poms . . . and having got that close, everyone sort of figured we'd do it.

"As it turned out, the Fifth Test was drawn so we finished up winning the Ashes. The significance of that partnership, though, was that Willis' tactical mistakes played Border back into form after he'd had such a poor series, and he came out in the final Test and played two extremely important innings to enable us to win the Ashes."



Right: Jeff Thomson's last snick . . . and the ball flies to English slip fieldsman Chris Tavare. Geoff Miller, at right, is about to run around and snap up the spilled chance.



GORDON BRAY

RUGBY UNION

The Pushover Try, Australia vs Wales, Cardiff Arms Park, 1984

"There have been a lot of great moments, but I keep coming back to the pushover try. I think that try will become — in fact it already is — part of rugby legend; in the context of Australian rugby it was the most significant thing I've ever seen on the football field.

"Australian rugby for many years has had to live off limited possession from set plays. I've seen many Australian scrums pushed around at will, particularly by British packs. And the Welsh scrum has always been regarded as the best in the world; the Welsh pride themselves on it and their whole philosophy has traditionally been based on scrummaging their opponents into the ground. That was their platform back in 1981 and a couple of times the Australians had been in strong attacking positions and the Welsh were able to destroy our scrum ball so the try-scoring opportunities were lost, as was the Test match.

"Right throughout the '84 tour, it was always: 'Wait till you get to Wales; you won't strike a good scrum until you get there.' So the Welsh scrum was the be-all and end-all, and we'd always been unable to master it. In fact, the Welsh themselves had said, prior to the tour, that we were technically inferior to them in scrummaging — we were 'three or four years behind.' I did an interview with the Welsh coach John Bevan just before the match, and he said: 'Wales will beat Australia nine times out of ten.'

"To my mind, the psychological turning point of the Test was the first scrum. That was the moment of truth — and the Welsh were pushed backwards. They were shocked . . . and psychologically I think Australia won the Test match there. Enormous pressure was exerted during the first 15 minutes and at least three times in that period the Welsh front row was airborne. They went so high that one English scribe suggested they'd have been looking for their parachutes. And after 20 minutes a very significant thing happened. Apparently the Welsh hooker and their tight-head prop Ian Stevens had been boring in on Australia's hooker Tommy Lawton in those early scrums; in other words they were pushing the scrum inwards, putting all the pressure on the hooker, who was having trouble striking at the ball. Lawton told the Australian prop Rodriguez what was happening, and he apparently replied in his broken English: 'We tighten our grips. We fix.' Now the Australians averaged 16 and a half stone per man — they were a massive unit — and with the tightened grips

Below: The pushover try . . . Wales goes into mourning as the referee signals the historic score. Steve Tuynman, lying under the Welsh Number 6, is the scorer.

Photo courtesy of *Rugby Weekly*

CHOICE

they were able to use all this power to shatter the Welsh scrum. As a result the Welsh prop Stevens popped a rib cartilege and had to leave the field. To see a British Lions prop leaving the ground holding his ribs in pain — well, I thought to myself, 'We've got it.'

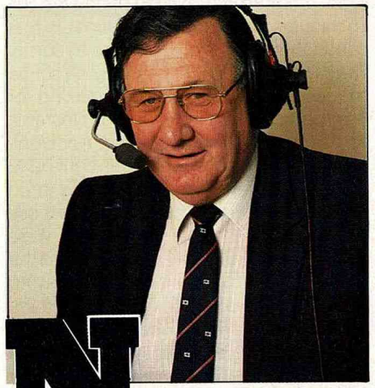
"At half-time we led 13-3, and it was still 13-3 after 22 minutes of the second half when a scrum was packed five metres from the Welsh line. Tommy Lawton called the move — 'Samson' — which meant Australia was going to go for a pushover try. Now, the Welsh had never in rugby history been pushed over their own goal-line at Cardiff Arms Park, but the Australians were confident they could do it. Our tight five had been pretty much maligned — no-one really rated them in the early part of the tour — and they were a bit annoyed about it because they knew they were better than anything the British had to offer. The one way of proving that was to score a pushover try against the best, so they were delighted when the opportunity came.

"When the push started, I remember saying: 'The Welsh scrum is in full retreat. The Welsh scrum is being pushed backwards — something that was not thought possible here at Cardiff Arms Park!' Then finally Steve Tuynman fell on the ball and the try was given. It happened so quickly, but it was certainly the most dramatic moment I've seen and most of my emotion came out just after the try was scored — because that was when you saw the jubilation of the Australians and you realised what it meant to them. It meant the Australian forwards had finally arrived at the very top echelon.

"Tommy Lawton was the first man up from the scrum. He raised his fist to the crowd and at that point I stood up and started punching the air too. The elation of the Australians had to be seen to be believed; they were like excited schoolboys. I found it very hard to restrain my happiness; it was just fantastic.

"That try made it 19-3 and the game was over — there was no way they were coming back from there. The pushover try completely broke their spirit and their pride. Eventually we won the Test 28-9.

"I sat there for about half an hour after the game, just savoring the atmosphere of the ground. There were a couple of thousand Australian supporters there too; some were dancing around on the pitch and about 300 of them had broken through the security and were standing outside the Australian dressing room, cheering and chanting and patting each other on the back. I'll never forget those scenes."



NORMAN MAY

SWIMMING

Men's 4 × 100 metres medley relay, Moscow Olympics, 1980

"This was without doubt the most memorable swimming race I've ever called. It meant a great deal to me personally because I was chairman of the NSW Olympic Fund-Raising Committee prior to the Moscow Games, and it was well known that Prime Minister Fraser didn't want the Australian team to go to Moscow. There'd been a lot of public argument about it and in fact the country was pretty evenly divided on whether our team should go or not. So once the team got to the Games the feeling was that they *had* to do well to justify the faith of all those people who'd supported them.

"Well, during the first week nothing much happened. I mean, the team hadn't performed up to expectations; we'd only won a couple of bronze medals.

"So, all of a sudden this race came along and I didn't expect Australia to win at all — I thought we might just sneak a second place. We started off with Mark Kerry swimming backstroke, and he swam about half a second faster than he had in the individual event to give Australia a reasonable go. Then Peter Evans, the breaststroker, got in and swam the best time of his life to put Australia at level pegging with the Russians going into the third leg. Well, Mark Tonelli was the Australian butterfly swimmer and he wasn't really a butterfly man — he was a backstroke and freestyle specialist but he was the only one who could swim butterfly. The Russian took off like a rocket and led him by a complete body-length at the end of 50 metres. When they turned the Russian was well clear and I thought: 'That's about the standard — we'll run second possibly.' Then all of a sudden, with 25 metres of that leg to go, the Russian started to pull up. Tonelli, who was swimming a very well-judged race, started to come at him and closed the gap in that final 25 metres from two metres down to a metre, which gave Neil Brooks, Australia's freestyler, a reasonable chance of catching the last Russian, Kapliakov.

"Well, Brooksy got off with the biggest racing dive I've ever seen in my life, and I reckon he almost caught him in that dive — he flew through the air that much. Of course, Brooksy was a fantastic starter but Kapliakov was the Russian champion and he was a pretty good swimmer too. I knew that we were in front after 25 metres; when you're looking at a swimming race you can always tell who's in front if you're an experienced commentator, even if the margin is only 0.1 of a second — and that's about all it was. I also knew that Brooksy tended to tire at the end of his races.

"Well, as they went further and further my voice went higher and higher, and finally Brooksy just held on to win the event for Australia by 0.2 of a second. And that's when I cried out: *'Gold! Gold to Australia! Gold!'* It was a fantastic experience, because all of the emotion I had felt in the year leading up to the Games came pouring out in that one moment. I ended up on this great plateau up in the sky.

"I've been a swimming commentator for 27 years and that event stands out as the one great broadcast I have done. In fact it's been very important to me — in my life, my career, everything. The phrase *'Gold, Gold, Gold'* has given me an increased stature publically and I'm known by that phrase all over Australia now. It's been quite lucrative for me.

"The effect of that win on the whole team was unbelievable; it just lifted them so much. I'm certain that it won the gold medal for Michelle Ford in the 800 metres.

"Of course, later the PM rather reluctantly sent a congratulatory telegram to the team. The 4 × 100 metres medley relay stimulated tremendous public interest in Australia, and it must go down as one of the greatest events in our sporting history."

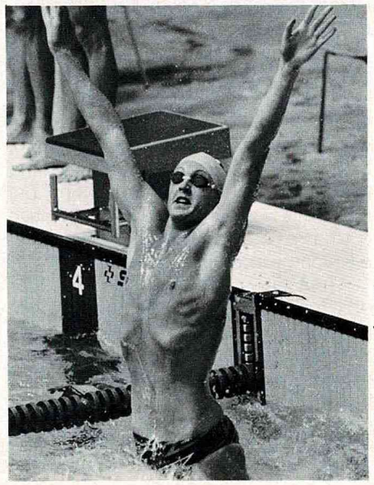
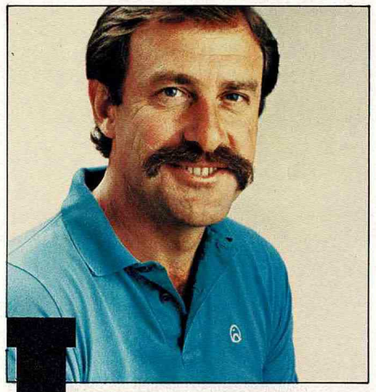


Photo by Russell McPhedran

Right: A jubilant Neil Brooks signals victory for the Australian 4 × 100 metres medley relay team at the Moscow Olympics, 1980.



JOHN NEWCOMBE

TENNIS

1972 Wimbledon Final, Stan Smith vs Ilie Nastase

"That's the one match that really stands out in my mind, mainly because of the circumstances surrounding my role as commentator. I'd won the Wimbledon title in 1970 and '71, and no-one had won Wimbledon three years in a row since Fred Perry did it in the mid-Thirties. So there I was with a chance to make some history and at that stage I was under contract to World Championship Tennis. That had been the case for the four previous Wimbledons and there had been no problems, but in 1972 WCT and the Wimbledon officials got into a fight. I put in my entry for Wimbledon, but they wouldn't let me play.

"So I ended up commentating for NBC and the BBC during the finals. It was the first real commentary I'd done, and I had to watch the bloody match twice — once live and then again to do the voice-over for the delayed NBC coverage. So that was really rubbing salt into the wound. It was a very emotional thing for me to commentate in that position — having to do it and not say: 'Well, if *I'd* been there, as I should be, this is what *I* would've done.'

"Anyway, it was a great match . . . a cliff-hanger all the way, with lots of drama. Nastase carried on with all his antics . . . I think he took 16 racquets on to the court and from about the third game onwards, every time something went wrong he'd look up at Bob Howe, who was then in charge of the racquet-maker Dunlop, and accuse him of not getting them strung properly. And he would change racquets after every game. Of course there was nothing wrong with them, but Nastase was so uptight he had to go crazy on somebody.

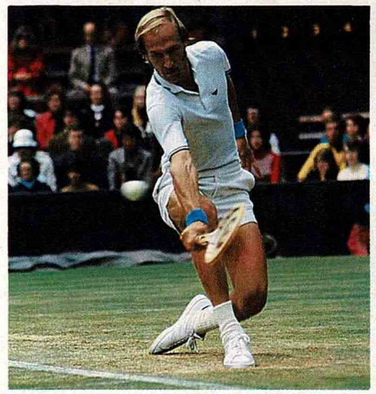
"It was a classic confrontation between two totally opposite personalities. Stan had achieved the rank of lieutenant, I think, in the army and he's a very religious guy . . . so it was really the white hat against the black hat. At one end you had this genius Nastase doing the totally unexpected and all the time coming at Smith, and at the other end a guy who is basically just straight up and down, and who absolutely refused to look at Nastase . . . Nastase kept coming to the net, trying to talk to him, saying: 'You're so lucky — how can you play like that?' and so on. And Smith would just look at the ground.

"The match fluctuated all the way. Nastase started off by winning the first set 6-4; Smith came back and dominated the middle part of the match, winning the second 6-3 and the third 6-3; Nastase came back in the fourth and won it 6-4, and was on top in the fifth all the way. He had it won; he did everything *but* win it; but the thing was, he *couldn't* win it. Even with Nastase winning the fourth and constantly being on the attack and looking like he was going to break serve whereas Smith wasn't, you still had the feeling that Nastase didn't really believe he could become the Wimbledon champion.

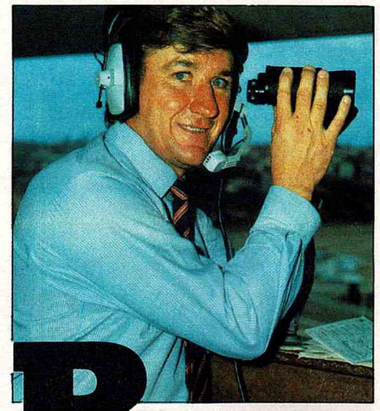
"The whole match really came down to one single point. It was 4-all in the fifth set. Nastase had been pressing all the time on Smith's serve and always had him in trouble, and Stan was just hanging in there. It went to 0-30 on Smith's serve and Nastase had an opening for a passing shot. He hit it, but not as hard as he could have, and Smith made a desperate lunge and picked off a volley.

"That was the turning point; it was Nastase's real chance to win, because had he won that point it would have been 0-40 and he'd probably have broken Smith's serve and then served for the Wimbledon title. They'd been out there for around three and a half hours and finally the chance came and he *couldn't* take it. In a match like that, the guy who is going to win doesn't mess up that opportunity. Stan hung on and won that final set 7-5.

"I would have beaten both of those guys. The last year that I played seriously was '74, and I was still beating them then and I was a couple of years older than them. In fact I beat Smith the year after in Davis Cup and from that time on I beat him six times out of seven . . ."



Right: Stan Smith in action at the Wimbledon final, 1972.



RAY WARREN

RUGBY LEAGUE

The Touch Judge Affair, 1972 World Cup, Australia vs France, Parc Des Princes, Paris

"That was one match I will never, ever be able to forget. It was definitely the craziest event in my commentating career. I was covering the game on radio for the Macquarie Network back in Australia. I hate air travel and I couldn't eat the food and I couldn't speak the lingo and I just wanted out of the joint. I certainly wasn't in the mood for anything as confusing as this game turned out to be.

"The match wasn't very old when Ray Branighan, on the right wing for Australia, made a run of about 60 metres and scored this try. He was never any closer to the sideline than five metres, and he went right around and put the ball under the uprights.

"Well, the international rules in those days allowed the touch judge to wave his flag in a horizontal fashion to indicate to the referee that he had detected a forward pass. Under the laws of the game the referee could either accept or dismiss the touch judge's suggestion. So this French touch judge was madly waving his flag horizontally to the ref, who was Mick Naughton of England. The two of them had a brief confab and Mick apparently said, 'Oh no, no forward pass there' and went to award the try.

"So the Froggie touch judge then appeared to say: 'Actually it wasn't a forward pass; I meant to put my flag up. He went into touch.' He ran over to the sideline and put his flag in the air in the normal fashion. The Frogs talk with their hands a lot and you could see what the problem was now. And of course, the touch judge has sole control of the sideline — the ref can't overrule him on that.

"So then Mick Naughton and he appeared to have one of the craziest and most heated conversations I've ever seen in rugby league. And with that the touch judge threw his flag out on to the park and stormed off. He wasn't to be seen

CHOICE

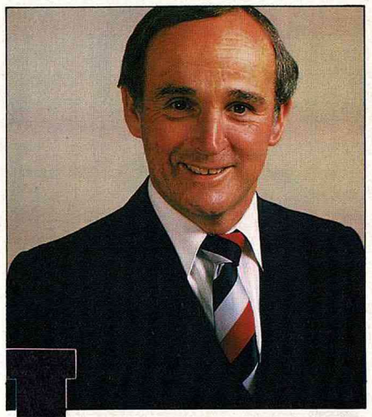
again . . . he just took his marbles and went home. Eventually he was replaced by some fellow in civilian clothes — God knows who that was — but before the match could get back underway, the official representatives of each rugby league nation held what appeared to be a summit conference in the centre of the pitch. The players were all standing around scratching their heads while the heavies were trying to work out what to do. Ultimately, after a long debate, they called up the Australian captain, Graeme Langlands, and appeared to say: 'Look, we've got a stalemate here.' The French didn't want to play on — they thought they'd been badly done by — so Langlands just said, 'Okay, let's forget the try and start again.' And that's what they did.

"From a commentator's point of view it was mind-boggling. Naturally I couldn't hear anything — I could only read the gestures — and the whole debacle went on for 20 minutes. In fact, I still don't know exactly what happened, but that was what appeared to happen. What came over the radio in Australia must have sounded insane. Charlie Gibson [South Sydney club secretary] was with me and he had to suddenly become an expert commentator; I reckon we sent out about 17,000 cheerio calls to fill in time because we couldn't stop for commercials — we couldn't hear Australia. I knew that nothing I would do in the future would ever be harder than calling that game.

"In the end we won it easily — streeted them. And it was in that same match that another extraordinary thing happened. Dennis Ward, the Australian halfback, put up a kick from about the 22-metre line — this was before the era of the bomb — and Graeme Langlands flew through the air like a swallow, grabbed the ball in mid-air and plunged over the line, all in the one movement. The ref just said, 'No, that couldn't possibly happen' and disallowed the try. The ruling was that Langlands was off-side but there was no way — he was on-side by at least three metres. It was just the sheer brilliance of Langlands that threw the ref into confusion; he just couldn't believe anyone could do that."

Below: Brilliant Australian rugby league fullback Graeme Langlands fires a pass in an international match.

Photo courtesy of *Rugby League Week*



JOHNNY TAPP

RACING

1973 Inter-Dominion Grand Final, Harold Park, Sydney

"There are some memories that come to me very quickly. I was very excited by the performances of Kingston Town in his heyday five years ago. A couple of his wins will live long in my memory. The really exciting thing about him was his jet-like acceleration. And he was such a beautiful horse. You know, on a sunny day at Royal Randwick, when the black champion burst out of the pack with those yellow and red silks glistening in the sun, it literally made the crowd gasp in the stand.

"But there is one race that stands out above all others for me, and I'm talking now about trotting. Twelve years ago there was a little pacer racing in Sydney by the name of Hondo Grattan, and of course, he was a champion. I just fell in love with that little brown horse from Bathurst. Hondo Grattan quickly earned the nickname 'The Bathurst Bulldog' because of this rare brand of courage he had — he just never knew when he was beaten.

"I watched him from his first races as a two-year-old, through his three-year-old and four-year-old years and right through. By the time the 1973 Inter-Dominion Championship got underway at Harold Park, it had become common knowledge that I was the president of the Hondo Grattan fan club — I just loved that little horse more than any other. He was an actor: he knew he was good, he knew where the winning post was, and he would literally pose for photographs after a win.

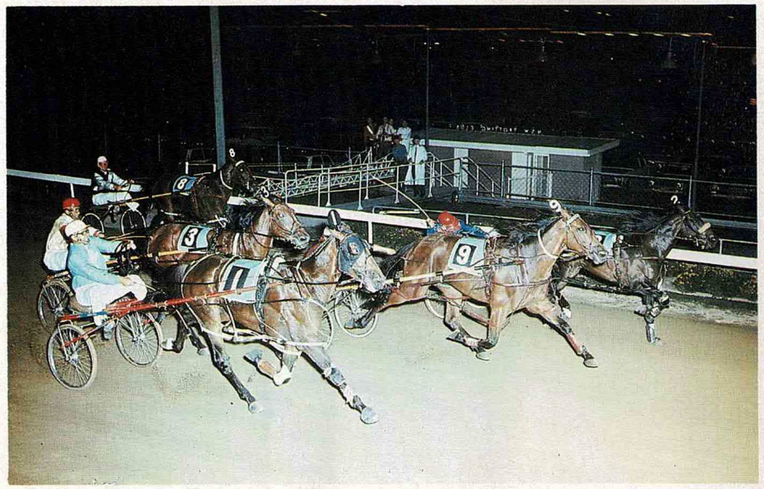
'Now of course, the Inter-Dominion runs over two weeks. First there's a series of qualifying heats where the horses have to earn sufficient points to get into the grand final, and there's this great build-up of tension and excitement until suddenly the final field is announced. Then you've got a week of waiting for the race that decides the Championship. So we get to the 1973 grand final and there's little Hondo Grattan in a star-studded field.

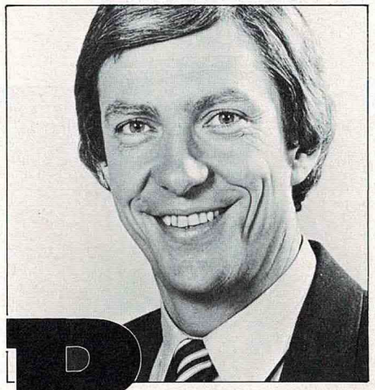
"Anyway, the toughest position for any horse in a trotting race is on the outside of the leader — they call that 'the death seat.' The horse is cutting the breeze and working really hard, and not many horses can win from there. Well, Hondo Grattan raced in that position *all the way*. He was actually headed in the home straight by a New Zealand horse called Royal Ascot, and we — everyone — thought he was gone. But then we saw why they called him The Bathurst Bulldog. He put his head down and he fought with a tenacity that you just do not see. And he won it.

"I called that race and if you heard my description now you'd understand . . . I could barely find the words I was so excited. That's the race that stands out as a performance by a horse — and by a horse that I truly loved. As a matter of fact, my nickname for quite a long time afterwards was 'Hondo' — people called me that everywhere I went.

"The amazing sequel to that story was that there was a song written about the horse a year later (after Hondo Grattan became the first pacer ever to win two consecutive Inter-Dominions). Tex Morton was asked to record it because of his success with the 'Goondiwindi Grey' song, but Tex was busy or couldn't do it. Well, I'd done a bit of warbling around the clubs in Sydney — awful singer — and the connections of the horse asked me if I'd do the recording. I agreed to do it, thinking it was just a bit of fun, you know . . . and would you believe it made the Top Forty? It was Number 39. The song was called 'Little Hondo' and simplicity made it a hit: 'Go, go, go you little beauty' and that sort of thing. It struggled into the charts for three weeks and then fell out . . . but I mean, that horse gave me so much pleasure and then to think I was able to have a hit record out of it . . ."

Below: Hondo Grattan (2) comes again on the rails to defeat Royal Ascot (9) and Glamour Chief (1) in the 1973 Inter-Dominion grand final.





PETER LANDY

AUSTRALIAN RULES

Final Goal, 1977 VFL Grand Final, North Melbourne vs Collingwood, Melbourne Cricket Ground

"Naturally the highlight of any VFL season is the grand final. I've called two Carlton-Collingwood grand finals, in 1979 and 1981, and they were both very close; but if I had to isolate a particular game, I guess it would have to be the 1977 grand final between North Melbourne and Collingwood. That was the most dramatic game I've seen and it provided the most dramatic incident I can remember on a football field.

"Collingwood hadn't won a premiership since 1958 so it had been a long drought for them, and they started badly. They only kicked one goal in the first quarter, but by half-time there were only two points in it: North 4.10 led Collingwood 4.8. And Collingwood played a very good third quarter: they kicked five goals four behinds and North Melbourne failed to kick a goal. In fact they kept North goal-less for the entire second and third quarters — they were 4.4 at quarter time, 4.10 at half time and 4.15 at three-quarter time — and that's pretty rare, especially in a grand final.

"So at three-quarter time, when Collingwood led 9.12 to 4.15, it really did look like it was going to be Collingwood's flag. But then North Melbourne came back and eventually hit the lead. Ron Barassi was coaching North and he had a thing with hand-ball which they got going in that final quarter; and of course they had some great players — blokes like Barry Cable and Wayne Schimmelbusch. But it's hard to put your finger on the single factor that allowed North to get back into the game. Really, when you're behind in the last quarter of a grand final I suppose you can always find that little bit extra, and that's pretty much what happened.

"I'm sure the Collingwood supporters would have thought it was a lost cause when they reached the time-on period of the last quarter. North had kicked 5.7 in that final period to lead by six points — 9.22 to 9.16. With only a few minutes to go the ball went up and came down just off the edge of the kick-off line, ten metres from the North Melbourne goal. There was a huge pack of players going for the mark — it must have been six or seven guys — and it was almost impossible to see who'd come down with the ball. The umpire blew his whistle, everybody got up, and it was Twiggy Dunn, the Collingwood centre-half forward, who'd been paid the mark.

"Well, the roar from the crowd — it was over 108,000 — was deafening, but you could have heard a pin drop as Dunn went back to take the kick that would level the scores if he put it through. He was directly in front and only 20 metres out, but players have missed them from there. We often say, 'You'd have to fall over to miss this' but really, in a grand final the pressure must have been enormous.

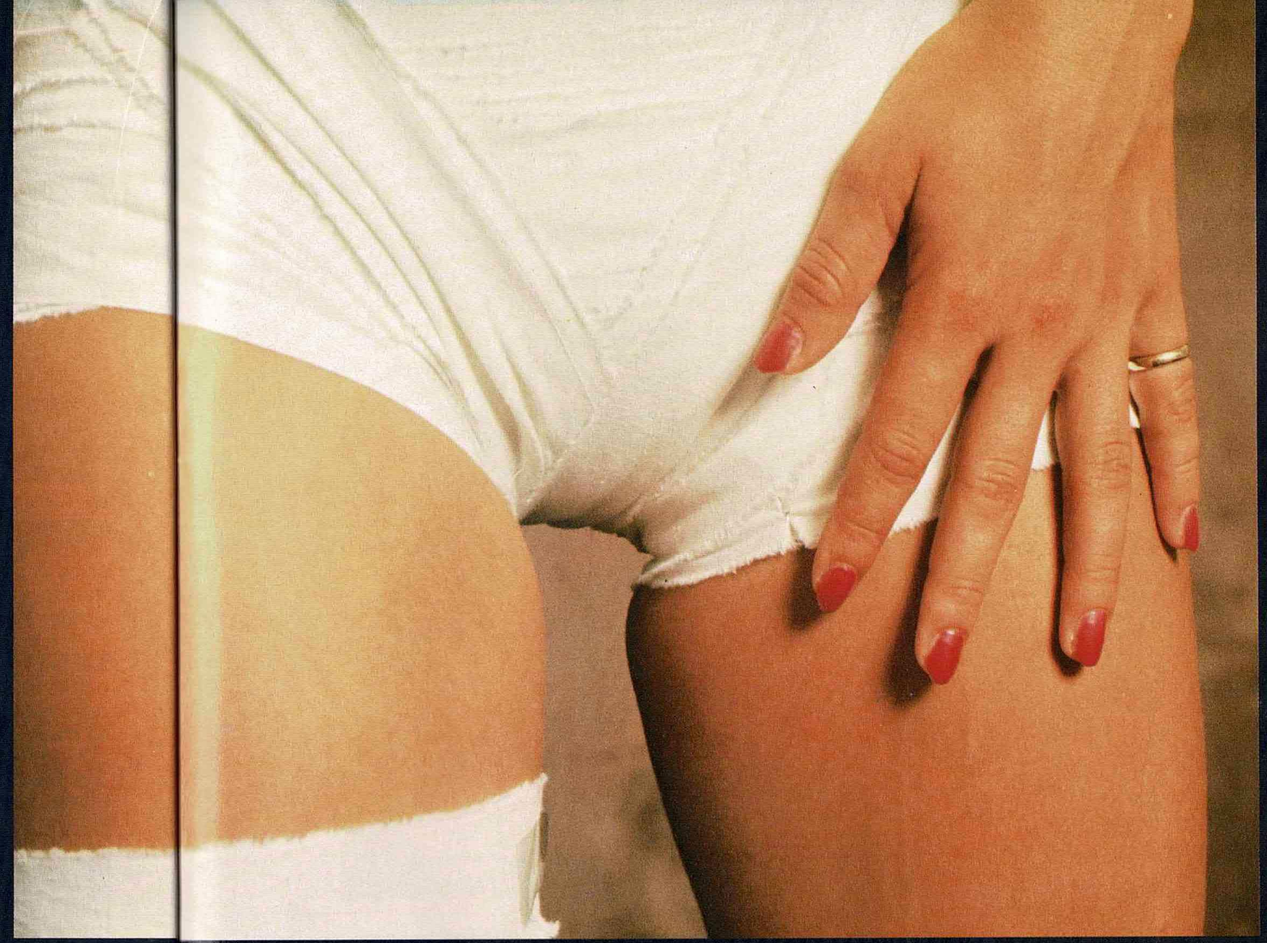
"Dunn kicked the goal to make it 10.16 (76) to 9.22 (76). That was a fantastic moment. No-one really got close to scoring in the final minutes and when the siren sounded the scores were level. At that point the atmosphere at the ground was quite remarkable. Everybody looked up at the scoreboard to make sure it was a draw, and then you had the added drama of waiting for the goal umpires, who are the official scorers. When the scores were signalled correct you could see they were all thinking: 'It's all been for nothing; we've got to do it all again next week.'

"North Melbourne won the grand final replay easily, 151-124. Collingwood have been in a lot of grand finals since 1958 and they still haven't been able to crack it. But I don't think anyone who saw the Twiggy Dunn goal, either at the ground or on TV, will have forgotten it. It was one of the great moments in modern football."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY VARGA-SOMOGYI TIBOR

THE MUMMY

Yugoslavian photographer Varga-Somogyi Tibor has been hailed throughout Europe as a master of nude photography. Though not all of the 31-year-old's works to date have been erotic in nature, the artist does believe that eroticism is one of the most marked characteristics of modern sensibility. In these photos, a segment of his five-part Appearance/Disappearance series, he injects an ancient theme with a cheeky modern eroticism. The results represent a novel view of undressing the female form.



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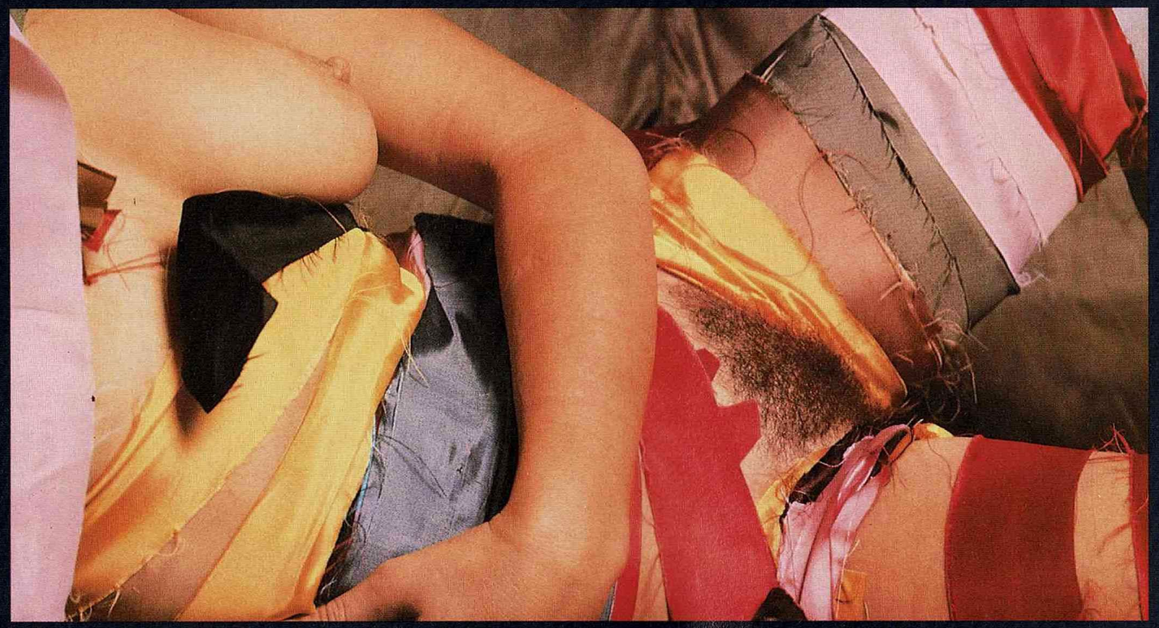

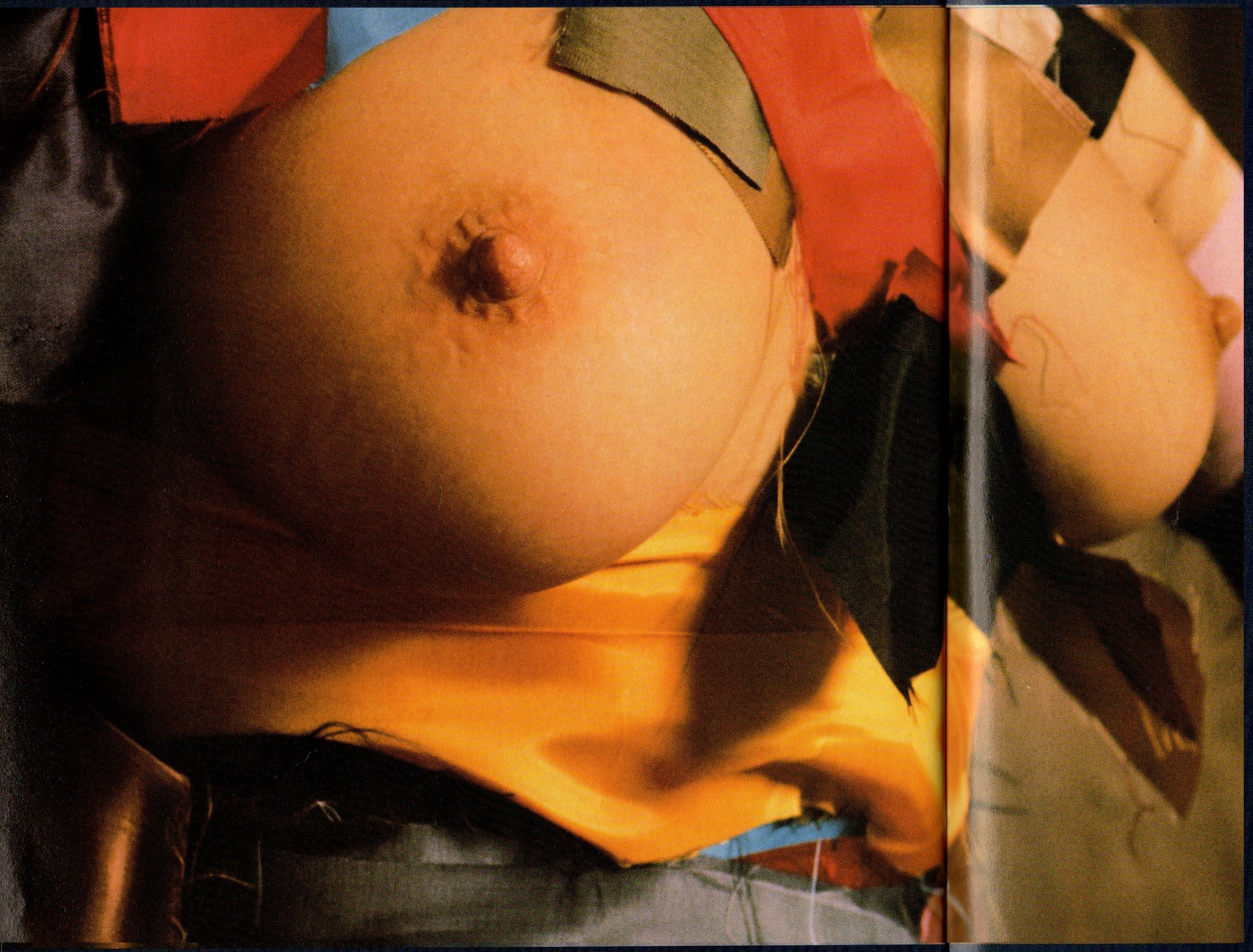

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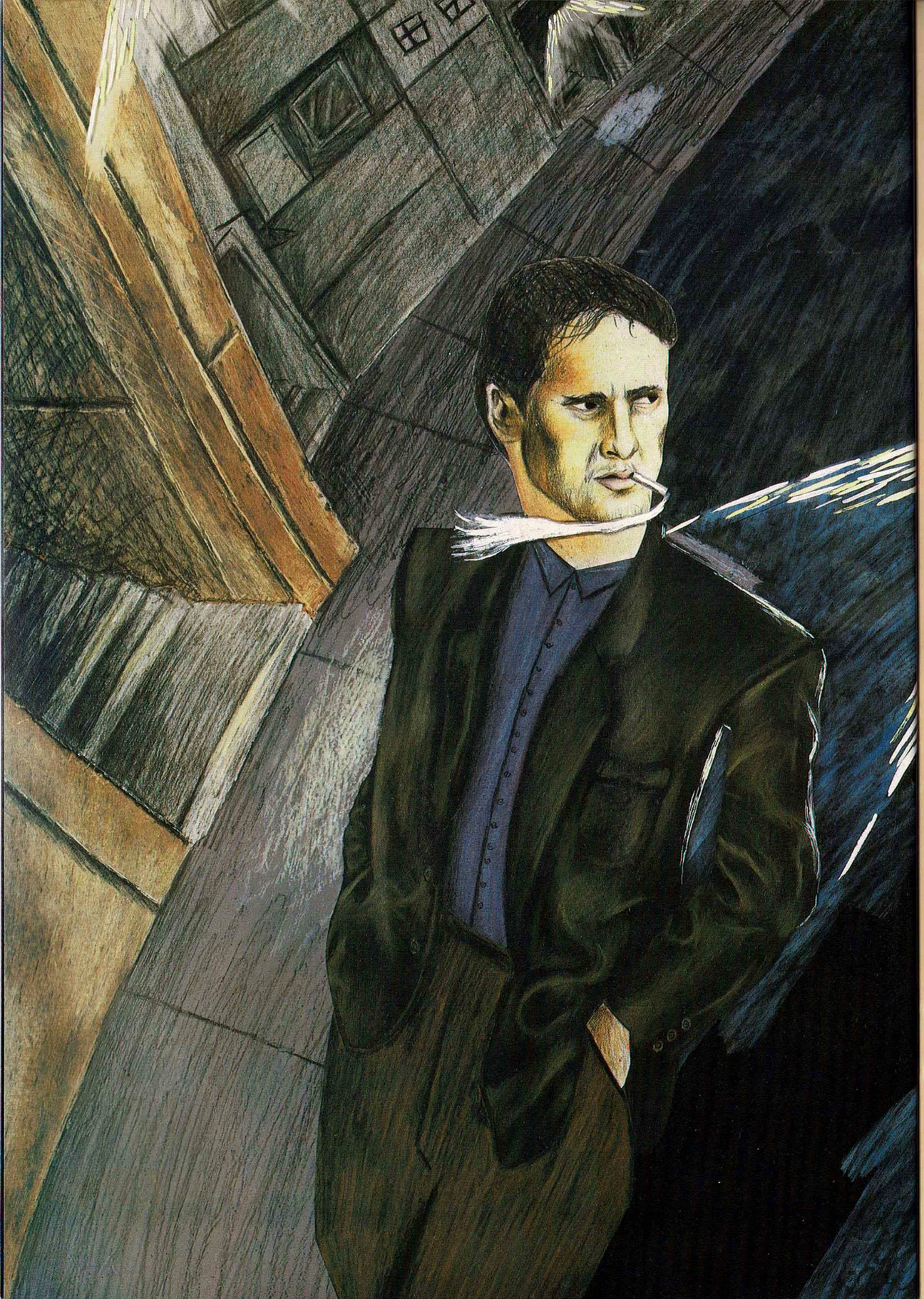


Private eye Duane Dooley was
always a sucker for a pretty woman in trouble

FICTION BY ROGER RAFTERY

TIGHT FIT

ILLUSTRATION BY HUGH WALLER

The office calculator was right there on the desk but I didn't like to pick it up in front of her. She was mouth-watering, couldn't have been a minute over 28 and had just told me her kid was in trouble on a drugs charge.

"Jesus," I said with a great effort at seriousness. "Are the rotten animals pushing the hard stuff in primary schools now?"

"Clint's nearly 15," she said. "I was a young mother."

Twenty-eight minus 15, knock off nine months . . . "Something about your case interests me," I told her.

"I knew you'd help me," she said, her false eyelashes kicking up a draught. "Clint's innocent," she said. "He was fitted up, framed — by a policeman."

"A policeman?" I echoed. Who else? That nice feeling I'd been developing suddenly began to droop. "Have you reported him to the authorities?"

"Tony? You've got to be kidding. My life wouldn't be worth living."

I had been kidding actually, but you've

TIGHT FIT

got to go through the motions. "You know him?" I said.

She nodded her ringlets. "Detective Tony Cousins. We used to have a thing together."

"Living with you?"

"On and off," she said. "We had an... understanding. It's all over now, but he won't let go; he won't admit it. If I'll have him back..."

"He'll get the charge dropped."

"Yes. Actually I think it was going into the Drug Squad that ruined Tony in the first place."

"Hang on. Slow down. Tony is in the Drug Squad?"

"Didn't I tell you that already?" she asked with genuine innocence.

"Drug Squad. Look, an ordinary cop is bad enough. I'm sorry, Marcia. I'd like to be able to help but if I wanted to commit suicide I'd do it in some nice peaceful way, like sleeping pills. And then I'd clutch the prescription tight in my hand so there were no misunderstandings." That previously nice feeling of mine was now solidly encrusted in icicles.

She started bawling. She said I was the last person in the world that she had to turn to — a pretty serviceable definition of desperation. I'd like to meet the jerk who reckoned self-preservation was a stronger instinct than reproduction. After she blurted out that she was working part-time as a waitress to help support her boy, I was a goner. True, the belief that waitresses are easy and enthusiastic lays is a ridiculous prejudice. But I've known just enough dumb Irishmen and tight-arsed Scotsmen in my time to be willing to take a punt.

"Is he very high up in the Drug Squad?" I inquired tentatively.

"No," she sobbed. "He's only been in it six months."

"I might be able to do something," I told her. "I can't promise..."

The tears evaporated and she was able to fill me in on some more of the slanderous details. The kid had apparently been out joyriding on his motorbike, neglecting such formalities as licence, insurance or helmet. An unmarked cop car had pulled him over, and what should be found treading water in the kid's petrol tank but four small packets of cocaine tied up in condoms. "They'll put him in an institution till he's 18," Marcia accurately bewailed.

"They're going to tell the court Tuesdays and Thursdays are the days they always sift through petrol tanks?" I said.

"They can always say they had a tip-off. Tony got someone else to do the actual pinch to cover his own tracks. Clint's a good boy; he's never been in trouble with the police, except for a bit of shoplifting in the school holidays."

"No cocaine?"

"He's sworn to me that all he's ever had is one snort at a party. And they can't have been his condoms. They were plain and he only used those... well, when I clean his room I can't help occasionally finding..." She was embarrassed. "He only uses those 'Yankee Doodles' with all the stars and stripes on them."

They don't make innocent kids like they used to. The vicar probably has to watch his flanks after choir practice these days. "I don't want Tony back," she said. "He used to hit me, slap me around a bit. I don't mind vigorous loving..."

"But minimum necessary force?"

"Yes. I've had enough of being hit and enough of Tony. He's coming on with all this stuff now about how much he loves me. That's got nothing to do with it; he's just shitty because he's lost face with the other cops, by losing his steady screw."

Bad news. When a cop loses face people in the vicinity are in danger of losing bits of theirs. "Does he put any of this in writing?" I asked. "Or say it on the phone, or at your place?"

"No, not enough to mean anything to anyone else. He's too smart for that," she said. And too smart for me, by the sounds of it. "Would you go and see Clint for me this afternoon?" she begged. "I have to work. See if you can get him out."

"Glad to," I said. "I'll have to have a talk with him anyway."

There was about half an hour's visiting time left when I got to the juvenile remand home. It being a progressive institution, I got to talk to Clint over a cold cup of coffee in the closed cafeteria, while two bent-up elderly cleaners were painting the place with Lysol behind us. We were free to speak unobserved, if you didn't count the closed-circuit camera.

"This joint reminds me of a boarding kennel I was at once," I said to Clint.

"Who are you?" Clint asked with disdain. "Not another one of those knee-squeezing probation officers?" He was a pudgy kid with a fun parlor pallor and tattoes running up both arms into the sleeves of his T-shirt. Apart from the swastika on his forehead there were no tattoos on his head in spite of all the available skin space.

"Your mum hired me to get you out of this mess," I answered, pretending it had been a civil question.

"How?" he asked sceptically. When he sneered you could see he had no front teeth.

"Er.. that hasn't quite been determined yet," I said. "Tell me all about it — what happened?"

"That scumbag Cousins put some stuff in me tank, didn't he?" He leaned back in his chair and with admirable aim pitched his cigarette butt into his untouched cup of coffee. He watched it sizzle.

"Thanks, you've been a big help," I said, perceiving how he'd lost his front teeth.

"You gonna get me out or what? This place is crawling with bloody perverts and queers."

"Gee I'd like to, mate, but I think you'd be safer in here for the time being."

Besides, I wanted some peace in which to screw his mother. She'd asked me to drop around to tell her how Clint was getting on. She said she got home from work by eight. At 8.01 I was ringing the doorbell of her sixth floor commission flat. "Oh Duane," she said expectantly. "Come in. How's Clint?"

"In the pink," I replied.

"Couldn't you get him out?"

"Nah, not yet. Anyway I think he's better off in there for now. Can't get into any more trouble, if you see what I mean."

"I think so," she said. "You're probably right. I haven't eaten yet — you hungry?"

"Famished."

We chewed our way through some partially thawed Chinese food and then both, in our own way, got down to business.

"Have you worked out what you can do yet?" she asked me.

"Well, it'll cost dough. We'll have to wire you up," I told her, feeling my way (in case she read Sunday papers too), "and see if we can get dear old Tony to record some of his menaces."

"No. He'd smell it straight away," she insisted. "And that temper of his. As for money..." She hung her head. "I don't even know how I'm going to pay you."

I slipped my arm around her and drew those spongy boobs against my chest. "Marcia honey," I said. "Money isn't everything."

She thawed out quicker than the sweet and sour. Before you could say "cash economy" we were in her bedroom and she was hauling her sweatshirt up over her long dark ringlets and her jeans down over her short dark ones.

I helped her get her bra off. "You wouldn't be a topless waitress by any chance?" I asked her.

"How did you know?" she said, blushing. You could follow the passage of the blood all the way up to her brow.

"Oh, you get the feel of these things," I explained.

She had very busy hands; she must have been a pretty good waitress. When the opportune moment came she wrapped five fingers around my functional end and shoved it inside her. She had something of a squeeze getting it in. In fact it was so snug I thought for a second that she'd made a navigational error. But she hadn't. She — 28 years old or not — had a grip Tarzan could have put his name to.

> Marcia tucked her door key way down into my front jeans pocket. "Some people," she added, "you trust right off."

I nearly said I slipped into her like a hand into a glove, but if you ever find any gloves like that get yourself a couple of dozen.

It was quite overwhelming (at least to one accustomed to wide open spaces) and the first bout only lasted 90 seconds. But the next couple went the distance. Don't let any dumb Irishmen tell you waitresses aren't wild in the sheets. If the neighbors were banging on roof, walls or floor about the noise, we were doing too much of our own banging to hear them.

I lay awake most of the night, with Marcia sleeping peacefully, half on top of me. The rain was spanking the windows and I was thinking crazy things for a one-night (with an option maybe) stand: possible universes where there were no kids, no petrol tanks, no cocaine. Only me and my perfect excuse for premature ejaculations. I gave her a pat on the rump. She changed position slightly and clung to me more tightly.

When I woke up in the morning she was sitting unclothed on the side of the bed brushing her hair. I slithered across and started kissing her spine. "No," she said, flexing her back away from me.

"No, what?"

"No nothing," she said. "It wouldn't be right with Clint in jail and that terrible charge hanging over him."

"Well, it wasn't any more right last night."

"Last night — I let myself get carried away," she said. "It's ten o'clock. Isn't it time you got to work?"

"I guess so. Can I use your phone?" She had a pushbutton phone by the side of the bed.

"Yes," she said. And then: "Use your hands, showoff!"

I called a guy I knew and arranged to meet him. Before I left Marcia tucked a door key way down into my front jeans pocket. "You might need it, coming and going on this case at all hours. Some people," she added, "you trust right off."

Constable "Sheepshit" Shepherd was the most honest cop around. No matter how much you slung him he always gave value to the cent. Sheepshit worked as a cafe-bar programmer in Personnel; he knew more about the workings of the police force than the commissioner, and nearly as much as *The National Times*. I'd arranged to meet him for lunch at the Aqua-Marine Seafood Restaurant at his insistence, a place where the food was reputed to be on par with the name.

He was at a corner table reading the paper when I arrived. I walked over and let a folded $20 note slide down the cleavage of the page three Murdoch moll in front of him. The 20 was so he'd answer to "Hello."

"Tch, tch," he said, pocketing the money and putting the paper aside. "I see another magistrate has accused one of his colleagues of malpractice. Whatever happened to Masonic solidarity?"

I sat down and looked up at the source of the buzzing above his head. The UV insect exterminator was switched on but the flies were having a blue light disco on it. "You should have told me to bring the Aerogard," I said.

"Wouldn't have done you any good," he told me. "The little perishers in here come down to lick it off. That's all you wanted to discuss, was it — entomology?"

"Tony Cousins — one of your SS comrades," I said.

"Zero Cousins — heroin cut while you wait."

"Sounds like the chap."

"And you wanted to nominate him for Police Officer of the Year?"

"He's supposed to have fitted up a kid with some cocaine."

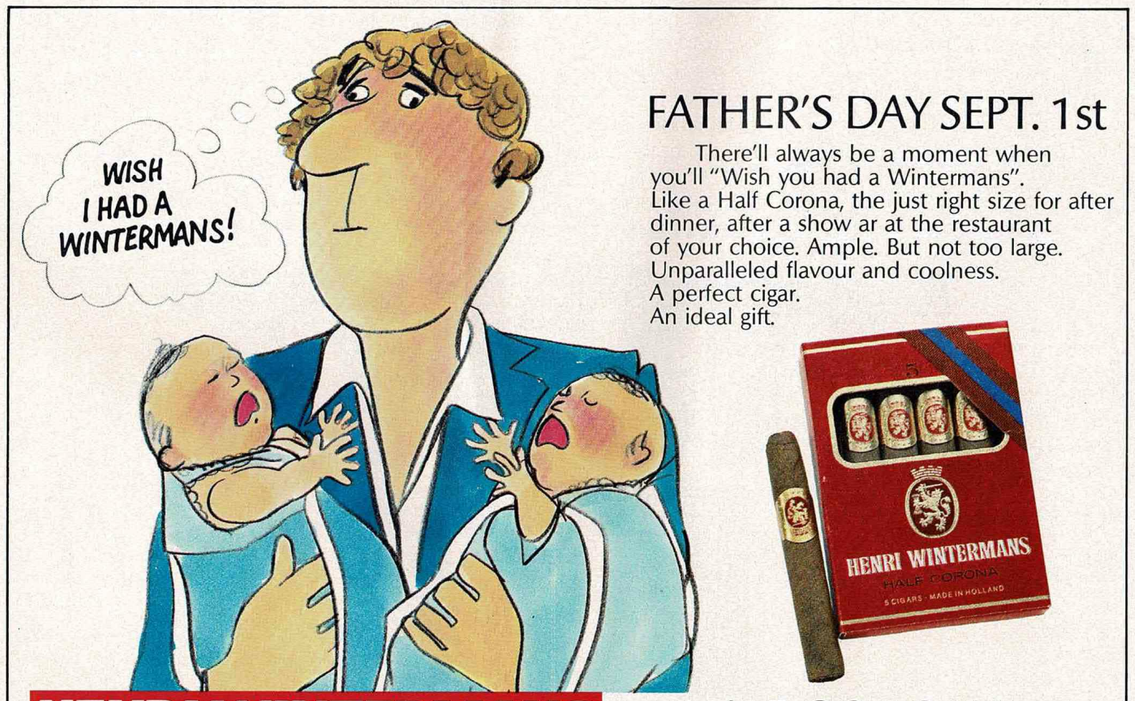
"Tied up in frangers down his jocks?"

"In his petrol tank."

"It's not totally outside the realms of possibility," he said. "You want me to check?"

"Yeah. Why do they call him Zero?"

"Stories vary. Some say it was the number of prisoners he took in Vietnam. Some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TIGHT FIT

say it was his police entrant's IQ result."

"Popular lad down the pen, is he?"

"Only got two friends in the whole force. Unfortunately they're the Superintendent and the Chief Superintendent."

"How come?"

"Could be something to do with his ability at mouth-to-arse resuscitation."

"Vietnam vet, eh? I hear he's rather excitable — a touch of the Agent Orange?"

"Agent Amber more likely," he said, making a tipping gesture with his hand. "If you want me to check," he said, dragging me back on to the important track, "the cost of phone calls has gone up."

I fed him a further 20. He made "hit me again" motions with his fingers until I'd parted with another pair. By the time he came back from the phone our food had arrived. "Why this place?" I asked him. "I don't know what the flies see in it."

"Belongs to the sister-in-law," he explained, stuffing his mouth with the Catch of the Day. "She needs the business." Then he choked, coughed and spat a mouthful back on his plate. "What is this shit? Whiskettes?" he said disgustedly. "Glad you're paying for it. Don't complain though, for Christ's sake. She'd make my life a misery."

"How'd you get on?" I asked him with a nod towards the phone.

"Oh it's a fit all right, handstitched and weatherproof. He knows his job," he said as he scraped most of what was on his plate on to mine. "Real nice bit of work, our Zero. You better give him what he wants. What does he want, anyway?" I made an "O" with the fingers and thumb. "Nothing?" he said incredulously. "Oh, hole. I'm with you."

"What we'd have to do," I said after I'd valiantly conquered half a plate of seafood, "is put a fix on Zero, and then swap fixes."

"Good thinking," he said encouragingly. "If you could get anyone to do it; that's specialised work," he added less encouragingly.

"Any ideas on who?"

"Nope," he said, clamming up tighter than Marcia's legs that morning.

"What about some of your boys?" I suggested. "Stick with the experienced firm."

"Phew! No way, no way! They'd only do that in the direst of circumstances. Someone'd have to be fouling the nest, interfering with the working conditions of his fellow officers. What about Handy Andy? Is he still going?"

"Oh yeah," I said. "I think he is. I forgot about him." Andrew B. Robisson, ex-British Army Military Police. Discreet Inquiries, Competitive Rates, No Free List. The only guy outside the monetocracy ever known to stick one on a cop. It had been a long time ago and, truth to tell, there's some bad blood between his kind of private detective and mine. Just because they've got licenses to operate, they tend to get all high and mighty.

"He'd be your best bet," Sheepshit said. "A little on the steep side maybe. Gone up in the world, hasn't he?"

"It's a fine thing when you've got to pay to get some justice done in this country," I said, thinking particularly of those who had to pay for it by flinging their boobs around at half-pissed business luncheoners.

"A lot of countries," Sheepshit said, offended, "don't have *any* justice at all." He recovered his joviality while he sucked his after-dinner mint and watched me pay the bill. "You know, mate," he told me, "you're on the wrong side. You should have joined the professionals. Life of Riley down there now."

"Terry or Murray?" I said.

Thoughts of bedroom rodeos and bucking broncos drove me on, against my better prejudices, until I was standing on the undefiled WELCOME mat in Handy Andy Robisson's foyer. The door flew open automatically and I walked into a large, dark and empty anteroom. Andy probably used it for counting his money in, after hours. I was crossing the burgundy carpet to the door designated "Office" when a voice bellowed out behind me: "Oi, Pinocchio. Where do you think you're going?"

I turned around. Christ knows where he came from but there was now a bulky anthropoid loping ominously towards me. He was about six and a half feet tall and five feet wide; in fact he looked rather like someone had sat on him, only *nobody* sits on guys like that. If his knuckles weren't scraping the floor the hair on them must have been. "I was just going to see Andy," I said.

"You got an appointment?"

"What are you, the receptionist?"

"Don't try to get smart, sonny. I got a good mind . . ."

"Well, why not . . ." I was on the way to saying something like: "Why not swap the good one for the melon between your ears?" until I thought better of it on orthopaedic grounds.

"I can't stand that!" he said vehemently. "Just because a fellow happens to be well built doesn't mean he has to be *stupid*, right? You want to see my school certificates?"

"Not right now," I said.

"You've hit the wrong note, billy goat!" he said, putting his hand around my throat. The fingers met at the back and he lifted me up on to my toes, one hand.

The office door opened and Andy came out. "What's going on?" he inquired.

With ebbing strength I pulled out my wallet and waved it spiritedly in his direction.

Reggie let my heels drop to the floor. I blazed a shag-pile trail to the office door, effecting running repairs to my windpipe on the way. "Hope Reginald didn't hurt you," Andy said from behind the teak of his aircraft-carrier desk.

> He was six and a half feet tall and five feet wide; if his knuckles weren't scraping the floor, the hair on them must have been

"No, he was just showing me his brains," I said.

"Where you been, mate? I haven't seen you round for ages."

"They won't let me in the golf club," I said.

"No? What can I do for you?"

"This kid . . ."

"Whoops — sorry there, mate. I better charge you the official consultation fee before we get much further. Forty. Got to keep the books straight."

"Look after your accountant and your accountant will look after you, I always say," I said, digging down to the bedrock of my wallet. It's a PAYE world all right. "It's a legend in the business," I said once the meter was running, "how you hung one on that detective that time." (This is an old private eye dodge known as "sucking up.")

"Yes," he chortled in agreement. "Got him put inside. And a copper's popularity inside is somewhere between a primary school bum bandit's and an ex-prison screw's."

"Cut him to ribbons, didn't they?" I crawled.

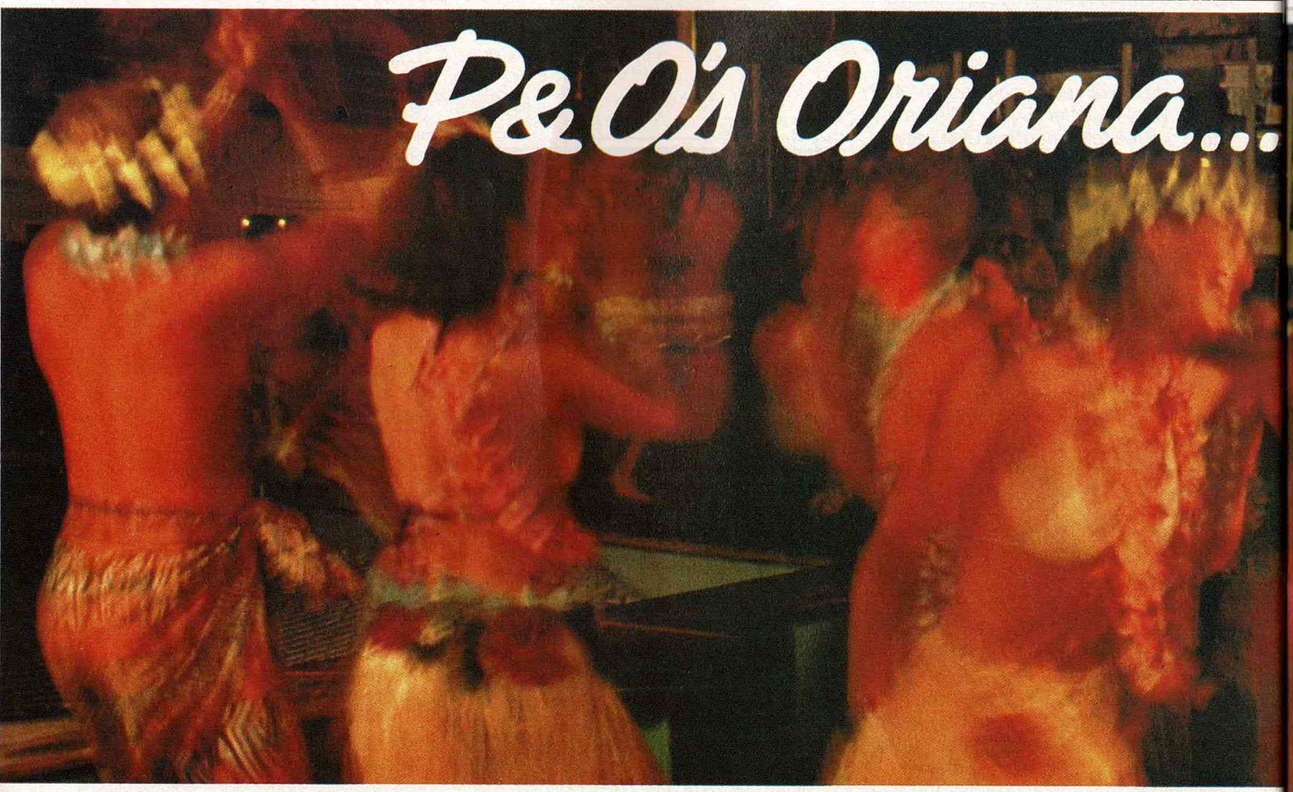
"Ribbons? He came out looking like a grass skirt. Of course, that was in the old days. I'm on the best possible terms with the police now."

"Me too," I said.

He played wooden soldiers with the Bankcard, Visa and Mastercharge sign on his desk. Then by association of ideas he thought he was back in the British Army and his fingers started drumming out bugle calls on the teak. They played "retreat" and then changed direction and played "charge." "On the other hand," he said hypothetically, "if *he'd* fitted up someone, it'd only be righting an injustice to fit him back."

"He has," I said. "A fatherless teenager."

"That's the difference then. We might be able to do business. Receiving, was it? Some clear-up rate fanatic from the Bur-



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TIGHT FIT

glary Squad?"

"Drug Squad," I said behind my hand.

"Eh? That's a different kettle of French fries entirely. You won't get that done for pocket poney."

"How much?" I asked.

"Oh, what shall we say? I've had a pretty good fortnight so far — shall we call it 3000 in round figures? Unless any unexpected expenses crop up."

"Three thousand!"

"That's trade prices," he responded, feigning umbrage.

"If we had that kind of dough we could rent a QC and get the kid compensation for wrongful arrest."

"You think so? For three grand all you'd get is 'Good morning, my Lord. Let me kiss your arse, my Lord. I've got to dash off to another court, my Lord.'"

"We're more of a legal aid case," I said.

"Don't make me laugh," he said, making a noise that was either laughing or clearing his nose. "You've been in the game long enough to know that if you can afford to eat you won't get legal aid. It's weight watchers-approved."

I said I'd let him know.

Reggie, the faithful sentinel, was still there when I came out. "See you down the public library, Reginald," I said in passing.

He said he hoped to run into me one day in other circumstances, where he could do something about my mouth. I said I hoped to run into him again after he'd been reincarnated as a rectal thermometer.

There's a lot of Housing Commission jungle between the carpark and Marcia's flat. I was traversing some of it when a green Commodore screeched to a halt across the footpath in front of me, burning a thick set of Michelin tracks behind it. The passenger door flew open.

"Hey Pancho," a voice hollered from inside the car. "Get in." I didn't recognise the voice immediately but the tone was vaguely familiar. I could see a drip-dry suit and a silhouette like a gridiron player's, only this guy wasn't wearing padding.

"A policeman told me never to get in cars with strange men," I said.

"I *am* a policeman," he snapped.

Now the short hair, iron-on moustache and dark shifty eyes came into focus. I could have tried running away, if I'd wanted a matching set of Michelin prints on the back of my rib cage. "Oh that must be all right then," I said, climbing in alongside him. I can't stand cops whose eyes are too close, especially too close to me. "I don't really need a lift," I tried to tell him.

"You're having one," he said and pulled back out on to the road. With the doors shut and the windows up the interior of the car smelled like a pub cellar. "Cousins," he said after a few blocks.

"Who are?" I said.

"Me. Detective Tony Cousins."

I didn't let on that I'd heard about him.

"You were going to Marcia's, weren't you?"

"There's hundreds of people live in those . . ."

"You were down at the remand home yesterday, too," he interrupted.

"Look, if it's the same Marcia, I was working for her. She wanted me to see if I could bail that kid of hers out of the clink."

"The little thug ought to stay in there. That's where he's going to end up sooner or later."

"That's what I told her," I said.

"And that's all you're doing with Marcia?" he queried, sounding one part convinced.

"Sure."

"She's paying you?"

"Do I look like a charity worker?"

"You make sure that's all then. And you better tell her you're finished at that. Maybe I am getting all the shit jobs out in the sticks lately, but I've got ways of finding things out. And when I find out I've got ways of dealing with them. Got it?"

"With both hands," I said.

At a red light he turned and studied my face hard, like he was about to either sketch it, or bust a truncheon across it. "Yes it is you," he said. "Didn't I pick you up once when I was in uniform?"

"Could be," I said. "A couple of hock, lime and lemons and I'm a push-over for a uniform. Of course you blokes all look the same to me . . ."

"Yes," he went on, oblivious to any prattle from me. "A fair while ago — indecent exposure, wasn't it? You were pissed and trying to urinate into a Christmas collection device."

"Must have been my brother," I said, grateful that he didn't want me to pose for a full identification right there and then. "On the subject of which, you haven't got one called Reggie have you?"

He claimed he hadn't and pulled the car up. "All right," he said, "you just remember everything I've told you. I'd hate to have to redecorate your face. And don't tell Marcia you saw me. Now get out."

> "Indecent exposure, wasn't it? You were pissed and trying to urinate in a Christmas collection device." "Must have been my brother," I said.

I got out. "Now I *do* need a lift," I said. "My car's bloody miles back . . ."

"Stiff," he said as he screeched away.

I could now think of two fairly healthy reasons for wanting to hang one on Detective Tony Cousins. I was closer to the office than Marcia's so I checked in there first. A door up the corridor opened and Rory, of Nostalgia Records By Mail, came flouncing up the corridor towards me. Rory was the building's resident queen. "Don't trip over my long face," he said.

"What's the matter now?" I asked. "The bottom fall out of Frankie Valli?"

"It's my new boyfriend, Gavin. It's so frustrating. I love him and everything but I'm so frightened of catching . . . you know."

"Why not try condoms?" I suggested, the items being somewhat on my mind.

"We did. But his teeth kept going through them."

"You'll have to switch to radials then," I said curtly.

"Who's got the snappy toms today then? Problems of our own, have we? Anything I can do?"

"Not unless you know how to fit up cops."

"Get up cops, did you say?"

"In a manner of speaking . . ."

I crossed the jungle next time without encountering any animals.

"Three thousand!" Marcia said when I told her about Andy's philanthropic offer. Her shock was profounder than mine. "Where am I going to get that sort of money?"

"I'll think of something," I said. Luckily she was thinking of the same sort of thing. We headed for the bedroom.

"What was the matter with you?" she said after five minutes. "You look like you couldn't get it up with a Hill's Hoist. What have you been doing today?"

"You never know who's watching," I said.

"Watching? Don't be silly — we're on the sixth floor."

"There's some awfully big bastards around this town . . ."

I woke up alive and without any grievous bodily harm in the morning; she was up, getting dressed. "Hey, I'm sorry about last night," I said. "Me and my little friend here would like to make it up to you. If you'll just hop back into bed."

"Your little friend must be solar powered — only works in daylight," she said. "Anyway, I can't."

"Can't?"

"Can't. It's that time of the . . . I'm at the Club Meds at present if you must know. Came just before you woke up."

"I was never one to let the wondrous workings of nature come between me and . . ."

"Weren't you?" she said. "Maybe others are."

"Christ," I howled. "Do you have a different excuse every morning or what? I don't understand you," I went on. "Every night you bounce around like your arse was made out of Supalene, and every morning you . . . crazy!"

One word led to another. She reckoned her excuses were better than mine. My last word was, "No wonder Zero used to get slap happy when he was around you."

Since it was her place I had to do the walking out. I went home instead of to the office. I sat there and let the phone ring a dozen times. For a long time after the phone stopped ringing the room seemed unnaturally quiet. That made the knock on the door sound like a battering-ram. It wasn't Marcia. It was two guys in drip-dry suits.

"Internal Affairs," one informed me.

"Whose?" I asked.

"The Police Department's," he said, elbowing in past me.

"Not a moment too soon," I said. "The kids around here have already started playing cops and cops."

The second cop shoved past me, using the same technique. The first one flashed a Polaroid ID card in front of me eyes. "We'd appreciate your co-operation," he said. "I'm Detective Inspector McCarthy. You might have heard of me. This is Detective Sergeant Capusso. The sergeant has just joined us in the branch. He's a former police dog-handler."

"A man's love life is his own affair," I said.

They pushed right into my flat, scrutinising everything with their sticky fingers. "If you want to search the place," I said to McCarthy, who had just removed the back of my TV with his Swiss army knife, and Capusso with his snout in my books, looking for the salacious bits — "don't let me stop you."

They went through the place, cigarette paper by cigarette paper. Meantime, I could only stand back with my hands in my pockets whistling "Send In The Clowns."

"That's where that sock got to," I said as they were finishing in the bedroom. "Actually, I think you Internal Affairs boys do a wonderful job. Plucking out the bad apple before it rots the whole barrel, or the bad banana before it gets to the whole bunch."

"Wank, wank." Capusso demonstrated his co-ordination by speaking and gesturing simultaneously.

"You want to watch out," McCarthy advised me, "that you don't wake up one morning in the barrel, with the apple stuffed in your mouth and the banana . . . In any case, sport, now that we're being so wonderfully co-operative . . . up against the wall, drop your trousers and bend over."

"Oh yeah, I've heard about . . ."

"For a strip-search, wisearse!" he growled, and then shoved me towards the wall.

I did as I was told. McCarthy slipped a transparent rubber glove on to his hand. "I hope they're the self-lubricating kind," I confided.

"Shut up."

"If I knew what you were looking for," I said, "I could tell you if it was likely to be up there."

"Six packets of medium grade cocaine missing from the fourth floor safe of the Drug Squad," he said.

Six? Zero must have had a couple of sniffs of Colombian courage on the way to the fit. "And you've got some reason for thinking it flew out of your safe and shot up my arse?" I asked.

"Use your imagination," McCarthy recommended. "Could it be possible we might be interested in someone you've been seen associating with?"

"Give me a clue."

He gave me a harder jab and another bruise instead. Then he removed his finger and disposed of his glove on my one piece of carpet.

"Pop in any time," I said.

"Nothing," he announced to his sergeant.

"Except for the couple of Disprin I had for breakfast," I confessed. "If you hadn't cut your fingernails last week you might have bumped into 'em."

"Let's go," McCarthy told Capusso.

"I suppose I get an apology now, do I?" I inquired.

"Suck shit," Capusso spat.

"Accepted," I said, magnanimously.

When they were gone I got to regretting my walkout on Marcia. When the nights were overflowing in all directions, why worry about a couple of dry mornings? I drove back over to her flat and opened the front door with my key.

The uppermost of the two naked people on Marcia's bed was Marcia. Of the one underneath you couldn't tell much except that Marcia's pelvis was trying to grind him into flour. I coughed. "I just came to bring your key back," I said, spotting the perfect receptacle for it. But it wouldn't keep still long enough for me to get it in. I dropped it on the table.

I was putting my seatbelt on when she caught up to me, clasping her hastily thrown nightie to her bare body. "Duane — wait," she pleaded.

"I thought you suffered from menstrual cramping of style," I said.

"You don't understand," she said. "That's Ray, and he's leaving now, anyway. He's a cop I used to know before Tony. He said there might be something he could do."

"He's found what he can do," I said. "Is that the way you solve all your irksome little problems? The butcher and the paper boy? The detective boy? It must be a riot around here at the end of the financial year."

"Duane, *please*."

"It's the kid I'm worried about. I've been

Continued on page 152

"Our newest board member, Mr Bissell, has asked why I get to sit up here. Okay, gentlemen — time to measure our dickies."

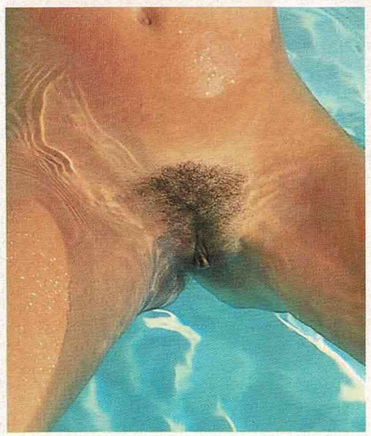
SOCIETY'S CHILD

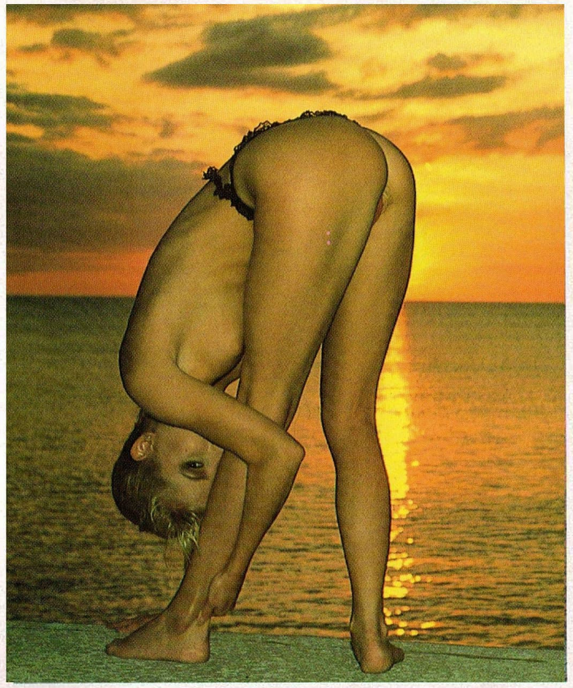
Although green-eyed Andi Leigh is descended from a crusty family of socialites, the popular dancer and actress has a cherished anti-social fantasy. "I want to crash a snobby charity ball and take over the stage on the pretense of singing a song. Sure, I'll mouth a few words, but with the right look in my eyes I'll keep them at bay while I perform a slow strip down to nothing. I'd like nothing better than to see those eyes roll around all those bored faces.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANK LONDONER

''It's amusing to recognise familiar faces from my childhood amongst my audience, while they fail to recognise me as the 'cute young thing' who trailed behind my parents.''

Andi's home life is quite an off-beat setup: she shares with an involved couple, both her best friends, which means two friends to talk with but no possessive man to answer to. Sometimes when she hears them making love at night, she wonders if she's missing something. ''But when they fight,'' she grins, ''I know I'm not.





"As a dancer, I make a fair amount of money and get to save most of it. So I can only smile and politely refuse when guys with a skinful try to ply me with treasures. I like people too much to take advantage of them like that."

The changeover to unleaded petrol has given the Australian new car buyer plenty of fuel for thought

MOTORING

THE NEW BREED

BY PETER McKAY

Australia's motoring industry moguls often beg to differ on things relating to their high-flying business, but they have somehow reached accord on one particular prediction — that 1985 will be a record sales year for new cars. These guys are not showing any outstanding streak of genius. It's just that with unleaded petrol — ULP — becoming our official fuel source from January 1, there's an almighty rush underway on the current leaded vehicles. The attitude of many motorists is: why buy after January 1 when a 1985-model car is less expensive, more fuel efficient and performs better? And while the car makers and importers will be hoping to flog off significant quantities of new cars in the post-ULP era, the plain truth of business life is that a sale in the hand . . .

So it is that in this tumultuous changeover period, the public is being

NEW BREED

bombarded with the irresistible. And, in a few cases, the easily resisted. Much of the action is in the luxury end of the market, where the big mark-ups are. The industry is out to make hay while the leaded gas flows. Many are having each-way bets, offering leaded interim cars running on 98 grade Super, but then lining up ULP machines ready to pick up the baton in the New Year. The motoring press has been shown both types and driven both types. We know which ones we prefer.

Still, we're stuck with the 92 octane dog's piss so we may as well make the best of it. Vehicle manufacturers locally, in Japan and in Europe, have done splendid work in re-engineering cars to operate on ULP. And with ongoing development ULP engines will improve even further. The Japanese, with their wealth of experience of unleaded engines, are already achieving heartening results. European manufacturers are now heavily into ULP technology and some preview examples of makes such as BMW indicate not all is lost.

Alfa Romeo Australia sold 1541 of its sporty sedans last year. This year it hopes to ride the Last Chance For Unleaded groundswell to over 2000 sales. It's already begun its offensive, with some big artillery yet to come.

The Italians have been punching out variations of the most successful model in the company's history, the Alfa 33 hatchback. Back in March we were introduced to the sporty 33 ti, followed in June by the twin carb 95 hp all-wheel-drive 4 × 4 wagon, the Quattro, at $17,900. The Alfa plot is to phase out its greybeard models, and replace them with fresh designs. For instance, the Guilietta is on borrowed time, with a newie called the 75 waiting in the wings. The elderly Alfetta sedan departed a couple of months ago, to be supplanted by the swish fully-optioned V6-engined Alfa 90 priced at around 29 grand. A fanfare please — the 90 has been given a new gearbox! Alfa will import 350 of the new Alfa 90s before the ULP changeover — and there'll be no trouble selling them. Next year the 90 will still be around, but like its ULP-generation brothers, the edge will disappear from its performance and value-for-money.

Alfa execs figure the ULP version of the 90 will be between $800 and $1000 up on this year's car. At least Alfa doesn't have to blaze new trails with unleaded technology; the V6 Alfa 90 is already sold in the United States, a country with a decade of experience with the dreaded leaded. The ULP version of the 33 model range will probably be fuel injected, instead of the carburettor-fed engines of the pre-'86 lineup.

Audi, a fine West German car maker with a low profile in this country, is set for a big push during these unsettled times. The grapevine has it that its spectacular 200 Turbo flagship will be here for Christmas, obviously only in ULP form. It'll be a flyer nevertheless but will carry a price tag to daunt all but the big Yuletide spenders.

Also ready to rock our roads is the Quattro 90. No, not the rally king, but a permanent four-wheel-drive version of the car sold here (until recently) as the Audi 5-plus-5. The rumored retail of 35 big ones will prevent a wholesale stampede on the car that captured so much attention at the Melbourne Motor Show earlier in the year.

BMW prides itself on the sporty nature of its cars, a reputation that could have been sorely tested by the shackles of ULP. However, the men from Munich have answered the challenge with a range of unleaded Eta engines for next year and beyond. Based on the six-cylinder high-compression engine we know from the 520i on sale here, the Eta concept engine has been stretched to almost 2.7 litres for its unleaded affair.

The 2.7 Eta, producing 90 kiloWatts of power, will become the staple powerplant for the BMW 3- and 5-series cars for 1986. A performance drop-off is inevitable; it's sobering to note that the new engine — 377 ccs larger than the existing 2.3-litre throbber in the rapid 323i — is actually down 15 kW.

Driving evaluation models of next year's cars — 325e and 525e — it was obvious that some of the sting is about to disappear from the Bee Ems, just as it will from every one of the ULP brigade. BMW recognises that fact by not even bothering with a tacho in the sample cars. Still, acceleration was okay and the zero to 100 km/h time of 11.45 seconds for the 525e with four-speed auto is not altogether shabby.

BMW has been selling up a storm in the 30 to 40 grand market sector, but is now getting tough at the upper end. In the first quarter, it rereleased its flagship, the 735i, candidly admitting that its sales performance against the likes of Mercedes-Benz and Jaguar had been deplorable. The revised 735i and luxo 735i Executive, predicted the BMW heavies, would double their share of the big profit upper luxury segment. Features include a welter of whiz-bang computer gear which controls about everything bar the driver, non-skid ABS braking and a willing 3.4-litre straight six mated to an electronic hydraulic four-speed automatic transmission. Then there was the bottom line. Though reluctant to admit it was cutting prices, the fact was that BMW had effectively dropped a few grand. The big Sevens now look a good buy compared with the Jag and Benz opposition, but resale values will want to improve, and probably will.

What might be the go for the future is the turbocharged 7-series, known as the 745i. The local BMW bods are not saying much about the chances of this 183 kW sizzler going on to the Australian market, but we can say that it has been here for evaluation.

One rocketship that is earmarked for a Down Under duty tour in '86 is the street version of the BMW 635CSi that's been doing plenty of winning in this year's Australian touring car title series. The closest thing to a race car that you'll ever encounter going over the pits at a motor registry, the Bimmer M635CSi coupe is propelled by a 210 kW double overhead cam 24-valve in-line six. Who knows what ULP will do to muzzle this wild child?

For a long spell now, the only Volkswagen presence in Australia has been courtesy of its Kombi/Caravelle commercials. That's hardly inspirational fodder for the enthusiastic driver. The Red Cross is on the way, however, and October will see the arrival of the European cult car, the VW Golf GTi. A 1.8-litre with injection, it'll leave a Commodore V8 sagging on the ropes in a traffic lights punch-up. Eighteen biggies is the ballpark price.

Previous page: The Mercedes-Benz W124. This page, left and bottom: The BMW 735i; Left: The VW Golf GTi.

"ULP holds no fears for us," says the man from Mercedes-Benz. "We anticipate a strong demand for our products right up to the January 1 introduction of unleaded, but then we've also experienced a strong enquiry about our models in the post-ULP period."

Mercedes-Benz has been working on ULP technology for 10 years thanks to its influence in the US. With Austria going ULP and West Germany set to leap into unleaded at the same time as Australia, engineering activity has accelerated in recent times. But Mercedes-Benz engineers have made it known that they believe 92 octane is not suitable for Australia. The best compromise of reducing emissions and improving engine efficiency is 96, the brew that the US moved to after an unsuccessful dabble with wimpy 92.

Notwithstanding this preference, Benz is looking set for a smooth switch to the unleaded fuel. The recently-introduced 190 compact will score an ULP engine (with catalytic converter) late in the year. And M-B's complete range of six and eight-cylinder engines (in its medium and big car) will be replaced by a new-generation of power units. These will be bigger in capacity than the outgoing engines to overcome the debilitating effects of ULP. In fact, a spokesman for the company says the performance balance will be more than restored. Elaborating, he predicts the more efficient new engines will produce more power than the old, and will perhaps be more fuel efficient.

Coinciding with the coming of ULP, Benz is launching its fresh mid-sized range, coded W124. It's bye to the 230E and 280E fours as we know them. The replacements are a 2.3-litre injected 230E (same designation, different skin) and a 300E powered by one of the all-new single overhead cam injected sixes.

Penthouse showcased Fiat a couple of issues back; there's plenty happening on the new model that's come out of Turin. In fact every make has been well stirred by the ULP stick. Renault came out of hibernation mid-year, pitching its splendid upmarket cruiser, the acclaimed 25 model, on to the local scene. This silent, refined French auto makes a great consort for the still-attractive Fuego coupe.

Earlier, Peugeot's popular 505 was injected with a parcel of power . . . an alloy headed 2165cc with Bosch L-Jetronic helping the output up to a lusty 94 kW. And even Citroen, a make sadly left to die here, might be given another chance. There's talk that the sporty BX16 TRS 1.6-litre hatchback might gain a toehold in Australia before the end of '85. It'd be nice, but we'll believe it when we see it.

Above: The new model Alfa 90. Right: Audi's Quattro 90.

The pragmatic souls from Volvo don't anticipate any great aggravation with the switch to ULP. Like many others, the Swedish company will simply draw on its extensive American unleaded experience for 1986 and beyond. Volvo is a big seller in the land of apple pie.

Mid-year here Volvo stretched its lineup with the launch of a hybrid model, using the familiar 2.3-litre, fuel-injected, bread-and-butter engine from the 240 cars in the bigger 7-series flagship. Called the 740, it came on to the market priced below its lookalike 760 and 760 Turbo models. The 740 was born almost as an apology for the 760 Turbo, which is an embarrassingly quick machine in the eyes of a company which bases much of its marketing philosophy around safety.

Most of the big moves in the big-dollar sector are made by the Europeans, mainly because the Japanese have tended to concentrate on making a killing in the sub-30 grand zone. In recent years the Japanese have virtually driven the British sports car industry out of existence, at the same time jolting the Europeans into sharpening their act. The most successful sports car of modern times is the made-in-Hiroshima Mazda RX-7, which is due for replacement very soon. The pundits reckon the new model, with a heavy Porsche influence (and that can't be bad), will be unwrapped to a salivating public at the Tokyo Motor Show in November — which means that Australia would get it sometime in the first quarter of 1986. The engine design is still hush-hush, although persistence with rotary-power would be logical. A turbo version is likely, and maybe even a supercharged rotary.

The RX-7 (new and current models) will not be hurt by ULP. On the contrary, lead is the enemy of rotary engines — and they also perform better on low octane gas. ULP 92 grade is just what the doctor ordered . . .

Mazda also has a facelifted 626 model due about now, and a turbo variant is expected to be part of the ULP era lineup. A little later in '85, the 323 replacement (also to be called the 323) arrives and it's odds on that a force-fed version will be introduced at the same time.

Subaru is not the most fashionable name on the Australian scene. A couple of new tyre burners could change this. One is the rakish Vortex sports coupe. The version bound for Oz has the 1.8-litre overhead cam flat four with injection. Quick enough, it isn't as slippery as the turbocharged model that just may make it here down the track. Limited numbers of a turbocharged all-wheel-drive coupe are already here for duty as rally racers. Proper production cars could follow if distributor LNC Industries feels a demand is there.

Already burdened with the weighty job of simply making a profit — never an easy task — Australia's five local car makers could have done without being lumped with the responsibility (and expense) of converting their model lineups to run on ULP. Ford, Holden, Toyota, Nissan and Mitsubishi are putting on brave fronts, but none have relished the engineering hassles that unleaded has brought.

Ford will have a brace of turbo engines spreadeagled right across its passenger car team, from Laser through to Falcon and LTD. Racetrack hero Dick Johnson was responsible for the turbo six development and its subsequent usage in the big family-sized cars.

Holden's Commodore will move to a Nissan-sourced straight six next year while Nissan itself will terminate the Bluebird in favor of a new medium-sized car, a rear-wheel-drive model with both four and six-cylinder power.

Putting it mildly, the Australian vehicle industry is in for an interesting 12 months. Unleaded petrol is here to stay, but that doesn't mean we have to like it.

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Australian PENTHOUSE

"I suppose I didn't want to win the British Open because I didn't know how to win and I was afraid that winning may have ruined the rest of my career"

IAN BAKER-FINCH

BY MARK FOGARTY

Ian Baker-Finch is a perfect example of the *overnight media star*. Before last year's British Open only keen golf fans knew of the young Queensland pro with the Ken Doll looks. Baker-Finch farewelled his anonymity on the first day of the world's most famous golf tournament — three days later he was the overnight leader, going into the final round. Baker-Finch's good looks and his bolt-from-the-blue performance around the hallowed Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St Andrews combined to make him a worldwide celebrity. The press and the public had found a new sports hero.

That Baker-Finch succumbed to the instant weight of global exposure and collapsed to ninth place over the last 18 holes didn't matter. All that mattered was that the media and the masses had a fresh new face to follow. Here was everybody's idea of a *nice guy*: clean-cut, handsome, wholesome, well-mannered, thoughtful and talented.

For one so young and inexperienced, Baker-Finch carries his celebrity status with remarkable poise and maturity. He is not starstruck, nor is he naive. Baker-Finch accepts his fame as a sort of an advance on his potential. He believes that one day — later than sooner — he will repay the debt by becoming a consistent winner. Baker-Finch is under no illusions. His fame of the past year may rival that of fellow-Australian Greg Norman, but by his own admission

PHOTO BY ROGER GOULD

INTERVIEW

his ability doesn't. Not yet, anyway.

Despite his successes on the Australian summer circuit, Baker-Finch remains largely unknown as distinct from unrecognised. Everybody knows the tabloid statistics: 24 years old, sex symbol, single-with-girlfriend, friendly, up-and-coming golf star. But beyond that, the good guy of golf is something of a mystery to most people. IBF was born in Nambour on Queensland's Sunshine Coast. He grew up in a dot on the map called Peachester — "a tiny place up in the Glasshouse Mountains" — near Beerwah on the Sunshine Coast Highway. His golf-playing father Tony helped establish the Beerwah Golf Club, where young Baker-Finch started playing the game. He also played tennis, soccer and footy, but at 14, after success in various Queensland junior tournaments, he decided to concentrate on golf.Rather than wait for selection in state amateur junior teams, he left school and became the assistant pro at the Gympie Golf Club.

After completing his three-year golf apprenticeship, the then 18-year-old Baker-Finch took a year off to work and save money for his tilt at the pro tour, which he joined in July 1979. Success on the circuit came neither quickly nor easily. Baker-Finch's first title was the 1983 New Zealand Open, after being runner-up in the Australian Open.

Last year was his launching pad. He won the West Australian Open in May, was runner-up in the Celtic Open in Ireland, was ninth after leading into the final round in the British Open in July, won the NSW Open in October, finished fifth in the Australian Open in November, and won the Queensland PGA in December. Baker-Finch started '85 with a win in the Victorian Open in February and followed up the week after with a fifth in the Australian Masters. His prizemoney earnings last year were $150,000, of which $70,000 was won in local tournaments — second only in Australian Professional Golfers' Association Order Of Merit events to Norman.

The Baker-Finch coffers also benefit from endorsement contracts with Lacoste (sports wear), Dunlop (golf equipment) and Duesbury's (international accountants). The Lacoste and Duesbury's associations fit perfectly the image that is naturally IBF and nurtured by his Melbourne-based business manager. "My manager and I are trying to project an upmarket image," says Baker-Finch. "I'm not changing the way I am to match an image, but I'm careful about what I endorse. I'm not just out to make a quick buck by endorsing everything I can."

His links with Melbourne are now more than just business. It is his girlfriend Jenny's hometown, and in January he moved there permanently. "It was a practical move," he says. "I'll always be a Queenslander — I love the place. I love Melbourne as well. I'm not rapt in the weather, but the people are nice, my manager's here, my girlfriend's here, and the best courses in the world are in Melbourne."

When this interview was conducted, success had eluded Baker-Finch in his first overseas forays of the year. He failed to fire in the Asian and Japanese tournaments he'd contested, and he was so overawed by the fearsome beauty of the Augusta National course that he missed the cut after the second round in his US Masters debut. Those close to him suggested he was expecting too much of himself and trying too hard to win too soon. The real test of Ian Baker-Finch's mettle will be the British Open, which will be conducted at the St Georges course, near Sandwich to the south-east of London, from July 18 to 21. He will be expected to repeat his headline-making performance at St Andrews last year. Whether he will or not is one of the central questions he addresses in this *Penthouse* interview.

Penthouse: This time last year it was very much a case of "Ian Baker-Who?" but the British Open changed that and now you're a celebrity. Is the attention you're getting justified or do you think it's still a little premature?

Baker-Finch: (Long pause) Yeah. I've certainly come of age on the Australian tour the way I've performed during the past 18 months. I really hit my straps at the end of 1983, but apart from the British Open, I haven't really done anything in overseas tournaments that was worthy of world acclaim. I've got a long way to go. I think in Australia, though, people now have a view of me that whenever I tee up for a tournament here, I'm favorite, or if Greg Norman's playing, I'm second favorite to him. And in the past six months I think we've played in the same Australian tournaments seven times. We finished equal seventh in the Queensland Open; I won the NSW Open convincingly and the Australian PGA Greg won convincingly; in the Australian Open Greg finished third and I was fifth; I won the Victorian Open; and in the Masters I finished fifth and Greg tied for second. So I'm starting to prove, to the Australian public anyway, that all of the coverage and press and whatever that I got in the British Open was valid. I came back to Australia and indicated that I had improved and had started to become a winner.

Penthouse: So, at this stage you don't regard yourself as a superstar of golf?

Baker-Finch: No. I've got a long way to go. I regard myself as well-established in Australia and I'm very confident whenever I tee up in Australia, but I really need to win tournaments overseas this year and to consolidate on that performance in the British Open. I really need to prove a lot more things to myself overseas . . . I haven't really done anything at all.

Penthouse: These days Australians are very quick to grab hold of any Australian sportsperson who looks like having some potential and showing star qualities. Does that put any pressure on someone like yourself?

Baker-Finch: Yeah, it does put pressure on you, I suppose. But I think the worst pressure is self-doubt. I enjoy having all the eyes of the Australian public on me, expecting me, and really wanting me, to do well. I'm liking it because, as I said before, it makes me try harder. But if you don't do well, it's very hard to take the knocks and the bad press — stuff like "Baker-Finch Fails Again." It is added pressure, but I think the main pressure is if you don't succeed. You've got to put that out of your mind and just think of it in terms of everyone wanting you to do well and if you don't, they'll accept it — they're not expecting you to do great things as yet. You see, I haven't reached the stage, for instance, Greg Norman has reached. He is really expected to win every tournament he tees up in.

Penthouse: Does it disappoint you that Australian fans and the media are pretty unforgiving? They're just as quick to dump you when you don't come up with the goods as they are to jump on your bandwagon when you're doing well.

Baker-Finch: Yeah, but if you do the right thing and carry yourself correctly all the while — even when you're winning — when you're not winning they're not going to dump you as quickly. If you're an arsehole while you're winning, they'll put up with it. But if you're on the way down and you're an arsehole, they won't put up with that. So I think if you handle yourself correctly and do the right thing all the time — be gracious in defeat and humble in victory — it won't be too bad. The public haven't really hassled me that much, except occasionally where I've been leading and haven't won. Up until just recently I was termed a bit of a . . . well, the common word used is "choker", but it's not a very good word. A "fader" might be a better description. Anyway, I was criticised for not being able to withstand the pressure and things like that.

Penthouse: Are you in the same league as Norman?

Baker-Finch: No, not yet. Greg's proved a helluva lot more than I have. I think I'm about where Greg was after four years. Greg really started to hit his straps right about where I am now. As I said before, I need to win overseas this year and perform well at the time. If, in three years' time, I have got to the stage that Greg was at a couple of years ago, I'll think that will be good. It's hard to say when I've achieved a lot of things in Australia, but haven't really done well overseas. I'm going over there this year with the attitude that I *can* do well and that I *will* do well.

Penthouse: You seem confident that you'll continue improving. What gives you that confidence?

Baker-Finch: Well, naturally, success breeds confidence. I've had a reasonable success in Australia and overseas. For my first year overseas, I did play very well last year. Even though I didn't win, I ran second two or three times and finished in the top ten on quite a few occasions. I think I have a good attitude towards that sort of thing. I know that if I don't keep working hard at my game and if I start thinking that I've done so many great things and that I'm better than I am, it's very easy to forget about the hard work you have to do to just stay at the level you're at.

Penthouse: At 24, you're still five or six years away from the age professional golfers usually reach their peak. Can you see yourself winning one of the majors before you're 30?

Baker-Finch: If I can just keep building on the experience of playing in the big events, I think maybe in the next couple of years I could win a major championship. But it'd be silly for me to think that I can't win a major until I'm 30 because then when you get to 30, you start thinking, "Right, I'm going to win one now." And if you don't over those couple of years, you're then putting more and more pressure on yourself. You've just got to take it as it comes.

Penthouse: Probably the most impressive aspect of your game is your demeanor. You're calm and controlled out on the course and you have a reputation of being a nice guy. Do you work on that or is that just the way you are?

Baker-Finch: Umm . . . naturally I'm a nice guy! Seriously, the way I am on the course is the way I want to be; it's the way I am in everything I do. I have had to work at my mental approach in the way I try and control myself. It's not as though I had a terrible temper for years and I'm burning up inside, but outwardly I'm calm and relaxed. That's impossible to do. I have a temper and when my bad temper shows, I think, is when I'm embarrassed . . . when I'm embarrassed about hitting a bad shot or doing something stupid. What I've tried to do in the past couple of years to get rid of the frustration is to maybe whinge about it to my caddy or to laugh about it and try and show to the public that it was a bad shot, without losing my temper.

Penthouse: While that controlled temper is good for your game, you must admit that it's also good for business . . .

Baker-Finch: Sure.

Penthouse: Your "good guy" image is very effective when it comes to picking up endorsements and getting the public onside, isn't it?

Baker-Finch: Yes, but then you can also get in the public eye by being the other way as well. You may not be popular with the public, but you can still gain public attention. It's nicer my way, though. I have a strong desire to be liked and I want to be respected as a good player. I have very close ties with my friends and my family, and for their sake I wouldn't feel happy about not being liked. It'd be hard on the family if I were not liked, although I don't want to become so nice that everyone hates me because of it!

Penthouse: You don't want to be regarded as a goody-goody . . .

Baker-Finch: No, because I'm not a goody-goody. I still show emotions and I have the desire to do well, which every good sportsman needs.

Penthouse: Did your upbringing influence the way you conduct yourself on the course?

Baker-Finch: My dad's helped me a lot. I didn't get on with dad at all when I was between 14 and 19 because he was very hard on me. He'd always come in at six o'clock in the morning if I'd slept in and say, "How's the athlete this morning? Get up and have some practice." He always had me out practising. In the early days

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when I was a trainee professional, when I'd come home from winning a Pro-Am or something, he'd never say, "That's really great. It's good to see you doing well." He'd say, "Well, that's good, but you've got to do better than that. You only won by a shot. You should be shooting better scores than that." He'd always say, "Well done", but he'd give me a knock as well, which made me try harder. And during those early years of my career, I needed something like that because it's very, very easy when you're 17 or 18 to get off the track. You know, get into the cars, the girls and the late nights, which I did do, but I still had the steadying influence of my family behind me, wanting me to do well and kicking me in the bum every time I got lazy.

Penthouse: I get the impression that your family are the people for whom you most want to succeed.

Baker-Finch: They are very important to me, yes. It's very easy in professional sport, when you're in the limelight, to just want everything for yourself. You've really got to look at what you want out of life, as well. You've got to look at being liked by people, having friends and enjoying the friendships, and maintaining family links. Eventually I'll have my own family to look after, but at the moment I'm the youngest of six children and I don't see any of them very much. It's nice to have them following my career and it's nice to do well for them. Don't get me wrong — I want to do well for myself, but it's gratifying to know they're getting a kick out of it as well.

Penthouse: How do you feel about players who lose their tempers and "act-up" during tournaments? Do you have any strong feelings about how other players should behave on the course?

Baker-Finch: No. I think that's fine as long as they don't put me off. If they start putting me off, I'll let them know. But some guys are like that, and I don't think any less of them because of it. It's just the way they are. If someone is carrying on and has lost their temper and can't control themselves, it often puts me in a better frame of mind. I think to myself, "I can beat this guy more easily now because he's let his temperament control the way he's playing." Some players just carry on to fire themselves up, just like John McEnroe sometimes really talks to himself and gets angry. There are guys like that and it's good for them. As I said, as long as it doesn't put me off, it's fine. There aren't that many golf pros who are uncontrollable on the course or lose their temper too badly because it's a game of self-control and most people realise that. We also have very strict rules in the Professional Golfers' Association that don't allow players to make idiots of themselves on the course or to abuse people. If they did, they'd be kicked out of the PGA.

Penthouse: Most young golf pros seem to have much more respect for the older players than their counterparts in other sports, particularly tennis.

Baker-Finch: Well, I certainly do, and I think it's a way of improving your own game by seeing how they go about it and how they control themselves on the course, watching their course management, and studying how they plan out their round, their tournament and their season. It's a way for me to become better at a younger age.

Penthouse: Let's look at your game. A couple of years ago you changed your swing. Was that a turning point in the mechanics of your game?

Baker-Finch: It certainly was — it was a big change. I started to play pretty well during the Australian season in late 1981. I was only 20 and starting to lead tournaments, then maybe falter in the third or the last round. But I finished in the top 10 in five or six events at the end of the year, then in '82 I didn't improve at all. I started to realise that I wasn't capable of winning the way I was swinging. So I decided to change it myself at the end of '82. I wasn't successful, although I started to make the change from a very upright swing plane to a flatter swing plane. Then Peter Thomson took me under his wing. I stayed with Peter for five or six weeks in December/January '82/'83, and while he didn't really teach me anything, he gave me a lot of things to think about. He helped me with little changes in my swing that helped me to develop it the way I wanted. I played terribly for about six months with it, but I gradually got my natural swing back in relation to the changes I'd made. At the end of '83 I took all of September off just to practice. After that I started to play really well. I still wasn't completely happy with the way I was playing because I was doing little things that the really good players don't do, but it was working for me and it got me into a better frame of mind. I then changed a couple more little things at the beginning of last year, and again I didn't play well the first few months. But once again I got the natural feel back and started to play well from about May '84 onwards. At the end of '83 I finished second in the Australian Open and won the New Zealand Open, and then just changed a couple of little things that I still wasn't happy with and really started to play as I'm playing now. I'm glad I changed because I couldn't have become the player I am now with the old swing. I still need refinements to the swing, but the fundamentals are now correct.

Penthouse: The main benefit of altering your swing was to give you more distance off the tee, right?

Baker-Finch: In the initial stages, yes, but at the moment a couple of little things have crept into my game that mean I'm not getting that distance now. I'm now working towards the fundamentals I have at the moment, plus doing a couple of things I was doing before to try and get that distance back. Hopefully, before too long I'll have the control that I've achieved in my swing over the past 12 to 15 months, as well as the distance I'd started to achieve at the end of '83. It's about 30 or 40 yards off the tee that I need to gain to get from the stage I'm at now to the standard of a world-class player. To be able to win overseas I really need to hit it a little further.

Penthouse: Do you need to be a big hitter like Greg Norman to succeed?

Baker-Finch: You don't need to be as long as Greg. It's certainly an advantage; I'd love to have the control and short game I have combined with the distance he has. I think then I would be able to play as well as Greg does. You do need to be reasonably long off the tee.

Penthouse: Your putting is regarded as your major strength. Would you agree you tend to charge the holes, that you take risks once you're close in rather than play it safe?

Baker-Finch: Yes. That's just the way I putt; it's the confidence I have in my putting and short game. If you haven't got the confidence that you can hole a putt, hit the chip shot close or hit the bunker shot to the position you want, then you will become tentative. You'll try to get the ball into the position where you're definitely not going to make more than a bogey — things like that. If you have a very fast putt downhill, you'll try and lag it down so you can get the next one in. Whereas I think I can hole the very fast putt down the hill and if it goes ten feet by, well, I'm going to hole the one back. That's just a confidence that comes with success in that particular area of the game. I work on my short game and my putting quite a bit. I still need to work hard at it just to remain at the level I'm at and to improve. Like, if I want to play well in the States, I need to improve my putting. I wouldn't be ranked a great putter in America, even though I'm good here.

Penthouse: Would you agree that the major improvement in your game since last year's British Open is that you're now more consistent over the final two rounds of a tournament?

Baker-Finch: Yes, I have been playing more consistently, although you have to look at it in perspective. I've had a couple of bad last rounds under pressure, but they weren't as bad as I used to do. But that's just maturity and confidence coming into it. I've worked on trying to get consistency since October last year. I think I've finished out of the top five about three times and out of the top ten twice. That's a big thing for me; I'm very happy that I've become that consistent.

> I have a strong desire to be liked, but I don't want to become so nice that everyone hates me for it

Penthouse: From where do you see the next stage of improvements in your game coming?

Baker-Finch: I have to hit the ball a little further with the same control that I gained over the past year, and my long iron play isn't as good as it could be. I need to improve my bunker play, too. But you really need to keep improving every part of your game. If you start thinking, "Well, my short game and my putting are good, I don't need to practice them for a while," and you start working on your long game, then your short game and putting will suffer. A big part of the game is learning how to play a course the way it's meant to be played: when to attack at the right times and when to be conservative at the correct times.

Penthouse: So it's a constant battle — you can never afford to relax.

Baker-Finch: No, you can't.

Penthouse: I guess you're aware you've become something of a golfing sex symbol . . .

Baker-Finch: Mainly with the mums and the teenagers!

Penthouse: Do you enjoy being a sex symbol?

Baker-Finch: Yes. Although, it's not as though I'm a Pat Cash or a Grant Kenny, who are very athletic and fit sorts of guys. I'm more of a . . . it's a hard question to answer. I do enjoy the fact that women think I'm good looking or that I'm a sex symbol and they come out to watch me. It's nice, it's flattering, but it's something I don't take too seriously because I haven't got a big head about myself. I don't think I have a great body or anything like that. I think it's probably more sex appeal, that I come across as the reasonably good-looking, clean-cut nice guy. I was voted Australia's sexiest sportsman by viewers of *The Midday Show* with Ray Martin, but it was a very tongue-in-cheek show. I mean, you couldn't rate me more of a sex symbol than Grant Kenny, who has muscles on his muscles. Pat Cash is the same. They need to be like that because of the sports they're in. If I was built like them, I wouldn't be able to play golf because I wouldn't be supple enough; I'd be too tight and I wouldn't be able to swing.

Penthouse: Were you aware of that potential sex appeal before you started making headlines?

Baker-Finch: No, I never really thought about it. Before I started to consistently do well I still got quite a bit of press because I was perhaps good-looking and came across well on TV. I drew galleries even though I wasn't winning. It's a bonus to me to be thought of that way, and on the endorsement side of things, it's a big help. In the long run it has to be good for me.

Penthouse: I guess it's safe to say that, particularly in your case, it'd be pretty easy for a professional golfer to stray if he wanted to.

Baker-Finch: Yes, because like any professional sportsmen, we're travelling a lot and we're in the public eye. It's easy to get led astray . . . going out late at nights with the girls, or even just having a few too many beers with the guys. The lifestyle of a golfer is probably easier than that of, say, a tennis player or footballer, who really has to be fit and strong and healthy the next day. Golf is just walking around, but you have to think of it in the same way in that if you don't look after yourself the night before or the week before, you're not going to perform at your best. It's the same as any other sport. What I do whenever I'm playing is practice in the morning, play golf, which takes four or five hours, practice again when I'm finished, then go back and perhaps think about the day — try to analyse what happened if things went wrong — or just stay calm and relaxed for the next day if I'm doing well or leading. After that I go out for dinner, have two or three beers or a bottle of wine with my meal, then I go

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home to bed. I don't go out late at nights to discos or drinking all night with the boys or anything like that when I'm playing in a tournament because it will affect your performance not only the next day, but in the weeks and months to come.

Penthouse: But there must be plenty of players who succumb to the temptations of the pleasures of the flesh?

Baker-Finch: Oh yeah, there are a lot. And don't get me wrong. I enjoy a good time as much as anybody, and I'll have a great time within reason on, say, Sunday and Monday nights when there's nothing doing for the next couple of days. But there are a lot of guys who just enjoy a good time and they're out on the tour playing golf as a sideline to having a good time, whereas I'm out there playing golf to make a living, to achieve my goals, to win and make a good life for myself.

Penthouse: We never hear anything about drugs on the golf circuit. Is it realistic to assume they don't exist on the tour?

Baker-Finch: I'm sure there are guys who smoke a joint now and then. It's not the sort of thing you want to go carrying through customs, though. I don't do it myself, but I really don't think a bit of grass hurts the guys who use it. And I honestly don't know of anybody who's into anything harder than the occasional joint.

Penthouse: Golf must have the best image of any sport in the world.

Baker-Finch: Definitely, and I think it's an image that will continue to grow, especially in Australia. We have five or six young blokes who are world-class. When I say world-class, I don't mean they could go over and win anywhere in the world, but we can fly the Australian flag wherever we play and do it proud.

Penthouse: It's interesting that you say we have good potential in our young players, despite the fact the Australian golf circuit is so weak.

Baker-Finch: You're right, the Australian circuit is having a tough time because we don't have the population here to support a strong tour. The thing that will keep the Australian circuit alive and maintain its important standing is the fact that there's a lot of young blood coming into the Australian circuit; there's not a lot of prizemoney involved, except for maybe four or five tournaments. I can tell you right now that if we had 40 major tournaments in Australia, there's no way I'd be going overseas because I love Australia so much. But to improve our game, we need to go overseas to get more experience. The Australian circuit clashes with a lot of major tournaments overseas, and that's going to be the telling point — whether the Australian players will continue to support the local circuit, when at the same time overseas we could be playing for five or ten times as much money. That's a very big decision I'm going to have to make this year. I love playing in Australia, I want to play here, and I always want to be the number one player in Australia each season. But if I'm invited to play in three or four million dollar tournaments at the same time as the smaller Australian events, it's a pretty tough decision to say, "I'm going to support the Australian circuit; I'm going back to play for $30,000 instead of a million dollars." That's the hard thing with the Australian circuit — the time of year it's on and the pressure the players are under to play for a smaller amount of money than they could play for overseas.

Penthouse: Rather than October/November, when would be a better time of year for the Australian circuit?

Baker-Finch: I think the beginning of the year would be a good time. If we could play here January/February and then go on to the Asian tour, which so many of us do, that would be good timing. November/December would be good, but the start of the circuit at the moment is the end of September and there's quite a few big tournaments on overseas at that time. Also, in November this year there are four or five major tournaments throughout the world. It's very hard to schedule the Australian circuit, but then it's very hard for the public and the Australian PGA to expect the Australian players always to come back and support the local circuit when the money isn't there. It's a Catch 22 situation, of course. We don't have the population or, really, the depth or standard of play here to warrant the $500,000 tournaments. In Europe and the States, the populations make it so much easier to put up that kind of money. They also have hundreds of very, very good players, whereas in Australia we really only have maybe 20 very good players. The standard of those 20 is equal to any in the world, but we don't have the 100 great players. The way the Australian Masters and the Australian Open are going at the moment, I think they'll regain the world status we had in the late-Seventies. The Australian economy went through a bad time in the early-Eighties, and golf here was hit hard by that recession. We do have four or five very, very good tournaments that attract fields of a high standard, but to have a circuit as strong as those in the States or Europe is an impossibility.

Penthouse: But surely it's a losing battle if you have tournaments like the Victorian Open worth just $60,000?

Baker-Finch: The circuit here can go one of two ways: we'll either have five or six tournaments only in the season for a lot of money to attract the world-class players, or we'll have 15 or 20, maybe even more, tournaments that will only be for resident Australian players. With the latter, you won't have Greg Norman, David Graham, Graham Marsh and maybe myself playing. I hope Australia remains a respected tour. The European, Japanese, American and Australian tours are the four major circuits in the world. We can still achieve invitations and exemptions into the tournaments on the major circuits of the world through the Australian circuit, and as long as the Australian tour retains its international importance, even though the money isn't the same, I'll continue to support it. But it's very hard to support every event because of the clashes with major tournaments overseas.

Penthouse: You face a real dilemma later in the year because the NSW Open, which you won last year, clashes with the rich Dunhill world teams event in Scotland.

Baker-Finch: That's not the only clash, either. There are other tournaments of that status at the same time as the Australian tour. I think the Australian public, the Australian PGA, my peers, and the other players would expect me to play in a tournament for $1.5 million as I would be representing Australia. I would love to defend my NSW title, but . . . I haven't really made my decision yet on what I'm going to do. As you said, it is a very tough decision.

Penthouse: Is Australia a good training ground for potential golf stars?

Baker-Finch: Yes, because if you want to do well and you work hard, you can, while you're learning, make a living from the game. That's what I did for four years; I played Australia only. I played in smaller Pro-Am events, of which there were quite a few on the Sunshine circuit in Queensland, and as I was learning the game and how to play and how to conduct myself, I could make a living as well. So I'm never going to snub the Australian circuit because it gave me my start. And it is a good training ground because it's not difficult to make a living. It's very difficult to make a good living because there's not that much prizemoney, but it stands you in good stead for when you go overseas. At least you get used to playing four-round tournaments, playing for money, and playing under the pressure of tournament conditions.

Penthouse: Did the Australian Skins contribute anything to Australian golf, or was it just what it appeared to be: made-for-TV entertainment?

Baker-Finch: It was a very controversial tournament. There are different ways of looking at it. It was certainly good for Greg Norman, Tom Watson, Seve Ballesteros and Jack Nicklaus. I can't see it doing any harm to Australian golf, but whether it will do it any good, I'm not sure. But it certainly had to be a good thing for the public. It was a great spectacle: four great players playing under the pressure, for a lot of money, around a great golf course. It may be the start of more of those kind of events — more limited-field events that will get the top players playing for the money, which will be good for the Australian public.

Penthouse: But those sorts of events are really just the golfing equivalent of limited-over cricket . . .

Baker-Finch: In a way, yes. I can see that happening easily in Australia because of the limited amount of money we're playing for, and also we haven't the number of good players there are overseas. I can't say I think the Skins is bad because I'm at a stage now where I think I may start being invited into things like that, and it's going to be good for my career. It's good to have the world television and press coverage to show what I can do. The guys who haven't got a chance of being invited into things like that may say it's a bad thing for golf. I can't see it being a bad thing, but I can't see it being a great thing for Australian golf, either.

Penthouse: These days, Greg Norman is really only Australian in nationality. He lives in the US and spends most of his time there . . . Do you see yourself going the same way?

Baker-Finch: I'm sure in the next few years I'll have to if I'm going to play 20 or 25 weeks in the States. I will need to live there for that amount of time. But one thing I can honestly say now is that I'll always come back and support the events that I can. I think Greg is the same as me in a lot of ways. We're both from Queensland, we're both avid Queenslanders, and when we're overseas we're Australian and always will be. I think it's just hard for Greg at the moment with all his commitments.

Penthouse: How important to you is the money side of golf?

Baker-Finch: I'm in a good position at the moment to make quite a lot of money from the game, but the sort of person you are dictates what you do with it and how much you really want. I don't think about it much — I just know that if I keep playing well I'm going to make a lot of money. I don't think of it as, "Gee, I'm going to be a millionaire in ten years." Last year I made $150,000, but I can honestly say it cost me at least $60,000 to play. This year will cost me close to $100,000, so you need to make a lot of money to keep going. If you have a bad year, it still costs you $100,000, but you may only make $45,000. It costs a lot of money to do the tours: airfares, accommodation, entry fees to the tournaments, caddies, etcetera.

Penthouse: Still, at your level you're always going to be ahead, aren't you?

> "I used to find the prospect of making so much money daunting; I wondered what I would do with it. Now I just accept it"

Baker-Finch: Yes, but you have to be a very, very good player to make a helluva lot of money from the game. I hope that I continue to improve so I can earn big money, but I'm not doing it to become rich. It's actually something that in the past I've been a little bit frightened of. That may sound strange, but I used to find the prospect of making so much money daunting; I wondered what I was going to do with it. Now I just accept it.

Penthouse: Of course, the real money isn't made on the golf course, is it?

Baker-Finch: If you play really well and become an international winner, you'll make a lot of money in endorsements and contracts. If I stayed at the position I'm at now, I wouldn't really make that much money. I need to win overseas. I'm fortunate that I have a good image in Australia and am creating a good image overseas, and that will help in making money off the course.

Penthouse: Let's go back to last year's British Open. How did it feel leading one of the majors on your first attempt?

Baker-Finch: It was unbelievable. It was so good to prove to myself that I can play this game. The first day I played really nicely — I was a shot from the lead — and the second day I went out and played just like I was playing the Victorian Open. I didn't feel any pressure or anything — I just went out and played. It was a great feeling for me and it was superb for my career. To fall away at the end was heart-breaking. It was the result of a lot of errors I made, not only in my swing but in my judgement and I had a bit of bad luck here and there. Basically, though, I couldn't handle it. I was rushing and not in the correct frame of mind. But to lead the biggest tournament in the world after the second and third rounds was great for my career and very good for my confidence.

Penthouse: Is there any concern that that final-round collapse will haunt you?

Baker-Finch: No. It's just one of those things. At least I had the heart to come back two under for the last four holes. But before that everything was going wrong for me. I didn't play as well as I should've. It was a higher level of golf than I'd ever played before and I did well for three days. I finished ninth in the tournament, which was beyond any of my wildest dreams for my first major. People who've won major tournaments are still happy to finish in the top ten, so for me to do it in the first one I'd ever played was great. It took me a while to get over that last round. I cried in the locker room for half an hour, just letting out the frustration and the emotions I'd held inside me for five or six days. But afterwards I thought about what I'd achieved and now I think of it as a great experience rather than how I stuffed up.

Penthouse: You've been quoted to the effect that deep down, you didn't really want to win the British Open. Is that true?

Baker-Finch: Yes. It's more a feeling I have now than something I was thinking at the time. People have asked me why I collapsed — was I nervous? I wasn't nervous because nervousness is a lack of confidence in your own ability to play the game, which I don't have. I got tense because I couldn't handle the situation; I'd never been in that situation before. To say I didn't want to win is pretty accurate because I didn't know how to win and I was afraid that winning may have ruined the rest of my career. Had I won the first time I ever teed up in a major tournament, it would've been great for me — I would've made millions out of it. But to be under that amount of pressure so young and so inexperienced, really, would've been bad for my career in the long term, I think. Deep down, I believe it wasn't that bad not to win.

Penthouse: Do you expect to be under a lot of pressure to perform very well in the British Open again this year?

Baker-Finch: Sure, but that's good. I enjoy playing under pressure because it'll make me try that much harder and keep my wits about me. I don't think people are expecting me to go out and win this year, and for me to expect that at the age of 24

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Penthouse: Of the majors, which is the most important?

Baker-Finch: I think the British Open has the history of the game, whereas the US Masters has a history and an aura about the tournament. Augusta National is the most beautiful golf course you'll ever lay eyes on. The atmosphere there is incredible. I think an American player would more than likely want to win the US Masters before the British Open, but for worldwide acclaim and for the history of the game itself, I think the British Open would be the major one. More of the top players from everywhere in the world compete in the British Open — it's not just the Americans plus one or two from other countries. Anyone who's in the top five in their country qualifies, and anyone can enter and try to qualify. Joe Blow down the road on a scratch handicap can try to qualify, whereas that's not possible in the other tournaments.

Penthouse: What's your long-term plan? How are you going to tackle the world circuit?

Baker-Finch: My short-term plan is to keep playing in Australia. My goal in Australia is to finish number one on the Order Of Merit this year and to stay there for as long as I can support the Australian tournaments. As well as the Australian circuit, I'll do 12 tournaments in Europe this year and again next year, plus the major tournaments in Japan — five or six each year — and the Asian tour for three or four weeks each year just to get more experience because it'll be easier to win in Asia than Japan, the States or Europe. Then, each year, if I continue to get invited to play in certain tournaments in the States, I'll just play those events to which I'm invited. I'll go in for a quick look, do my best, perhaps get the experience of winning there, and then eventually play there a lot more and less in Europe and Japan because the money is in the States. But at the moment, I feel I can make more money in Europe than in the States because I believe I can go to Europe and win and be a major contender each week. There's so much pressure in the States; it's such a big tour and there are so many guys that can win there. I think I need to learn how to win in Japan, Europe, Asia and Australia — learn to be a consistent winner — before I can think of going to the States and winning.

Penthouse: Is there a rivalry building up between you and Greg Norman for the title of number one in Australia?

Baker-Finch: No, I think Greg's main aim is to be number one in the world. He's been number one in Australia for five years . . . I don't think people would expect him to keep topping the Australian Order Of Merit. Just say Greg didn't win the Order Of Merit this year — say I did. People would still respect Greg as one of the best players in the world and realise that he's a better player than me. If I were to happen to win the Australian money list Order Of Merit it would be because I supported the local tour and I played better in my own country. There's no real rivalry between us. I admire the guy for the way he's gone about doing what he has to do. He's still very young for what he's achieved — he's only 30. We've become closer friends recently because I'm starting to come good and he's helped me a lot, actually, in getting into the States. It's more a desire for me to do as well as him rather than a rivalry.

Penthouse: You don't feel at all that you're in his shadow?

Baker-Finch: No, I don't. I'm a different sort of person and I've done things in a different way. Greg exploded on to the scene so quickly, winning in his first year on the tour, then going to Europe and Japan and winning, and continuing to consolidate his performances by winning consistently. It's been a long, hard battle for me to win in Australia for the first time. Now I'm winning consistently in Australia and this year is a big year for me. I don't consider myself as being in his shadow so much as he's someone to look up to and try to follow in his footsteps.

Penthouse: Which players influenced you on your way up through the ranks?

Baker-Finch: Nicklaus, really. From when I started to play the game, Nicklaus was my idol — and still is. Not only because he's just a great player, but the way he goes about things and the way he comes across to the public. Then, of course, Australian players such as Bob Shearer, Greg Norman, Graham Marsh — for the way he's so steady and consistent — and then Peter Thomson, for the way he's always played. I think my game resembles Peter's in a lot of ways because it's so simple. I try not to get too involved in the theory of the game — I just try and remain clear-headed, and that's what Peter did. And I think you'll remain a good player for a lot longer if you can do it that way. Ballesteros is also a good person to study and watch because he's such a natural talent, and he has very simple theories of the game as well, although he has a different kind of game to mine. The Australians who've helped me a lot with my attitude and the way I plan my round are Thomson and Shearer.

Penthouse: At your age and stage of career, you must still admire some of your potential rivals.

Baker-Finch: Yes. That's something I have to put out of my mind when I'm playing against them. It's something I couldn't do last year. Whenever I got into a tournament with Ballesteros, Norman and Langer, I thought, "Let's try and win, but if I don't, just finish as well up as I can." I now have to start thinking of beating those guys. I know I can if I'm playing well enough. What I have to keep reminding myself is that I'm playing against them, I'm not there to watch them. It's difficult, but it's something I'm going to have to overcome. Experience will help me because the more I play with them and against them, the easier it will become.

Penthouse: Who's the best golfer in the world right now?

Baker-Finch: Ballesteros. He and Watson are vying for number one. Watson is certainly the best player in the States, and has been for six or seven years. He's been the best in the world or one of the best in the world all of that time. There are people who would say Watson is the best just as easily as I said Ballesteros, but I think Ballesteros just has that little extra fire — that aura about him that he'll remain number one for a long time to come. To become acknowledged as the best player in golf is a hard thing because there are so many guys who just in a season can play so much better than someone who's top-ranked and be regarded as better. But over a long period of time you'd have to look at Ballesteros and Watson as the best two. Nicklaus is still in the top five, I think, and was the best for 20 years — certainly the best player ever. But I think if anyone is ever to have a better record than Nicklaus, it's Ballesteros who has the best chance.

Penthouse: Do you believe that one day you'll be number one?

Baker-Finch: I don't have that aspiration. I would like to be one of the best. Perhaps when I achieve a few more of my goals along the way, I may then start thinking: "Well, shit, I can become number one." But it's such a hard thing at my age and stage of my career for me to say I'm going to be the best, whereas it's something that Greg Norman has always strived to achieve. Maybe in a couple of years it will become my aspiration. My goal is to be respected as one of the best players Australia's ever produced.

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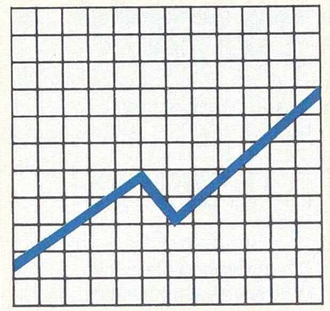
PENTHOUSE PSYCHOGRAPH

HAVE YOU A DEATH WISH?



We're all going to die sooner or later, but some of us help the process along with habits and behaviors that shorten our life spans. Psychologists refer to this sort of thing as ISDB (Indirect Self-Destructive Behavior), and this psychograph can help you estimate how prone to it you are.

Actually, everyone indulges in self-destructive behavior to some degree. Writing in the book *The Many Faces of Suicide*, Californian psychiatrist Robert Litman says, "ISDB is part of the repertoire of all of us and is, in fact, ubiquitous." But the extent of self-destructiveness varies enormously from person to person. One guy may confine his self-destructiveness to something like biting his fingernails while another gambles his pay away each week, never drives under 130 km/h, and regularly has affairs with women whose husbands just happen to be all-in wrestlers.

From an evolutionary standpoint, any sort of self-destructive behavior would seem illogical and counterproductive. Yet psychological theorists suspect that ISDB sometimes actually performs a lifesaving function. It's one way the human organism wards off depression. It is, as Dr Litman says, "our way of denying our ultimate helplessness against death, fate, bad luck, and inner turmoil." If we didn't have these defences against despair, we'd all probably go out and jump off the nearest bridge. In fact, psychologists refer to some of the more extreme forms of ISDB as "second-degree suicide."

It's easy to fall into patterns of self-destructiveness because, by and large, these behaviors offer immediate gratification — though they may be dangerous in the long run. That also goes for the gentleman who's screwing the wrestler's wife — the immediate pleasure of getting his rocks off is more powerful than the risk that her old man might someday come in and crush substantial parts of his anatomy. It's easy to say, "You gotta die some time," as long as "some time" isn't too close at hand.

The following questions, derived from the psychological research on ISDB, can enable you to measure the dimensions of your own self-destructiveness. They may not keep you from self-destructing, but they may at least alert you to some dangers you hadn't noticed.

PART I

1. Would you say you're accident prone?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

2. Which of the following statements most accurately describes you?
   (a) Basically, I've got a pretty good opinion of myself.
   (b) I feel I'm as good as the next guy, although I have moments of self-doubt — as, I suppose, most people do.
   (c) I often feel worthless and helpless.

3. Do you think you're a lucky person?
   (a) yes
   (b) No, I'm unlucky.
   (c) I don't think luck has much to do with anything one way or the other.

4. Do you have trouble remembering people's names?
   (a) yes
   (b) sometimes
   (c) not usually

5. Are you usually prompt about keeping appointments and meeting deadlines?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

6. Which of the following statements comes closest to describing how you perceive time?
   (a) Time seems to pass very quickly; I never seem to have enough time to do everything I want.
   (b) Time seems to drag along for me; I sometimes have trouble filling my time and keeping busy.
   (c) Sometimes time passes very quickly for me; other times it seems to drag. I guess it all has to do with what I have to do and whether or not I'm enjoying myself.
   (d) I never give much thought to how time passes; it just seems to go along steadily, and I don't notice if it's going quickly or slowly.

7. With which of the following statements would you be more likely to agree:
   (a) Basically life is pretty interesting; I'm never at a loss for things to do.
   (b) Life is basically boring, so you have to go out and look for things that will make it exciting and interesting.

8. How do you feel about this statement? "I'm the most important person in my life. You've got to look out for Number One because nobody else is going to do it for you."
   (a) agree strongly
   (b) agree quite a bit
   (c) agree somewhat and disagree somewhat
   (d) disagree quite a bit
   (e) disagree strongly

9. How often do you feel depressed?
   (a) very often
   (b) sometimes
   (c) rarely or never

10. Immediately after having an argument with someone you're very close to, how are you likely to feel?
    (a) I often feel sorry and ashamed.
    (b) I feel withdrawn and cold.
    (c) I feel angry and want to go out and do something wild to work it off.
    (d) I'm not particularly close to anyone.

11. Which of the following statements most accurately describes you?
    (a) I'm a person who's quite careful about my money. I may appear cheap to some people, but I feel you have to spend your money wisely.
    (b) If I have money, I spend it. The

> This behavior offers immediate gratification, though it may be dangerous in the long run

main value of money is what it can buy for you, so why hoard it?

12. How do you feel about the future?
(a) I plan for the future; long-range goals and plans are important to me.
(b) I'm a spur-of-the-moment person. I'd generally rather do things on impulse than plan them. Why worry about the future? It's going to come no matter what, and there's not a lot you can do to change it.

13. Do you think other people perceive you as someone who's strong and in control of his life?
(a) yes
(b) Some do, some don't.
(c) no
(d) I'm not sure, but that's how I *want* them to perceive me.

14. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "Going to a psychologist or psychiatrist might be all right for other people, but not for me. First of all, I don't feel as if I have any great problems; but even if I did, going to a shrink would be the last thing I'd do."
(a) agree
(b) disagree

15. Would you say you're the type of person who is more likely to:
(a) give advice?
(b) take advice?

16. If you had to choose, would it be more important to you:
(a) to have a strong, close relationship with only one woman?
(b) to have lots of casual sex with many different women?

PART II

For each of the following questions, check the answer that applies to you:

	yes	*no*
1. Do you ever get so high that you get sick?	___	___
2. Do you put off going to the doctor even when you're pretty sure you've got something wrong with you?	___	___
3. Do you neglect to take medicines that have been prescribed for you?	___	___
4. Are you involved in fights or in arguments that go to the brink of physical confrontation once a year or more?	___	___
5. Do you generally drive faster than the posted speed limit?	___	___
6. Do you drive when you're high?	___	___
7. Do you gamble more than you can afford to lose?	___	___
8. Do you engage in such risky sports as mountain climbing, hang gliding, or parachuting?	___	___
9. Are you more than 18kgs overweight?	___	___
10. Do you regularly participate in any illegal activity that could cost you your job and/or your reputation? (Do not overlook such "minor" offences as shoplifting or petty thievery at the office.)	___	___

SCORING

PART I

Items in Part I of this psychograph deal with personal characteristics and opinions that tend to show up among people who exhibit Indirect Self-Destructive Behavior. All possible answers in this section have been assigned point values, which are listed below. To find your score for Part I, add up the point values of the answers you have chosen. The highest possible score is 80 points; the lowest, 16.

1. a-5, b-1
2. a-5, b-4, c-1
3. a-1, b-5, c-1
4. a-5, b-2, c-1
5. a-1, b-5
6. a-1, b-5, c-3, d-1
7. a-1, b-5
8. a-5, b-4, c-3, d-2, e-1
9. a-1, b-2, c-5
10. a-1, b-2, c-5, d-4
11. a-1, b-5
12. a-1, b-5
13. a-5, b-3, c-1, d-3
14. a-5, b-1
15. a-5, b-1
16. a-1, b-5

If you scored 60 to 80 points:
Psychologically speaking, you appear to bear a strong resemblance to people who are prone to ISDB. This doesn't necessarily mean you're out there actively seeking to sabotage your own life, but it does indicate that you have the type of personality that can easily fall into self-destructive patterns. You take your pleasures wherever, and as often, as you can find them. Yet all the while, something may be eating away inside you and pushing you toward behaviors that will take a heavy toll in the long run.

37 to 59 points:
Your personality is the type that is moderately prone to Indirect Self-Destructive Behavior. If you were a gambler, you might not risk your life's savings but you'd wager enough so that paying your monthly bills would always be a touch-and-go proposition. Your ISDB urge is strong enough that it could be taking a substantial toll on your life over the long haul.

16 to 36 points:
You appear to have a relatively weak tendency toward Indirect Self-Destructive Behavior. You probably take life more seriously than most ISDB types do. You're likely to examine your actions and motives more deeply than those who scored above you on this psychograph. You're more willing to face life's unpleasant side. The good news is that people like this often have great understanding of themselves and the world around them; the bad news is that what they discover by their probing sometimes depresses the hell out of them.

PART II

There is no scoring evaluation for Part II. If you checked "yes" on *any* of the Part II items, you're practising some fairly severe forms of Indirect Self-Destructive Behavior, and you may have a problem you should do some thinking about — no matter what your score on Part I of the psychograph.

Toyota Tarago gets 'Lexcellent' design approval.

Magic Toyota Tarago has received enormous acclaim since its introduction. The most 'Lexcellent' of all comes from famous designer and perfectionist, Ben Lexcen.

"Tarago gets my 100% approval," says Ben. "It's not just another box on wheels."

"It's a fresh, original, let's-go-back-and-start-from-the-very-beginning answer to the problem of moving more people with more style and comfort."

Ben affirms that Tarago's design goes beyond a car, beyond a van, beyond a wagon. He emphasizes Tarago's sleek aerodynamic lines which cut down drag and exert a downforce that helps maintain stability at highway speeds.

He says Tarago's coil spring rear suspension – unique in vehicles of this sort – provides an exceptionally comfortable ride and also contributes to Tarago's fine handling.

He appreciates the armchair comfort, colour co-ordination, and luxurious feeling throughout Tarago's interior. "Top marks!" he says.

"The low-inertia design of Tarago's 2.0 litre Super Responsive engine is another feature I admire."

"It revs freely, literally gives me the feeling of super response when I put my foot down."

Ben drives the Tarago GLS with two sunroofs, 4-speed automatic including overdrive, front and rear air condition control, and front console refrigerator which even makes ice cubes.

"I also like its new Cruise Control. I can set it at any speed I choose, and that's the feeling I like."

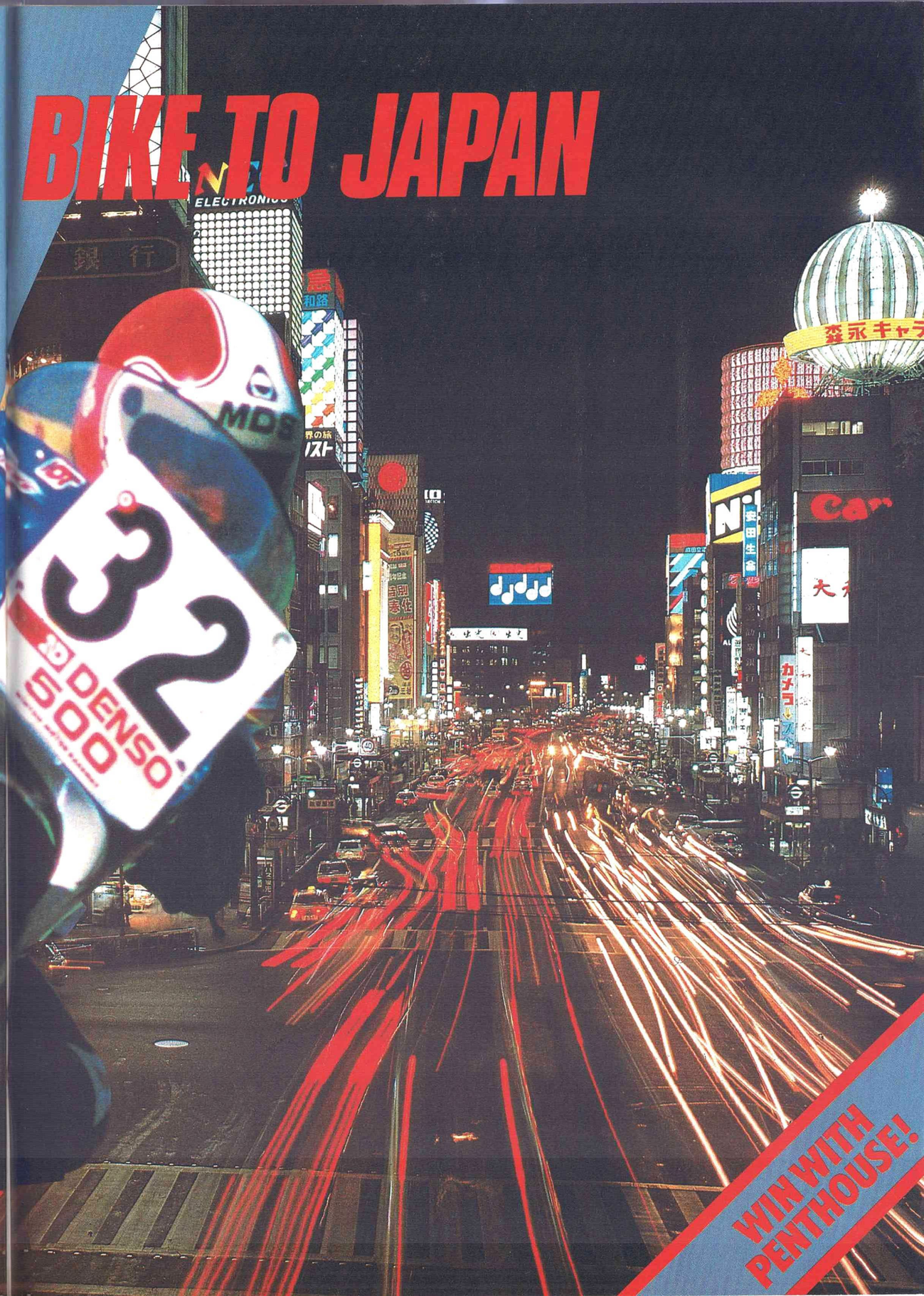
Magic New Tarago GLS, GL, and DX.

Design and quality that pleases even Ben Lexcen.

DFS/TT/336

RIDE A SUZUKI SUPER BIKE TO JAPAN

This month's competition prize is one of the most spectacular ever offered to the readers of *Australian Penthouse*. Up for grabs is a new Suzuki GSX-R750, described as the bike "that was born to be a legend", plus a one-week holiday for two to Japan along with $1000 spending money. Total value of the prize is in excess of $10,500. With the GSX-R750, Suzuki has made it possible for the rider to experience the genuine feeling of a Grand Prix racer. It is the ultimate performance machine for those motorcycle connoisseurs who demand nothing but the best. To be eligible to win this magnificent prize, along with the trip for two to Japan, just turn the page, answer the questions on the coupon and send your *entry to Penthouse*. Entries close last mail August 30.



WIN WITH PENTHOUSE!

WIN WITH PENTHOUSE!

When Suzuki withdrew from the World Manufacturing Championship race program in 1984, they announced that in future their factory racers and production machines would not be significantly different. Suzuki held the view that the traditional competitive spirit between individual racing enthusiasts was being destroyed by corporate domination of the sport, and so decided to manufacture an affordable production machine that would meet the racing requirements, as well as the financial limitations, of those experienced individual riders wishing to take part in major competitions around the world.

The new GSX-R750 is that bike — the supreme race-bred road machine. It is a high performance bike designed primarily for cruising on the open road, yet it is still capable of winning both Endurance and Formula I Championships. It is a direct descendant of Suzuki's champion GS 1000R endurance racer, further refined through advanced technology and computer-assisted engineering to fulfil maximum performance requirements.

The new GSX-R750 is capable of exceeding 240 km/h, and with its ultra-light weight of 176 kgs and its standard 100 PS power unit (which can be tuned to a maximum power of 130 PS) it yields a phenomenal 1.76 kg to 1 PS. That means rival bikes with the same engine size will now find themselves being matched against a machine capable of producing more than 10 percent more power while losing around 20 percent in weight.

The GSX-R750 certainly offers the definitive experience in bike riding. It fulfils the three requirements of sport motorcycles — ultimate speed, superb cornering and utmost stopping confidence — to an unparalleled extent. It is really a machine that adds new meaning to the phrase: "Power to the people."

Also to be won is a one-week holiday for two in Tokyo, again courtesy of Suzuki. Included in this package are airfares between Australia and Japan, accommodation for one week in a luxury Tokyo hotel, a half-day sightseeing tour of Tokyo and a full-day trip to Nikko, one of Japan's premier tourist attractions, plus a spending allowance of $500 per person. The prize also features a tour of the Suzuki factory, surely a highlight for true motorcycle aficionados, as well as an optional two-day excursion to Kyoto, via the *shinkansen* or bullet train, and incorporating a stopover at the incomparable Mt Fuji.

To be in the running for this fabulous prize, all you need do is answer the questions on the coupon below and send in your entry. The first correct entry drawn by the editor of *Australian Penthouse* will win the Suzuki GSX-R750 and the trip for two to Japan. Don't muck around, though; entries close on August 30.

RIDE A SUZUKI SUPER BIKE TO JAPAN

Clip and send completed coupon to: Suzuki GSX-R750 Competition, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062. The answers to the questions can be found in the preceding copy. Only one entry per person is allowed.

1. Of which bike is the GSX-R750 said to be a direct descendant?

_____

2. How much does a standard GSX-R750 weigh?

_____

3. What is the Japanese name for the "bullet train"?

_____

Name: _____

Address: _____

_____ **Telephone:** _____

Permit No TC85/1151. Issued under the Lotteries & Art Unions Act.

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

Your entry must be on the official entry form or a facsimile of that form. Only one entry per person is allowed.

Entry and participation in the competition is open to residents of Australia other than employees of *Australian Penthouse* and their families, employees of Suzuki Australia Pty Ltd, Suzuki dealers and their families and employees of McCarthy, Watson and Spencer and their families.

One correct entry will be drawn from all the correct entries received. That entry will be the winner.

Closing date for the competition will be last mail on Friday, August 30, 1985. The winner will be announced in a forthcoming issue of *Australian Penthouse* in the Loose Ends section.

The winning entrant, by entering this competition, shall be deemed to agree to accept public acknowledgement of his winning entry in person and further to the making of such public appearances as the promoters shall reasonably require.

On all questions, disputes or matters arising in relation to the contest, the editor's decision will be final. No correspondence will be entered into and entry in the competition indicates acceptance of all rules and conditions.

This competition is brought to you by Suzuki Australia Pty Ltd and *Australian Penthouse*.

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☐ Dec '79	Romantic Carmen McCall	Kids in Jail
☐ Jan '80	Sydney's Kelly Russell	Ecstasy in Space
☐ Feb '80	Queensland's Lyn Baron	Noosa – Jetset Playground
☐ Mar '80	Blonde Jessica Castles	Karen Pini Pictorial
☐ Apr '80	Gold Coast's Cherie Marsh	Art of loving Pictorial
☐ May '80	Beautiful Susie Peters	Sexual Norms
☐ Jun '80	Delightful Debra Rietberg	Tax Dodging by Clyne
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☐ Aug '80	Luscious Linda Ferguson	Joh and Japanese Meat rip-off
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ELECTRIC DREAMS

SERVICE BY DAVID FRITH

Australians watch more videos than any other people on earth. By the end of 1985 almost 50 percent of Australian homes will have a video cassette recorder — about twice the rate of the US. The Australian video hardware market is worth around $500 million a year to the Japanese makers (and the handful of Europeans) who share it. Video software is worth another $160 million.

One reason video has taken hold faster and more completely here than in the US is our lack of a cable TV network. Americans are able to hook into cable services that offer them near-first-run movies, top sporting telecasts and high-quality music video. In Australia there is no cable service, and the Labor government has ruled out any likelihood of one in the near future. The wiring of Australia is just too expensive a project to consider. And so we've embraced the video option with exceptional enthusiasm.

This article charts something of the breadth and depth of the video incursion into Australian life. It looks at the machinery that makes it possible: both the current marketplace and the emerging trends in a rapidly changing hi-tech society. The emergence of the home computer, videotex and teletext services is just the start of a revolution that is putting the video screen at the heart of our lives. New satellite services and high-definition TV are just around the corner. Three-D, fibre-optical cable services, holography and other more obscure refinements can be glimpsed dimly through the mists of emerging technology.

VCRS: SOUNDING BETTER, COSTING MORE

For the enthusiast, there's one very significant difference between buying video and buying audio equipment. When you buy a hi-fi audio rig, the more money you spend the better your gear will sound — roughly speaking. But no matter how much you outlay on video, the picture is going to look much the same. Your $499 VCR "special" is capable of delivering a picture that to most eyes will look identical to one produced by a $1500 top-of-the-range set, although the TV monitor through which it is played may make a considerable difference.

What do you get, then, for your extra $1000 or so? More "features" — that is, a better freeze frame, multi-function infra-remote control, possibly some sophisticated editing facilities for people who shoot home video movies . . . and, increasingly, much better sound.

Are they worth the extra cost? That's up to you, but for those with an eye on quality, the improvements in sound quality alone are worth considering — especially the new hi-fi models now being offered on both VHS and Beta formats.

Until recently most televised sound, and most videos, had atrocious soundtracks. Playing them through a hi-fi system improved matters slightly — but frequently at the cost of intrusive tape hiss. The problem was inherent in the system. In normal video recording, tape passes through the system at quite slow speeds — less than half that of an audio cassette. For the video signals, the record and playback heads are mounted on a spinning drum, moving very quickly relative to the tape, and tracing out a pattern of diagonal stripes across the tape. The pattern is known as "helical scan" recording. But the stationary audio head, laying a linear track in either mono or stereo along one edge of the tape, is incapable of producing high quality sound.

Beta Hi-Fi and VHS Hi-Fi systems have audio heads mounted on the spinning drum, along with the video heads. They record in the same helical scan way, with a writing speed 20 times faster than the stationary method, and using FM techniques to lay audio tracks in the same diagonal pattern but below the video signal. Audio frequency is wide and flat, with dynamic range of 80dB or better, compared with around 60dB for an LP record, and there is no tape hiss, no audible wow and flutter. Indeed the sound quality on hi-fi video machines can be almost as good as that from compact audio discs using laser beams and digital technology. "Can be" are the words used because, although stereo television is now a reality in this country, few broadcast programs are yet accompanied by top-notch audio.

And though most video tape duplication factories now have the ability to produce hi-fi cassettes, very few movies with genuine hi-fi soundtracks have yet been released here. Distributors say that's because they have to take the soundtracks they are supplied with by their overseas masters — and almost none have been in hi-fi. Those little stickers that say "recorded on hi-fi equipment" mean just that: the equipment is hi-fi, the sound source not necessarily so. Nonetheless, demand is growing, and many more genuine hi-fi releases are likely in the future, particularly of video music tapes recorded in hi-fi right from the start.

Meanwhile, the potential of the new hi-fi machines is so good that many people are using them primarily as audio recorders. The result clearly outstrips ordinary audio cassette gear and gives the advantage of up to four hours of top-class sound on one cassette — eight hours if you have one of the two-speed machines and are prepared to put up with some drop in quality. It means you could record a full-length opera or a rock concert on one tape. Be warned, though, that searching a four or eight-hour tape for one particular selection can be a frustrating business.

Another small, and possibly confusing, point to watch if you're considering a move to hi-fi: if you already have movies with stereo (but not hi-fi) soundtracks recorded in the normal linear manner, some hi-fi VCRs will replay them only in mono. The few that will play these tracks in stereo include Sharp, Philips, JVC and Nordmende — all of them VHS machines.

Other Features

Some further features which can still be critical in the choice of a VCR are noise-free *still pictures* and *slow motion*. Not everyone needs or wants these, of course, but if you're a sports buff or a home video maker they can be quite important, and you will want nothing but the best. Many video makers are dropping true slow motion, in the interests of economy, and substituting "freeze frame advance" — which gives something of the slow motion effect. If true variable-speed slow motion is important to you, insist on seeing it in action before you buy.

Similarly, freeze frame techniques can vary widely from make to make — or even between different models from the one maker. Simple two-head playback systems give poor still pictures marred by white streaks — visible electronic "noise" — and jitter. A system of three, four or even more heads (the Akai VS-15 holds the record with six) is needed to give clear jitter-free still pictures, and that means added expense, especially in a few years' time when all those heads may need replacing. Picture quality doesn't necessarily increase in proportion to the number of heads, either. It depends on the design of the whole head system and its circuitry, so do make sure you see the set in action before you buy.

One-touch recording (OTR) is a neat feature now being included in many VCRs. Instead of having to go through the fiddly business of setting the automatic timer to record a show at a particular time, just hit the OTR button precisely one hour before you want to record, and everything is taken care of.

Head Jobs And Warranties

Perhaps the most important feature of all to watch out for when you buy a video is the *warranty*. VCRs show up consistently in the annual reliability surveys conducted by *Choice* magazine, journal of the Australian Consumers' Association, as one of the least reliable household appliances (only lawnmowers come off worse in the latest survey). For some makes, as many as 30 percent of models need attention in the first two years of use.

Warranties vary from 12 months (JVC, Philips, Sharp, Rank, Akai) up to three years for National and Hitachi and four years for AWA. But in most cases the video heads — the tiniest, most fragile and wear-prone parts of all — are covered for only the first year.

Sony, the major Beta format maker, recently dropped its three-year policy to two years, but includes full 24-month coverage for the video heads. With heads costing $200 to $300 a pair to replace, it's worth thinking about, especially if you are a heavy user. Head wear can vary considerably from user to user, but most experts believe you should get somewhere between 1500 and 2500 hours from a set.

A final word of warning concerning heads: think twice before using *head cleaning tape*. The abrasive action of the tape may not only damage the heads, but you could also void your warranty. National is one company that regards the warranty as void if other than approved tapes are used — and head cleaning tapes are not regarded as approved.

Beta vs VHS

The old battle of the formats is still being fought, with Beta getting something of a marketplace thumping. VHS is believed to hold more than 70 percent of the domestic Australian video cassette recorder market, with Beta variously placed at 25-28 percent.

However, persistent rumors that Sony, Sanyo and others will eventually drop the Beta format continue to be hotly denied. Beta sells better in other markets than it does in Australia — up to 40 percent in the US, for instance — and while Toshiba has moved to the VHS camp, the Pioneer group has recently joined Beta. There seems no reason to doubt the Beta makers' word that they will continue to support the format.

Beta has the advantage of smaller cassettes and a tape transport system that most independent experts believe is superior to VHS. Its bigger head drum and faster tape writing speed are claimed to give superior pictures — but to most eyes the quality is identical whatever format is used.

Some VHS machines offer two-speed recording, giving as much as eight hours recording on a four-hour tape, at the cost of a drop in quality. There is no Beta two-speed machine.

The Beta tape system takes a second or two longer to load, but then leaves the tape in constant contact with the drum. VHS systems are threaded or unthreaded every time you change mode (in or out of fast-forward, for instance), making response times slower, and precise editing more difficult. It's rumored that VHS makers will soon adapt the superior European V2000 tape transport system in a bid to improve that situation.

The fact is that technologically each format has its advantages, and the battle is far from over yet.

The Koreans Are Coming

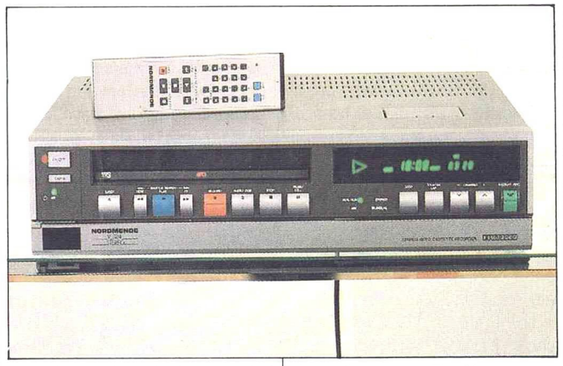
For years the cost of VCRs has drifted steadily downwards as the market has expanded. That trend was reversed in March/April, when most distributors adjusted the bill for their models upwards by as much as 25 percent, following the decline of the Australian dollar.

Competitive pressures should hold rises down at the retail level, and further relief could be in sight which would see prices actually dropping again at the lower end of the market.

Apart from a little competition from Europe, Japanese makers have had the international marketplace pretty much to themselves. However from April, when certain licence arrangements ran out, Korean makers were free to enter the market. A flood of Korean VCRs was expected to hit first in the NTSC countries such as Japan and the US. By next year PAL countries, including Australia, may be feeling the weight of a Korean invasion.

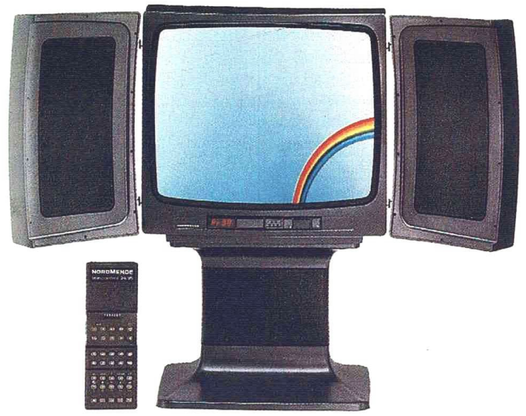
That would probably mean a rash of little-known brands, and even generic house brands, appearing in Australian stores. The Koreans are expected to concentrate initially on low-price, minimum-feature lines — we may get to see the $399 or even the $299 VCR. The Japanese will probably retaliate by packing more features into what are now their mid-price lines — the $750 to $1000 models.

I wouldn't advise anyone presently contemplating a VCR purchase to hang off for a year in the hope of a price cut that may never eventuate. But it is a factor worth keeping in the back of your mind as the salesperson steers you towards those racks of gleaming audio/visual marvels from Tokyo and Osaka.



Opposite: National Hi-Fi Stereo NV-850-A. Above: Sony SL-F30AS Betamax. Below: Sony Beta Hi-Fi and Nordmende V304 Stereo.

TELEVISION: THE BIG IMPROVER



Left: ITT Digivision. Above: Nordmende Stereosonic 2436 TV. Opposite, left: National Quintrix Stereo Color. Right: ITT Tricon package with detachable speakers.

The television set of the future — the *near* future — is going to be a very different kettle of fish from your present idiot box. Already it's possible to visualise what the engineers and theorists have in mind.

Picture a large screen — say two metres wide — almost flat and hanging on the wall like a picture. Connected to it, but maybe out of immediate sight, are a host of peripherals: one or two video tape recorders, a video disc player, a TV tuner, a rooftop parabolic dish antenna for receiving stunningly clear satellite broadcasts, home computer and video games units, a videotex panel for home shopping and banking and other interactive services, a home security system that will show who's at the front or back doors — and a switching unit that will pipe picture and sound to slave units in other rooms.

The screen will deliver pictures like you have never seen before, with stunning detail, clarity and color — the visual equivalent of hi-fi sound — and most of them delivered by satellite.

More still: chances are you'll be able to instantly replay any shot you wish, see it again in slow motion or even freeze the action. You, rather than the program's director, will be controlling the shots.

No idle dream, this. Much of the technology for the impending TV revolution is already in place. Other parts are under discussion. The Australian Communications Department in March set up a Forward Development Unit to study proposed changes in technology and how Australia might adapt them for use in the commercial broadcasting industry. The main problems — as ever — will be where the new programs will come from and how the hell we can pay for all that new electronic paraphernalia.

Thus we edge toward the New Information Age: one in which the telescreen will be dominant, yet far from being threatening and Orwellian, it should put us increasingly in charge of what we see.

The TV set has actually been undergoing quite radical changes for some time. Introduction of stereo broadcasting has seen it given quality audio output for the first time (alas, not yet fully utilised by any of Australia's TV broadcasters). Now it is being split into separate modular components in much the same manner as hi-fi gear, given new microchip circuitry, and provided with plug-in slots for a wide range of peripherals.

Even the shape of the screen is subtly changing to accommodate the demands of the New Information Age. Look closely, for example, at the "Alpha-SQ" TVs released by National Panasonic: the "data grade" screens have square corners rather than the familiar round ones. The idea is to accommodate the growing number of computer, video game and videotex displays without clipping the corners off screen images so dear to the hearts of the programmers who designed them.

The term "TV set" is a bit of a misnomer for the Alpha series, as it is for a whole range of similar gear now becoming widespread on the Australian market, as videos, home computers and other peripherals spread. They are more properly called receiver/monitors, and the difference is quite important. While they do the same basic job of picking up video/audio signals and turning them into pictures and sound via an RF (radio frequency) converter, receiver/monitors offer direct connection for teletext and videotex information systems, video games and computer displays via an RGB (red-blue-green) connector. These displays then go direct to the picture tube, bypassing the normal video circuits which can make such displays fuzzy. There are also direct inputs for video recorders and videodisc players, promising crisper pictures for these signal sources, too, and audio outputs for playing soundtracks through a hi-fi system.

Sony's Profeel series goes even further. It splits the TV physically into three separate components: a high-definition monitor screen; a separate TV tuner — a box about the size of a hi-fi receiver; and stereo speakers, all top-quality gear. A lot of people think this is how all enthusiasts will buy TV in the future: as with component hi-fi, you buy only the pieces you actually want. Most people with existing hi-fi systems, for instance, would not want the speakers.

Most of these new receiver/monitors have a number of 21-pin "Euroconnectors" on their back panels. These handy little devices are likely to become universal in the next few years, ending the current confusing profusion of different connectors and leads, and allowing virtually any piece of computer or audio-visual add-on equipment, from any maker, to be connected simply. They should prove especially useful with videotex equipment, such as the new Viatel services now being offered by Telecom.

Teletext and videotex are options which still need a little explaining. Teletext is a one-way information system broadcast by TV channels. The service itself is free, but you need special equipment to view it. On many of the latest TVs, this is simply a plug-in circuit-card, typically costing $150 to $250; for older sets you need a special decoder at $400 or more.

Videotex is a two-way "interactive" system that comes over the phone line via Telecom's Viatel system, launched in late February. It offers the ability, for a fee, to search among hundreds of displays for the information you want, and in some cases to conduct shopping or banking, or book airline tickets, from your living room. Your TV screen serves as a display, but you need either a home computer or a special keyboard to communicate. Telecom will be happy to oblige with a suitable keyboard, made by the Tandata computer people for a few hundred dollars.

The biggest changes ahead seem likely to come in the broadcast program area. The government has ruled out any short-term introduction of cable TV in this country, but the demand for new services that offer something better than the present networks will not be denied.

On the cards for the near to mid-term future are new pay-TV services most likely delivered via satellite direct to dish antennas on consumers' rooftops. It's not hard to foresee sport-only channels, movie channels offering latest-release films, music video channels, educational channels... A decoder in your set will enable you to receive the service you subscribe to. The satellite may well offer hi-fi audio services too.

Mind you, it's hard to see people paying for what they now receive for free, or can rent easily at the video store. Plainly, satellite services will have to offer something superior to today's TV services. That is what the government's new Forward Development Unit is working on — a new generation of satellite broadcasting systems to follow the Aussat series of communications satellites due to begin flying from October this year.

The Aussats — there are to be at least three of them — will not make an immediate impact on the vast majority of Australian lives. These satellites are aimed mainly at extending existing TV services to remote areas. But Aussat is having a more subtle impact on future thinking. The satellites are the first in the world to use new B-MAC technology: a system which enables the simultaneous broadcasting of high-quality stereo TV, stereo and mono sound broadcasts, on-screen teletext and a data channel for emergency or educational services. (The letters stand for Multiplexed Analogue Component, Type B. Those who want to know more should consult the technical journals, but it's a very advanced high-tech system.)

There are signs that B-MAC, or one of three or four versions of MAC, will be adopted soon as a world standard for satellite transmission. If that happens, the possibility opens up of a single world TV system, ending the current division between NTSC (the US and Japan system), PAL (Australia and most of Europe, except France) and Secam (the Frogs' own patented system).

At the same time, MAC technology could be extended to encompass one of two competing high-quality broadcasting systems: *enhanced TV*, being promoted by European companies such as Philips; and *high-definition TV*, a Japanese invention.

Both were demonstrated at the March TV broadcasters' seminar. Most who saw them were clearly impressed by enhanced TV, but absolutely stunned by the high-definition TV displays shown by the Sony group. Picture quality, in terms of clarity and color definition, far outstripped anything previously seen in this country. The system uses digital circuitry and screens with more than 1100 horizontal lines — almost twice as many as in existing TV sets.

The use of digital rather than analogue transmission not only means better pictures because there is no degradation of the signal as it passes the various circuits, it also opens up interesting new ways to process the signals. For instance, at the flick of a button you could display one or more mini-screens within the main screen area. You could watch a video tape and at the same time keep an eye on a TV program; or watch two TV channels simultaneously. Nervous people could even hook the smaller screen up to a video camera as part of a home security system.

Computer chips inside the digital receiver would briefly store TV signals as they are received. This enables flicker and other undesirable effects to be filtered out, and makes it possible to "freeze" the action, play back in slow motion or even print out a high-quality hard copy of a favorite shot.

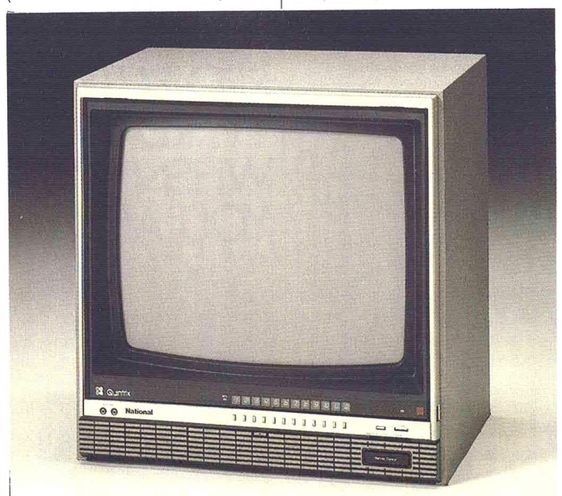
High-definition TV would be a very much more expensive option than enhanced TV. It would mean all-new broadcasting equipment, and a completely new range of TV receivers for home viewers as the system seems likely to be quite incompatible with PAL/Secam/NTSC. And, of course, it would mean new programming services which would take full advantage of the quality broadcasting possibilities; there seems little point in simply switching *Blankety Blanks* into high-definition. Top rank movies, music and sport are probably the best bets.

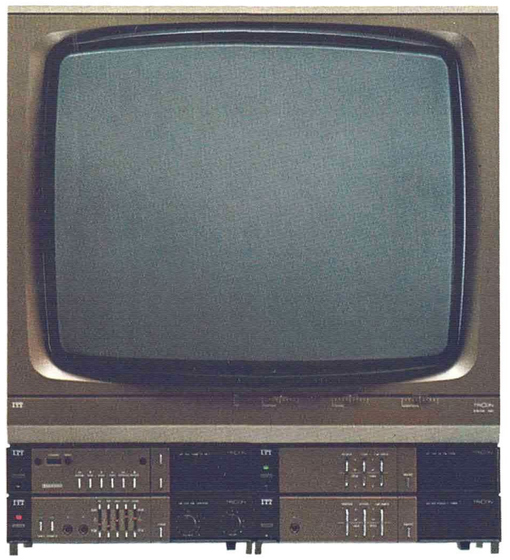
There also seems little point in watching this sort of television on one of the tiny screens that most Australians favor today. Enthusiasts will be looking towards large screens, perhaps six to eight feet wide for the average home. There will be still bigger screens for schools, mini-theatres and oil millionaires.

Of course, you don't have to wait for high-definition broadcasts to experience the joys of large-screen viewing. Projection TV is already a reality for those with $400 to $600 to spare (*see below*).

Meanwhile, while full-scale use of digital transmission remains some years in the future, some TV receivers now reaching Australia are already beginning to make use of digital technology. For instance, the German-made ITT Digivision, imported by Falk Electrosund of Sydney, uses digital encoding techniques to process conventional TV signals. Data for optimised color production are stored on an eight-bit microchip; the signal becomes a set of numbers which can't degrade. Sharpness and color precision is dramatically improved, while reception in difficult areas is improved through error-correction circuits.

The set can even fix itself. It corrects the normal slow deterioration in picture quality over the years, through reference to data fed into the central computer chip during manufacture. In Australia the Digivision sells for a shade under $2000.





VIDEO CAMERAS: A MATTER OF CONVENIENCE

If you want to shoot your own video movies there are two possible ways to go. You could either buy a camcorder or a separate camera and recording deck.

Camcorders are a relatively new development. They're one-piece units which combine camera and deck in a single body, so they're lighter and more convenient. You don't have the separate deck slung awkwardly from your shoulder, and there are none of those annoying patchcords which normally link the two.

But separate components still have their place, too. For the more serious amateur, they offer more sophisticated cameras, in some cases with auto-focusing, the ability to shoot in very low light and even to add professional-looking titles to your finished movie. An independent recording deck, too, has better search and editing facilities than a one-piece camcorder can offer.

And if you only want to shoot at home, or within reach of a power outlet, you don't actually need a recording deck at all. With a suitably long connecting cord and a separate power supply, a camera can be connected to most living-room VCRs — "tabletops" as the trade likes to call them.

Still, there's no denying the appeal of the new camcorders. The first to hit the market were the Betamovie range offered by the three Beta distributors, Sony, Sanyo and Toshiba. The normal Beta cassette, capable of recording for up to three hours, slots simply into the side of the Betamovie and you begin shooting. It's as simple as that — no cable to join up, no connections to make. All Betamovies have a power zoom, automatic iris control and "white balance" to ensure good color; the latest versions also offer automatic focusing to keep the subject pin-sharp. They weigh close to three kilograms.

These exceptionally fine machines have allowed the Beta format manufacturers to steal a march on the VHS opposition. But they do have some disadvantages worth noting.

For one thing, they lack an electronic viewfinder. Most video cameras have one of these devices, which is actually a mini-black and white TV screen. Not only do you use the electronic viewfinder for aiming the camera; you also can play back your film through it immediately after shooting. If you find anything wrong you can often reshoot the scene straight away.

The Betamovie has only a simple optical viewfinder. You must wait to see your movie until you get home and can play the cassette through your normal VCR. And while the Betamovie is quite light, it is rather bulky. It's certainly not the kind of thing you can stuff into a pocket or glovebox.

So far VHS manufacturers have not come up with a camcorder that takes a normal VHS tape the same way Betamovie takes a standard Beta cassette. But several have launched one-piece machines that use the VHS-C mini-cassette. This cassette is about the size of a cigarette pack and has enabled the design of a camcorder significantly smaller and lighter than the Betamovie — around 2.1 kilos in the case of the JVC VideoMovie and its German-sourced twin brother, the Nordmende CV 155. But you can get only 30 minutes on a single "C" cassette, compared with three or four hours on a normal tape.

The VideoMovies have automatic iris and white balance, auto zoom — but not auto focusing. They do have an electronic viewfinder; tapes may be played back instantly in the field, either through the viewfinder

Left: National A2 Lowlight Camcorder System. Above, top: Nordmende CV155 Video Movie Camera. Bottom: Sony BMC-500 PK Betamovie CCD. Opposite: ITT Cinevision Projection System Model 160.

or through a portable monitor. And VideoMovie is capable of shooting in very low light: about 15 lux (roughly equivalent to a candlelit scene) compared with Betamovie's 28 lux.

Sony has been working on cutting the size of the Betamovie by getting rid of the picture tube. In its place goes a charge-coupled device (CCD), a little piece of electronic magic which uses photodiodes placed on a tiny silicon chip as an image sensor. Hitachi has been offering cameras using a similar device for a couple of years, only it prefers to call its image sensor a MOS, which stands for metal oxide semiconductor.

MOS, schmoss. Whatever you call them, image-sensor cameras are not only smaller than conventional gear, they generally give better color reproduction and avoid the problem of lingering after-images or burn-in caused by pointing a camera lens at bright lights. But they usually need a higher light level than conventional tube picture tube cameras: some are really suitable for outdoor scenes, and even the best need a minimum of 28 lux, barely sufficient for bright interior shots.

If you can put up with dangling cords and shouldering a portable deck, separate cameras do offer some distinct advantages over camcorders. The better models now have built-in titling devices, with tiny keyboards which allow you to superimpose lettering over a picture, or on a solid color background. You can date-stamp them, too, at the touch of a button: an excellent idea for record-keeping purposes.

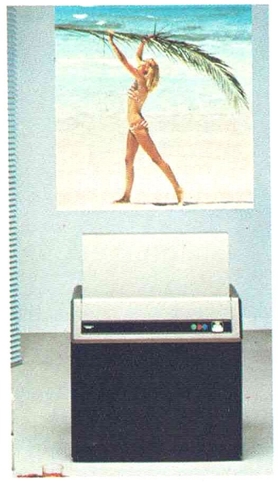
Most people shooting the odd picture of the kids, the girlfriend or The Wedding (in Australia more video cameras are said to be sold to record weddings than for any other single purpose, and many are never used again) are happy to use the built-in microphone, which captures a wide range of sound. Alas, it also picks up traffic noise, transistor radios and the operator's heavy breathing, frequently drowning out the sounds you want.

If you are at all serious about making video movies with a decent soundtrack, make sure the camera you buy has a plug for a separate microphone which can be concentrated on the subject. A few of the best cameras will take a stereo mike which gives some directional effect when played back through a stereo VCR.

PROJECTION TV: READY WHEN YOU ARE

A cinema — a real mini-theatre — in your living room? It's the ultimate movie mogul fantasy lurking deep within many of us. These days it's a fantasy that can be indulged with reasonable ease.

Projection TV is the name of the device that makes it possible. Once the province of pubs, clubs and sales conventions, this large-screen gear is increasingly finding



its way into better-heeled homes. One day — when we get high-definition TV broadcasts — it will probably become the norm.

Right now you will need at least $4000 if you want to set up a home projection TV system. Seems a lot? Perhaps, but in many cases the old equation of price and value is more a matter of perception than of bank balances. Many video dealers are able to arrange leasing finance, particularly if your work encompasses the use of such gear. Leasing would probably work out at something like $120 to $150 a month, or less than $40 a week.

In pubs you've probably seen projection TV units that haven't impressed you much: fuzzy pictures and washed-out color. That's last year's gear. The latest is vastly improved, with screens many times brighter than cinema pictures, delivering good color even for daylight viewing.

Conventional TV receivers generally run to a maximum screen size of 63 cms. The size is measured diagonally, corner to corner — a hangover from the days when TV tubes were circular.

Projection TV can give you a screen of up to three metres — enough to take up most of one living room wall. More practical and common sizes are 102 cms and around 160-180 cm. While best results are obtained using a slightly curved screen, many users simply project on to a white wall.

Unlike a normal TV, the projection system uses three picture tubes: one each for the red, green and blue components of the color picture. Three large lenses enlarge and project their images to the screen.

There are one-piece systems that combine projector and screen in a single bulky box, or two-piece systems, with the projector either slung from the ceiling like the ones you see in aircraft, or floor-mounted — frequently disguised as a coffee table. One-piece system makers include National and NEC. National's Cinemavision TVC-4001A has a 102-cm screen, along with an 11-watt stereo sound system. It can receive broadcast TV programs or play tapes recorded in any of the three international systems: PAL, Secam or NTSC. The NEC model, slightly cheaper, comes without a stereo tuner on the ground that most likely buyers already have stereo VCRs which will do the tuning job quite adequately.

Another interesting one-piece is the Grundig Cinema 9051, marketed by Southern Cross Electronics of Sydney. It doesn't look like a TV set at all — more like a classy solid oak cabinet. The 102-cm screen is hidden in the depths of the cabinet. Press a button on the remote control and the screen glides silently up out of the cabinet. The screen, 2.5 times the size of a 63-cm TV, delivers an incredibly crisp and bright picture even in bright daylight. A 20-watt stereo system and Teletext decoder are included. At the end of the evening's viewing you press the button and the screen slides discreetly back into its slot.

Two-piece systems on the Australian market include Sony, Nordmende and ITT. Sony's Videoscope systems hide the projector in a suave teakwood coffee table. You can project on to the wall or use Sony's special screens. There are two versions: 120 and 180-cm screen size.

Nordmende's TVP 01 and ITT's Cinevision 160 are both portable two-piece units which can serve dual roles in the office and home. The Nordmende can be either slung from the ceiling or stashed on the floor and offers the choice between a special curved 1.8-metre screen (itself either floor or ceiling-mounted) or projecting on to a wall.

The ITT Cinevision — actually a PAL version of the well-known American Kloss Novabeam system — is imported from Germany and throws a 1.6-metre picture on to a flat wall. A dimmed room is advisable.

If that's not dramatic enough for you, there are two and three-metre CineVisions with non-portable floor projectors and special curved screens on neat stands. The exceptionally bright picture can be viewed in daylight.

However, for most of us the movie-mogul fantasy remains; the dinner guests moving into the living room (set up as a mini-theatre), the starlet snuggling beside you on the sofa, a cassette in the slot . . . something mildly erotic, perhaps. Okay, dim the house lights. Ready when you are, Mr de Mille . . .

VIDEO LASER DISCS: HORSES FOR COURSES

Video laser discs are the forgotten sisters in the video family, but they're far from dead.

Video discs, like the smaller and better known compact audio discs, are silvery platters on which information has been stamped in a series of microscopic pits and covered with a clear plastic layer. It's read by a laser beam and, because there's no mechanical contact, the discs should never wear out.

Video discs offer superior pictures to video tape cassettes, and come with much better stereo sound — better even than Beta Hi-Fi and VHS Hi-Fi. Because they can be stamped out instantly in a press, rather than laboriously recorded over a period of several hours as tapes are, they're much cheaper, too — generally $35 to $50 for movies that would cost the best part of $100 on tape.

They also have several disadvantages. So far it is not possible to record on a video disc machine; they're playback units only. Full-length movie discs have to be turned over, like an LP record, halfway through. There is still a shortage of available software — around 300 titles compared with several thousand on tape — and it can be hard to find a shop stocking them.

The laser disc concept was invented by Philips of Holland and Pioneer of Japan. So far only Pioneer has launched a home laser disc system on the Australian market. Philips has stayed out of that scene, preferring to market video tape recorders, though it does market video disc units to commercial interests. Philips executives believe the big future for video disc lies in its application to the personal computer as a device for storing and retrieving vast numbers of graphic images; instant access to any frame on the disc is a feature of the concept.

But there may be more players entering the game. Sony is marketing a video disc player in Japan and the US. It could well be launched here next year or even earlier, as soon as a PAL version becomes available. And Pioneer will soon introduce a nifty machine that uses the same laser to play both video discs and audio compact discs.

In Australia Pioneer at the moment has only one model, the LD-1100, and only around 150 specialist stores stocking the beast Australia-wide. Pioneer says that's because the advantages of the laser, like hi-fi, have to be carefully demonstrated by someone with genuine knowledge — not the sort of knowledge found in your average Big W counterjumper.

In a bid to improve sales, it recently cut the price of the LD-1100 from around $1200 to $999, which is probably still too high for a non-recording machine to make much of a dint in VCR sales.

But perhaps too much is made of the ability to record. After all, how often do we actually use it? Some observers believe that sophisticated buyers will have both: a VCR to handle timeshift recordings and play back home movies, and a video disc player for its clearly superior playback of movies and music video.

Unnecessary duplication? Not at all. There's an analagous situation in audio: most people have LP turntables or CD players for prerecorded music, and separate cassette equipment to handle home recording. We could just have cassette gear to handle both tasks — some people do — but most believe it's horses for audio courses and elect to have both.

That could well be the way it will go in video, too, as the market grows more knowledgeable and sophisticated — and laser prices fall. The kind of person who appreciates hi-fi will want the best prerecorded video picture, too, particularly if he is thinking of moving up to big-screen projection TV.

And the way things look at the moment that will be provided by video disc. Lasers may yet invade your living room.

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION

BY WAYNE R. BARTZ, PhD

Wayne R. Bartz is a clinical psychologist, a college professor of 14 years' standing — mainly in California — and is the author of a wide variety of material

AUSTRALIA'S POPULATION DILEMMA

I recently spent a year lecturing at an Australian university, and during my stay encountered a wide range of views concerning Australia's "underpopulation." Some suggested that the massive immigration of Asians should be encouraged so there would be a plentiful supply of cheap labor; others expressed concern that many unskilled immigrants might end up on the dole. A frequent speculation was that Australia would be somehow stronger with more people, that 14 million was not nearly enough people to fill up the continent. In contrast, I would like to suggest that Australia's relatively small population might be in fact the source of her true strength and security for the future. But the question is complex and must be viewed from a number of perspectives.

Thankfully today most of us are aware that when we talk about numbers of people living in a given area we are always considering an interrelated triangle: population/resources/environment. The number of people who can be supported by a given environment depends upon the resources available, while the ability of an area to provide those resources depends upon what the people do to the environment. More people always means more demands upon resources and more pollution of the environment. Thus the best question to ask is of *optimum* population for a given environment or country, not of maximum population that can survive. It has become a cliche to say that we must be concerned with the *quality* of life, but all sane questions of population must hinge upon this basic concern.

There are certainly lessons to be learned by Australians from the growth of population in the US. California, for example, now has more than 20 million people packed within its borders, something that no-one except real estate developers considers desirable. Neighboring US states are deluged with the population overflow from California and have taken to displaying bumper stickers with slogans like, "Don't Californicate Oregon."

In the Forties Southern California was a paradise of beautiful beaches, clean air, mountains, sunshine . . . everything anybody could want. And that's why millions swarmed there. What has that to do with Australia? Consider for a moment that Southern California in 1946 was very similar to Surfers Paradise 20 years later, and to many other Australian coastal areas now. And what has happened and is happening to Surfers Paradise? Or look at today's Sydney and compare it with Los Angeles: traffic congestion, smog, crime, etc. Is this a desirable model for the future of Australia? What will the US do with millions upon millions of illegal Mexican immigrants a few decades from now? What would Australia do with five, ten or 20 million South-East Asians? But again our conscience speaks and asks if the humanitarian thing to do isn't to help poor countries with growing impoverished populations. Consider Indonesia, for example, close to Australia, poor and growing rapidly. Their net population increase last year was five million. Imagine Australia, in humanitarian good conscience, accepting all their "excess." Why, just three years of the growth from Indonesia alone would exceed today's total Australian population.

Some years ago Garrett Hardin, a University of California biologist, recognised the absurdity of the population dilemma when he published a now famous paper called "The Tragedy Of The Commons." It describes the situation of a common livestock grazing area being shared by a town's people, looking at what inevitably happens to the commons when each person makes individual choices about its utilisation based upon their individual needs and benefit. Everyone naturally increases their own herd (and wealth) as quickly as possible, since that makes sense for them, so that eventually the commons is overgrazed and can no longer support anybody's cattle.

So it is with the pollution of the air, rivers, and oceans and the consumption of natural resources. But Hardin was thinking farther ahead in his allegory than that. He was looking at the entire earth and all its resources as the commons and at the human population as the increasing herd, with each couple deciding how many children to have based upon self-serving questions. The resulting geometric increase in population becomes unstoppable until the day of final economic collapse. But, we may ask, aren't people rational? Can we not appeal to their conscience? Hardin notes that appeals for people to control births are typically heeded only by the more highly educated and those with a social conscience who are aware of the problem. Their concerned response does nothing except make sure that couples with a conscience do not reproduce as rapidly as those without (and thus, through "selective breeding", this trait will eventually be eliminated).

Clearly, if Australia is viewed as a commons and compassionately begins letting in the starving masses, at some time in the future such immigration would have to stop. Nobody would argue that unlimited millions could be accommodated. Then the same hard questions of immigration policy would have to be faced; needy individuals would again have to be turned away. Australia could in the meantime beggar herself, accommodating only a drop in the world population-growth bucket.

Hardin further complicated the question when he recently popularised the notion of "lifeboat ethics." Consider the possibility that instead of being in a crisis that can hopefully be handled through some sort of worldwide action and co-operation, we are actually far beyond the crisis point. In this situation we can forget the commons and instead imagine that there are now 60 of us in a lifeboat with a total carrying capacity in space and food for 100. All around us in the water splash hundreds of people, clamoring to get into our boat. What do we do? (The "we" in this case refers to those of us fortunate enough to live in the resource-rich countries.) If we try to take everybody on board the boat will sink and we all go down. If we take nobody we are violating basic humanitarian principles. If we decide to accept only some, then how do we choose them? The nearest ones? Those with special skills? The richest ones? And how do we turn away the rest?

With the world population increasing at 200,000 per day, with millions clamoring for aid, where do we invest our clearly limited assets? Do we give everything away to share equally with the world, so that in 30 years eight billion of us can barely exist in worldwide poverty? Could Australian resources support 30, 40, 60 or 100 million people at any reasonable level of life quality? Might we eventually have to institute the harsh system of "triage" used in medical emergencies?

> It is clear that if we simply divide equally and share everything with an out-of-control world population, everything will eventually become nothing

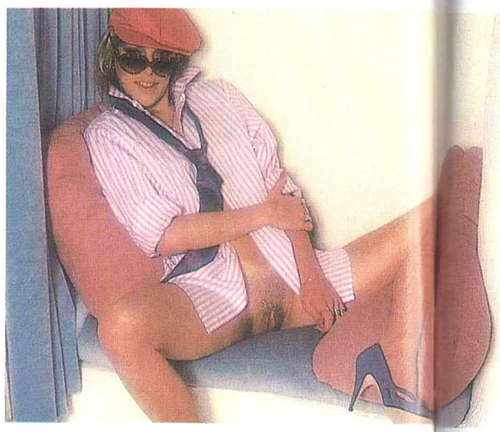
Triage requires that each case of injury be divided into one of three categories: the "walking wounded" who will survive without emergency care (they are essentially ignored), the seriously injured who can survive but only with emergency treatment (which is provided), and the no-hopers, people injured so badly that they will not survive no matter what is done (so we let them die). Which nations can't make it and must be ignored? Which can make it on their own? Which get our help? Tough questions, but they may be realistic for the resource-rich nations, including Australia. It is clear that if we simply divide equally and share everything with an out-of-control growing world population, everything eventually will become nothing.

There is yet another level upon which to address this question — the personal one. Individuals often feel uninvolved in affairs of state and policy at the national or even regional level, but there are good reasons for the decreasing birthrates in industrial nations as a matter of simple individual advantage. In the long run it is economically sound nationally and individually to have a stabilised population, allowing a halt to ever-increasing pressure on resources and the environment, a fine-tuning of a stable economy, and ultimately higher per capita income.

In addition, fewer children can mean improved educational opportunity for all, with better student-teacher ratios. There is no doubt that children from single-child and small families fare better than those from large families in intelligence and achievement. As well as that for many people, both men and women, the raising of children may not be of any genuine interest and for some the stress of child-rearing is downright unmanageable. Women are discovering the legitimate satisfaction of careers and find that the role of "wife and mother" may not be enough (as most men would also be uncomfortable being only "husband and father" without a career). The child-rearing years are in fact simply not the age of joy they have traditionally been played up to be. One report summed up the responses of a large survey on life satisfation with children as follows: "Almost as soon as a couple has kids, their happy bubble bursts. For both men and women, reports of happiness and satisfaction drop to average, not to rise again significantly until their children are grown and about to leave the nest."

Thus adults who no longer "have to" have children, thanks to improved birth control, career opportunities for women, preference for a child-free lifestyle, or whatever, will tend to exercise that option and a stabilised population can become a reality. These are personal but important reasons for population control.

In the overview, a country like Australia may just be able to survive the population/resources/environment crunch precisely because of its small population, because it is resource-rich in relation to the number of people it supports. Those essential resources it doesn't have can be acquired through trade. That's easy with 14 million . . . would it be so with 50 or 100 million? I would maintain that a stable population need not be viewed as "stagnant." In Australia's case it would be the strength of a nation.



FULL-TILT BOOGIE

With her pixie haircut, elfin smile and slim figure, green-eyed Melissa Wolf could be a stand-in for Peter Pan. But the closest this 23-year-old optometrist's assistant ever gets to flying is when she straps on her roller skates and causes high-speed havoc in the parks and promenades of her home city. In her own words, Melissa takes a lot of keeping up with . . .

PHOTOGRAPHY BY EARL MILLER

I'm always hyper and full of energy. At work, people keep reminding me that I'm too fast and flighty to be the best office worker in the world, but at home, boyfriends keep telling me that my full-tilt style makes me a hell of a good lover.

"Men like me the way I am," says Melissa, as if her statement were meant to come as a surprise. "I never have to pretend to be someone I'm not. And men also tell me they like the way I keep my pubic hair close-cropped — it makes for easier access, and I like to be kissed and caressed all over . . ."

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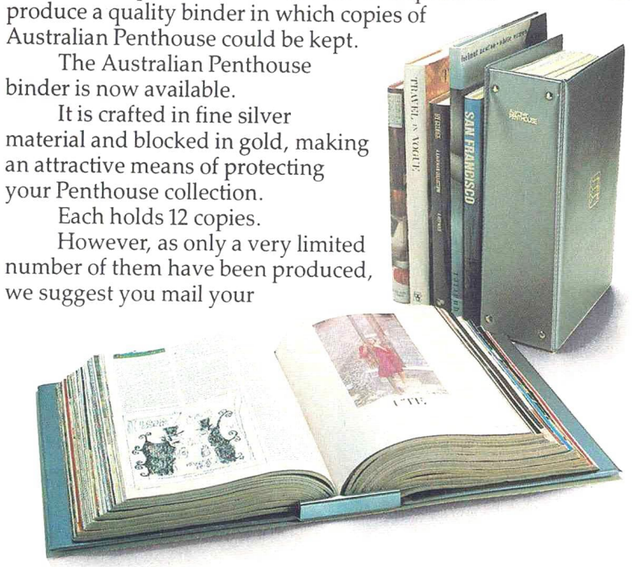

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LOOSE ENDS

THERE HAS TO BE A MORNING AFTER

Hangovers: If you haven't had one you haven't lived. And if you've had a lowdown mean mother of one you may have wished you'd never been born. The dictionary defines a hangover as "unpleasant side-effects of alcoholic dissipation." But you and I know better, don't we? A hangover is that feeling that you've just been hit over the head with every one of those pretty colored bottles on the top shelf of the bar and have as a result developed eyeballs like piddle marks in the snow, a mouth like the bottom of a cocky's cage and a breath not unlike the flatulent emission of a brewery horse. But is there any magical elixir that will cure this dreaded bane of the *bon vivant*?

"Short of cutting off your head, no," says *Penthouse* Practitioner, Dr Carl. The good doctor served a spell in the navy and what he doesn't know about what to do with the drunken sailors isn't worth knowing. "I've seen some so bad that I had to administer intramuscular injections," says Carl. And in his years as a medical student he remembers seeing a colleague with a foul hangover doing the rounds of hospital wards while attached to a glucose drip.

But very few of us have the medical expertise necessary to insert a drip in the arm, even though a ripsnorter of a morning-after may have tempted a few to consider a couple of quick slits with the old Wilkinson Sword.

In true doctor fashion, Carl counsels prevention rather than cure. He says a full meal should be eaten prior to hitting the tiles and drinking yourself silly. This will line your stomach against the corrosive effects of alcohol and also absorb alcohol as you go, so no-one can label you a two-pot screamer. The old high school tip of a few glasses of milk or a carton of yoghurt will also help. If you're at a cocktails and niblets do, keep hoeing into the niblets. Also once you've chosen your poison stick to it, as a combination of drinks will conspire to make you feel like death the following day, especially if red wines and liqueurs have been involved.

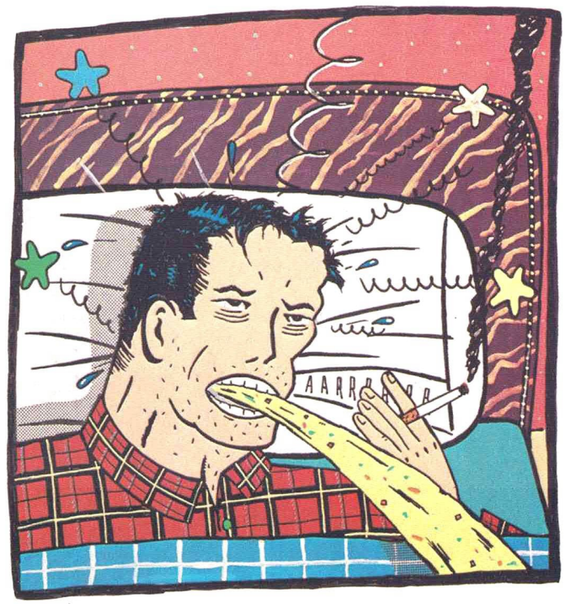
Before crashing into bed drink plenty of water to compensate for the dehydrating effects of alcohol; a Berocca and/or a soft drink will compensate for the lowering of blood sugar caused by alcohol.

In the morning take more water and juices such as orange or apricot nectar. Don't expect coffee to have any effect other than making you more wide awake and aware of your suffering. Eat a light breakfast and avoid any hair of the dog remedies like Bloody Marys. The Worcestershire and Tabasco in a Bloody Mary will irritate your already ravaged stomach lining and the vodka will only postpone your hangover and could contribute to alcoholism if you continue to swill in an attempt to avoid the inevitable.

Steam baths and saunas are of no real benefit as you're merely sitting contemplating your condition as your body further dehydrates. Exercise, not too strenuous, will get you going and take your mind off the pain. A swim or a brisk walk shouldn't overly tax a body weakened after alcoholic onslaught. Oh yes, then there's the Panadols. A couple in the morning can do wonders, but line your ailing stomach first. Analgesics can be more harm than help in an acidic stomach.

On an alternative note, Mrs Clare Wilmot, a naturopath for 32 years, advises you to drink at least two litres of water and take some Vitamin C in the form of rosehip preparation if you wake up wishing you hadn't. The Vitamin C will compensate for some of the effects of tobacco smoke, as most serious drinking tends to be undertaken in smoke-filled environments. You should also take a Vitamin B Complex capsule to soothe the nervous system. Coffee is a no-no as it further depletes the body of Vitamin B. And, if your heartbeat is rapid, you could add a Vitamin E to the list.

Mrs Wilmot advises a brekky of fresh fruits and freshly squeezed juices, with a chaser of slippery elm powder mixed



◀ ◀ ◀ with honey if your stomach feels particularly delicate. Make it a day of salads — steering well clear of red meat, takeaways and chocolates or sweets should atone for alcoholic sins.

For a really, really bad one, Mrs Wilmot suggests you soak in an epsom salts bath and give your furry tongue a scrub with a toothbrush while you're at it. Then jump back in bed for 30 minutes to sweat it out before hopping under a warm shower. If you can persuade an obliging partner to give you a friction massage with a coarse towel or a pigskin brush, you'll feel a good deal better for it.

Juiced wheat grass is another remedy, according to Mrs Wilmot, adding that anyone wishing to plan ahead would do well to buy some unsprayed wheat seeds from the nearest health food store and plant them, as the sprouting wheat grass makes a fine pick-me-up for a variety of ailments. All of which adds up to a few good reasons to sign the pledge . . . ■

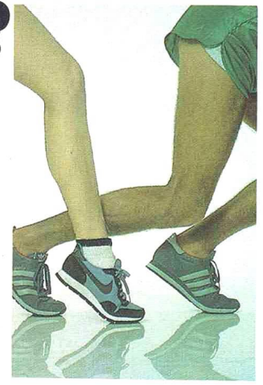
LOOSE

AND THE WINNERS ARE...

Mr Eric Steinhaus of Sydney was the winner of our February Sail Away Competition in conjunction with the Peter Jackson Blue Water Classic. His prize package included a weekend in a suite at the Sydney Regent, a chauffeur-driven Rolls Royce at his disposal to take him to the Peter Jackson Sailboard race, a magnificent Tyronsea Condo sailboard and a Wavelength wetsuit.

The winner of the Pioneer Sight And Sound System up for grabs in April *Penthouse* was Mr Sean Webster of Bayview, NSW. Mr Webster won a $4100 Pioneer audio-visual system comprising amplifier, graphic equaliser, tuner, turntable, digital timer, double cassette deck with speakers and a color TV and a library of 10 video discs. ■

DARLING, IS THERE SOMETHING DEAD UNDER THE BED?



Here's a bit of trivia that should go down like a clinker brick at your next dinner party: there are 250,000 sweat glands on every human foot which give off an average of half a pint of perspiration a day, or about 11 gallons into your shoes over six months. Of course, if you're eating Japanese minus footwear when you impart this trivial morsel, and your feet happen to smell like a long-deceased furry animal, your companions mightn't be surprised by your revelation.

Billions of words have been written on how to pick up girls, how to dress to impress the opposite sex, and how to brush up on partner-pleasing sexual tricks to guarantee they'll come back for more. But folks tend to overlook the fact that no amount of smooth talking, snappy dressing or cunning sexual stunts will impress the object of your desire if your feet are on the nose.

Good footcare, like dental care, should be practised daily and a deodorant for your feet is as important as one for your underarms. Proper attention to your feet will eliminate that pesky room-evacuating odor every time you pull off your joggers and it'll also prevent foot problems that increase with age. Scholl, Australia's leading manufacturers of footcare products, recommend a foot health regimen that will not only have your feet looking and feeling good but also leave them smelling like the proverbial rose.

• When showering, use a good stiff brush to scrub your feet. Give dry, flaky or scaly patches a rubdown with pumice or a rough skin removing cream. Dry your feet thoroughly, especially between the toes.

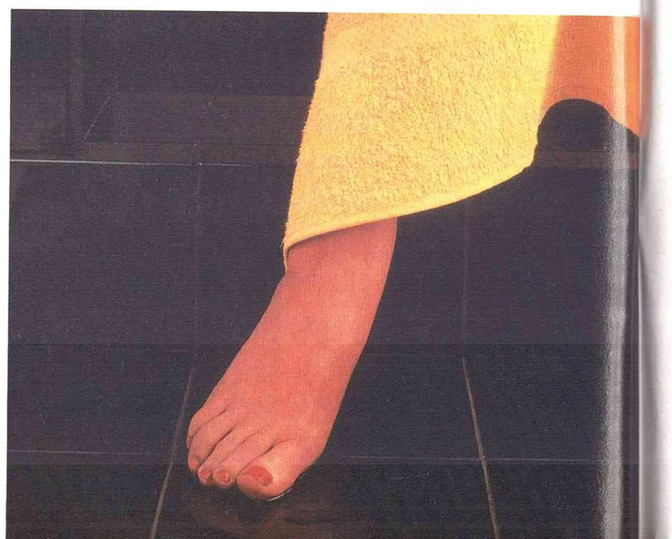
• Sprinkle your feet with Scholl Foot Powder, a soothing deodorant that aids in protecting against minor skin infections or, if your feet are dry, apply a moisturising cream.

• Keep your nails clipped straight across (curved nails may become ingrown), and clean under them regularly.

• If you fall into the RBFO category (that stands for Really Bad Foot Odor) use Scholl Foot Deodorant Spray. A quick spray in the morning usually gives all-day protection. Scholl also markets a Dry Anti-Perspirant Spray and a Dry Powder Spray each containing deodorant and anti-perspirant, the latter leaving a fine film of talcum over your feet.

• Wear clean socks every day — none of this recycling dirty ones after they've aired for a few days under the bed. Tight shoes also contribute to rancid feet. When buying shoes, shop in the afternoon when your feet have expanded to their maximum size. Make sure you've got plenty of toe room and sufficient width at the ball of the foot for feet to spread with each step. A comfortable pair of shoes don't require a break-in period and they'll be healthier for your feet.

• Trivial footnote: The average person will probably walk about 115,000 miles in their lifetime — that's more than four times around the globe. When you look at it that way, you can see why your feet deserve a little pampering. ■



MATTERS SEXUAL

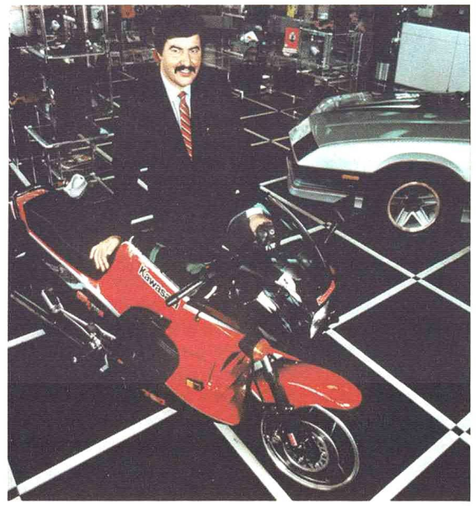
How someone handles his wallet may be a good clue as to how he handles his sex life, according to a US clinical psychologist. Rosemarie Schultz, author of *Sex And Money*, contends that a miser is likely to be a tightwad in bed, while generosity with a bankroll extends to generosity during a roll in the hay. In addition, Schultz writes that the mate who controls the finances in a relationship also controls the livelihood in the bedroom . . . A Russian newspaper's write-in column on sexual equality has elicited hundreds of complaints from men saying Russian women are too macho. The paper, *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, published a few examples of the numerous letters from anti-butch men, and said in commentary that sexual equality in Russia may have gone too far. One letter from Sergei of Novokuznetsk complained that the women he knew smoked and drank like men and that he had recently been attacked by a gang of four women who shook him down for cigarettes — "an experience I will remember for the rest of my life." . . . Ireland just may be inching out of the Dark Ages as far as sex is concerned, if a Bill being debated in its parliament is passed. The Bill would allow the purchase of contraceptives without a prescription by anyone 18 years old or over. The legislation is opposed by the Catholic Church, which was largely responsible for writing an anti-abortion plank into the Irish constitution recently. Contraceptives are currrently available only for "bona fide family planning purposes" and only with a doctor's prescription . . . According to legend, 99 percent of men masturbate and the other one percent are lying. But this time-honored statistic isn't spot-on according to Kinsey's *Sexual Behavior In The Human Male*. In fact, eight percent of men never masturbate. Some men have sex drives so low that they satisfy their urges with wet dreams and never seek another outlet. Others begin having sex with women at such a young age that they bypass masturbation. And a few males find it so difficult to climax during masturbation that they stop trying. Of course, the eight percent may be lying . . . More phallic facts from Kinsey: flaccid penises lie to the left of the centre seam of trousers in four out of five men and two thirds of men have scrotums in which the left testicle hangs lower than the right one . . . On a different tack, actress Brooke Shields may have had a red-letter day on June 1 this year. A book contract she signed in London stipulated that she stay a virgin until her twentieth birthday on May 31. The contract, with Villard Books, specified that Brooke had to remain unbreached until *On Your Own*, a guide for young girls, went on sale in June. Lawyers have stated, however, that such a contract would be difficult to make legally binding . . . More about Brooke — two students at an exclusive American school were arrested in connection with a letter to the sultry actress, in which they threatened the life of President Reagan if she didn't have sex with them. The 16 and 17-year-old youths, who were no doubt unaware of Brooke's literary contract, pleaded guilty to making terrorist threats. The names of the would-be Hinkleys were withheld because of their ages . . . Continuing tales of the sex lives of the rich and famous and, in this case, dead — ex-President John F. Kennedy's notorious sexual philandering may well have been conducted on the advice of his doctor. One of Kennedy's physicians, a gland specialist in New York, reported treating the president for Addison's Disease, a non-fatal condition which results in an adrenal deficiency. The good doctor's advice? Get your adrenal flowing by having a lot of sex . . . At a sex convention in Honolulu, psychologist Dr Peter Knoepfler reported that a woman patient had sought his help because she believed that every time she masturbated a relative died soon after. Knoepfler recommended stepping up therapy sessions when the woman began bringing in news clippings on suicides in Uganda, which she blamed on her self-pleasuring. Heaven help us all if she ever finds her G-spot. ■

ENDS

TOYS FOR BIG BOYS

If you've overlooked your bouncy nephew's birthday and need to get hold of a rubber ducky in a hurry, don't bother calling the Toy Shop in North Sydney. They won't be able to help. The shop was set up last November by former computer whiz Paul Halstead, who subscribes to the maxim that "the main difference between men and boys is the price of their toys." And the shelves at the Toy Shop are definitely stocked with men — rich men — in mind. If your financial status affords you the prerogative of ignoring price tags, the Toy Shop can be a veritable playground.

The shop carries a diverse range of items that might appeal to the man intent on reaching the top. There are rare, limited edition motoring books, $500 leather jackets, computerised chess sets ($800), Recaro office chairs ($800), Momo briefcases in exotic burr walnut ($1000), a model helicopter that can fly at 45 km/h to a ceiling height of 300 metres ($2800), Porsche sunglasses ($295) and medallions ($110) and an assorted collection of Ferrari watches, briefcases, wallets, pens and etchings. They also carry some interesting one-offs, like the connecting rod from a Formula I Cosworth Ford DFV engine, mounted on marble ▷▶▷



($225). Understandably, certain words like "superior", "exclusive", "designer", "limited edition", "kid leather" and "carat" pop up continuously in the sales patter of the impeccably groomed Toy Shop team.

The least expensive items on the Toy Shop's stock lists are some caps bearing highly visible labels that read Ferrari, Lamborghini and De Tomaso. They're a steal at $8. The more expensive items will set back your bank balance quite a bit more. You can drive a De Tomaso Pantera GT5 out of the door for $75,000 (plus on-road costs). If you had the Lamborghini Countach 5000s in mind — the fastest production road car in the world — you'd be dipping into your pocket for closer to $250,000. (For those buyers not flushed with funds, the Toy Shop is eager to advise and assist in regard to financial arrangements.)

Motor cars — specifically sleek and sporty, hand-built, expensive motor cars — are what the Toy Shop is all about. Paul Halstead is a self-confessed car nut, and has been ever since the days of his first job — when he worked on a Melbourne motoring magazine — back in the Sixties. Even in those days Halstead drove a hotted-up Triumph Herald. In the early Seventies he journeyed to London to work with a computer company, and his value was such that they provided him with a De Tomaso Mangusta. It was to be the beginning of Halstead's long-standing affair with the marque.

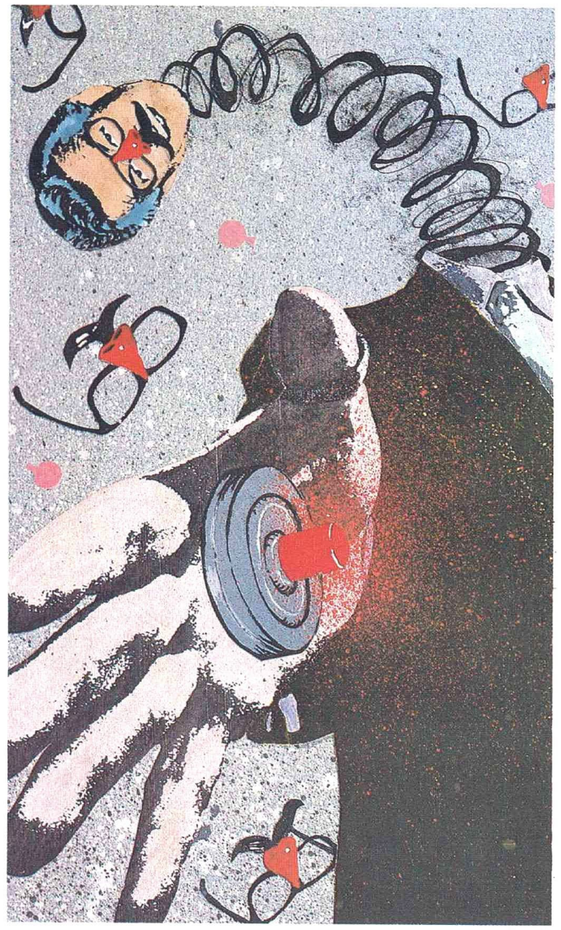
In 1975 Halstead returned to Australia and immersed himself in his new business venture, Adaps People. Trade was good enough for Halstead to maintain his expensive interest in finely tuned machinery, and in 1979 he raised eyebrows Australia-wide when he raced his Lamborghini Countach S against a Mirage jet. Many enthusiasts expressed horror that anyone would dare put such a high performance vehicle through a workout that was really only in keeping with what it was bred to do. Halstead had no such misgivings about his highly priced toy; in fact his Countach was the first in the world to be tested at a racetrack.

Halstead proceeded to make a bundle from the computer game during the late Seventies and early Eighties, but was dissatisfied with his career direction. In 1982 he purchased De Tomaso Australia Pty Ltd for $150,000, while still maintaining his computer industry interests. De Tomaso Australia was a relatively small operation that assembled the elegant Italian sports cars (and supplied them with Australian-made engines and gearboxes). It wasn't a particularly profitable concern, with the company building and selling only 18 cars a year, but Halstead thought the potential was there.

By August '83 Halstead had decided to get out of the silicon chip biz altogether, so he offloaded his remaining share of the firm for a cool $1.5 million, plus a proviso that he stay out of the game for five years. The move also allowed him much more time to devote to his delicately poised De Tomaso operation.

Business there was still fairly slow, so in an attempt to shake some action into the caper Halstead decided to try out some of his own selling skills at the Parramatta Road headquarters. He was soon concluding that Parramatta Road, out amongst the moustachioed and white-shoed Arthur Daleys of the trade, was not the place to be selling an upmarket product. Halstead decided to move the operation across town to the ground floor of a new, prestige building in North Sydney. The motor trade "experts" had a laugh at that, telling him that he'd never sell cars in ad agency land. Halstead further confounded the traditionalists when he surrounded his display vehicles with a diverse range of quality small-goods. He knew he was going to have a lot of window shoppers at North Sydney — daytime abode of thousands of free-spending and status-conscious advertising and computer industry executives — and recognised that he'd be able to get many of them into a De Tomaso sweatshirt if they couldn't quite come at a Pantera GTS.

Of course, Halstead is the one who's laughing now. He sold two new Panteras in his first week at North Sydney, and only wishes he could get hold of more than the 25 De Tomasos he's permitted to sell each year. Not that the Toy Shop only shifts De Tomasos. It is the sole Lamborghini distributor in NSW, has obtained the Alfa Romeo franchise for North Sydney and does a brisk turnover in luxury pre-owned cars of all creeds. Whether he's selling cars or computers, Paul Halstead appears to have the Midas touch. He was certainly quick to notice that there's a lot of big boys in Sydney — and they aren't concerned at all about how much they spend on their toys. — *Don Cox* ■



GAGGING AROUND

Are you the insignificant type, the sort of guy others only notice when you're teetering on a narrow ledge 15 storeys Up... and then they advise you to jump? If so, and if you feel as though you're missing out on the recognition you deserve, the time to do something about it is now. Help is only as far away as your nearest joke and magic shop.

Practical jokes and party tricks are not necessarily a guaranteed way for you to win friends and influence people, but at least they'll get you talked about. Anyone who's recoiled at the buzz of a surprise electric handshake will assure you of that.

Cec Dalgliesh certainly will. Cec has been in the business for nigh on 30 years, as the right-hand man for Australia's premier prankster, Weirdo. Like Weirdo (who's now retired), Cec got into the tricks trade via his interest in magic, and he reckons he wouldn't swap jobs with anyone in the world. "What other job has you laughing all day long?" he asked your *Penthouse* reporter as he proferred a packet of exploding chewing gum. With a controlled chortle he then reclined on to a Poo-Poo Cushion, let out a whoop and squinted around accusingly. Cec is obviously a bit of a devil.

Over the years Cec has seen all sorts of tricks come and go. But it's the perennials — the Poo-Poo Cushions, the Doggie Done Its, the Specs 'n' Nose kits as well as the rubber reptiles and the phoney spilt liquids — that remain the fastest movers on the joke shop shelves. Cec attributes their popularity to the fact that there's a new age group coming through all the time that's just discovering the potential for practical joking. This accounts for the largely adolescent and pre-adolescent clientele that the joke shops cater for, although Cec is also quick to point out that some of Weirdo's regular customers have been coming back for the 30-odd years that the shop's been open.

Weirdo's big day of the year is April 1, when scores of leg-pullers descend on the store to collect their squirting cigarette lighters, "hot" chocolates, goofy golf balls and other gagster essentials. However, Halloween is also starting to throw out a challenge as a popular time of year, particularly with the younger generation of wags. Scary masks and vampire kits are the big sellers then.

One major development that's occurred in the funny business trade during the last 15 years is that many prank items are becoming more and more risque. Weirdo's has whole shelves devoted to such exotics as edible panties and condoms, tit and bum moulds, and phallic candles, lipsticks and "soaps on a rope." There are even colorful boxes with cryptic labels like "Fisherman's Rod Warmer" and "The Golden Tool." Whip the top off the "Fisherman's" box and you'll find a deftly crocheted (in pink, white and blue) bag that'll fit snugly around any fisherman's tackle — in the same line Weirdo's stock some very tasteful nipple warmers. Inside "The Golden Tool" box is a jaundiced-looking spanner. Clever, eh?

When it comes to scene-stealing the potential that joke shops offer is limitless — just perfect for all you latent attention-seekers. Might we suggest "Fart Gas" as an ideal ice-breaker? At the next snooty dinner party you go to, or perhaps when some clean-cut Mormon boys drop in, slip out a can and surreptitiously taint the air. Pick your mark, poke out your nose and after a couple of subtle sniffs hit them with a gentle: "You got a dead rat up your bum, mate?" Works every time. ■

BOBBIE'S DAZZLER

Penthouse Pet Of The Year Bobbie Wallbank is currently cutting a dash around town in her Renault Fuego Sports Coupe, the highlight of the swag of prizes she was awarded earlier this year. Not that gorgeous Bobbie didn't always cut a bit of a dash, but these days she's a fast lady in the fiery Fuego that was customised for her to combine racy looks, stunning features and a personality all its own — just the attributes that won Bobbie the *Penthouse* crown.

Standard equipment on the Fuego includes power windows, central locking and air conditioning. A fully automatic sliding sunroof was fitted for Bobbie's model along with Pioneer's new Centrate stereo system, with two amplifiers, graphic equaliser, digital display and remote control for rear seat passengers. Side skirts and spoilers were added to improve the Fuego's already startling aerodynamics and window tinting and a car alarm completed a package that's almost as dazzling as Bobbie herself. They make a great team. ■

PENTHOUSE POLAROID PHOTO COMPETITION

Sultry Rita Fletcher of Hallet Cove in South Australia is the subject of this month's winning Polaroid Competition entry. Lovely Rita wins a choice of two Polaroid prizes for photographer Kym Harper of Brooklyn Park. Kym may choose either the Polaroid SLR 680, the superb top-of-the-line camera in Polaroid's 600 range, or the recently developed 35mm AutoProcess System, a widely acclaimed package that allows you to develop your own slides anywhere, in minutes. The AutoProcess package includes the AutoProcessor, a cutter/mounter and a pack of 12-exposure Polaroid film and slide mounts.

Kym's work sets a high standard. If you reckon you can match or better it, send one or more samples of your work (taken on any film, Polaroid or otherwise), and you're in the running for the monthly prize. If she wishes, the subject of your photos may also be considered to be tested as a *Penthouse* Pet and be in line for the $5000 modelling fee paid to *Penthouse* centrefold girls.

Please fill in this confidential form and return with your entry to: *Australian Penthouse*, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062.

Name of photographer: _____

Address of photographer: _____

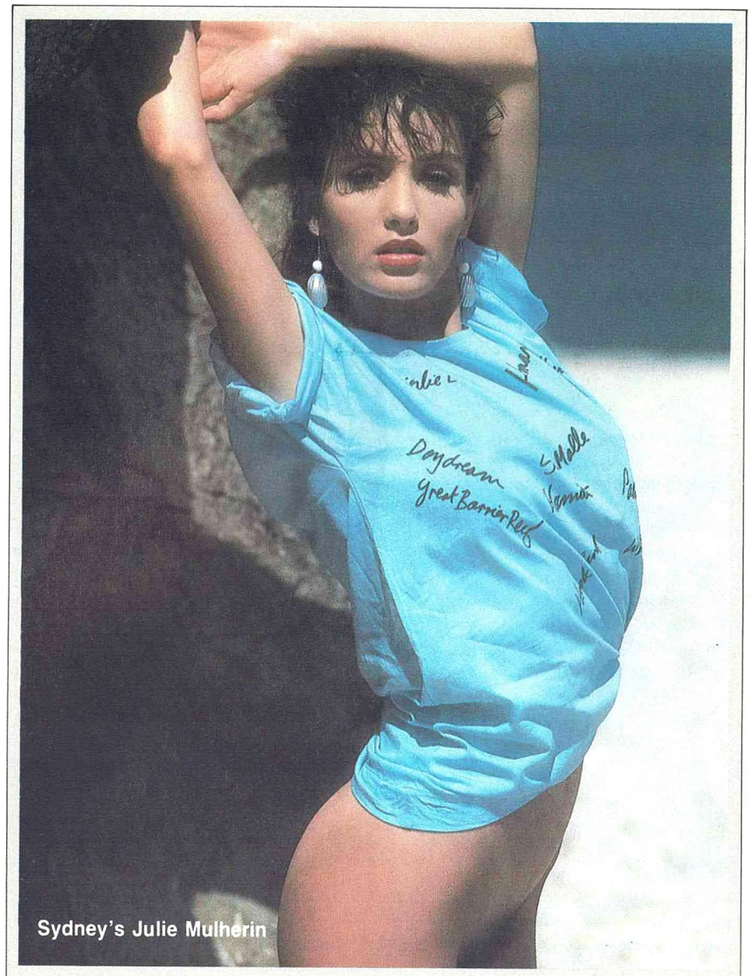
_____ Telephone number of photographer: _____

Name of subject: _____ Telephone number of subject: _____

I (the subject) ..... of ..... am aware that my photograph has been submitted as an entry in the Polaroid SLR 680 competition. If my entry should win, I have no objection to it being published in *Australian Penthouse*. I am 18 years old or over:

Signature of subject: ..... Date .....

Signature of witness: ..... Date .....



Sydney's Julie Mulherin

COMING IN SEPTEMBER AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

What Men Want — Who are the ten most sensuous women in the world? Who prefers making love to a virgin? What turns a man on more: a firm derriere or lanky legs? *Penthouse* has asked those questions and more. Next month we present the definitive answer to the question: What turns men on?

Behind Foreign Bars — Many Australian travellers like to think that because they come from a civilised country, if they get into trouble with the law overseas they will be bailed out by some benevolent authority. The 128 Australians currently serving time behind foreign bars will tell them otherwise. This cautionary tale destroys the delusion that Australians have immunity from the harsh penalties imposed by the law in foreign lands.

Fantasy Island — Hamilton Island, touted as Australia's most elaborate and expensive island resort, is the brainchild of multimillionaire Queenslander Keith Williams, who has been nicknamed God by the island's staff. Frank Robson flew to the Whitsundays to find out whether Hamilton Island really is the holidaymakers' heaven.

Rancho Rajneesh — While local followers of the controversial guru Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh are proposing the establishment of a settlement in West Australia, the people of the American state of Oregon have been expressing their displeasure at the Orange People's colonisation of their state by the Rajneeshees who, some say, were booted out of India because of their rather freewheeling attitude to sex and drugs. *Penthouse* reports on just what is happening down on the ranch.

Pet Of The Month — Sydney's Julie Mulherin went island-hopping through the Whitsundays with ace American photographer Stephen Hicks and the pair came up with a spectacular series of shots for our September centrefold. The 19-year-old brunette makes for one of the best photo spreads this year. Don't miss her.

TIGHT FIT

Continued from page 99

all over town running myself ragged trying to help him, and what do you do?"

"I thought you were beginning to like me," she said. "I was beginning to really like you."

"I suppose you had your eyes closed in there making out it was me, did you?" I said, releasing the clutch pedal. In the rear-vision mirror I saw her arms drop to her sides and her nightie flop open. I didn't have much idea of what I was doing after that, but the car knew the way to the office.

"Get to screw those cops?" Rory asked me in the corridor.

"No, they screwed me — as usual," I replied.

Why do other people always have such simple problems, like trying to stop viruses colonising in their throats? I went home. I couldn't make up my mind between defrosting the fridge and sticking my head in the gas oven. I de-beered the fridge instead. As if things weren't cheery enough a rain squall came howling down.

Around half past seven the wind blew Cynthia to my door. She alleged she was a friend of an old friend of mine, and had sworn faithfully to look me up if she was ever in town. I'd never heard of the old friend but I asked her in; you wouldn't turn a dog out on a night like that, let alone a 17-year-old.

She was a cutie. The top of her natural blonde curls (it probably said "natural" somewhere on the bottle anyway) just came up to my shoulders. After Marcia she was as slack as the state railways, but she was warm, soft and none too fussy about checking addresses.

Cynthia crashed out from exhaustion around one o'clock. I lay there awake, thinking about membranes and tailored gloves and things. After a few minutes a gentle knock at the door got me out of bed.

It was Marcia. Rain was dripping off the end of her ringlets. "I won't come in," she said. "I've only got a second." The whole left side of her face had been redecorated with a blue swelling and closed-up eye. "You said that you were worried about Clint, that's all."

"I haven't slept a wink all night," I said.

"Clint's all right. He's home and it's all fixed up."

"You're back with Zero, aren't you? I suppose he's waiting for you in the car."

"We came to an understanding. He's not so bad. But Clint's okay, and that's the main thing, isn't it?"

"Top of my list," I said and went back to bed.

When I woke up next morning Cynthia's toes were tickling my ears and her head was halfway down the sheet, where she was contentedly slurping into her idea of breakfast in bed. That's the kind of understanding I can live with.

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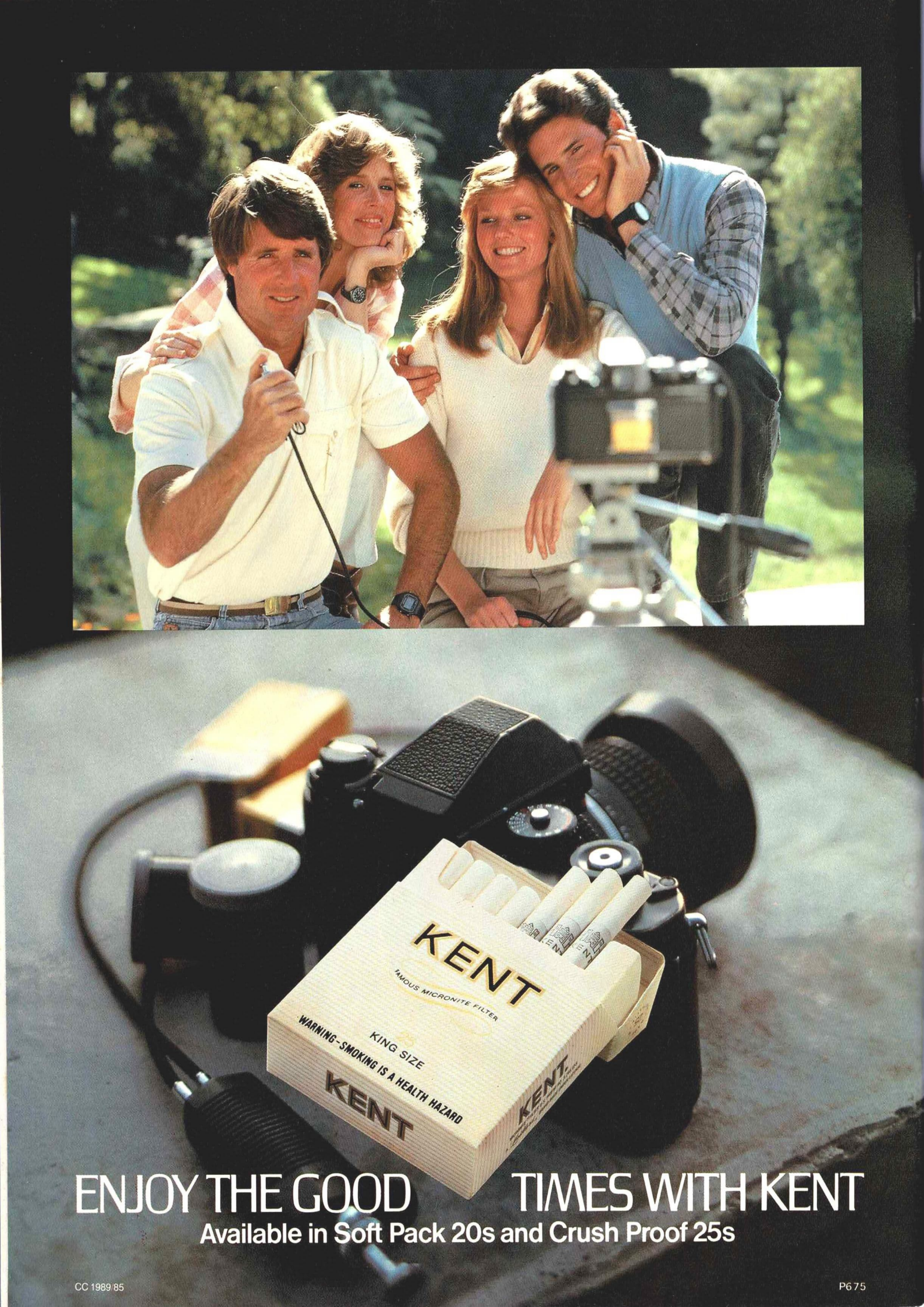

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